

# Lust Story

*Samantha Scharf*

“Do you want to go outside?”

The tiny room was thick with smoke. Artists, musicians, poets, and lovers were bathed in sultry hues of red and burgundy by colored bulbs in floor level lamps. Conversation was like salsa dancing. Partners dipped and twirled in complex realms of metaphysics and innuendo. I was lusciously sedated. An embrace of the distinctive velvety intoxication inspired by merlot, marijuana, Elliot Smith, Ricardo, and the universe itself wrapped around my lady limbs and torso like black satin.

I wore my youth like a black orchid in my hair. It was a decorative novelty; exotic, and fragile.

“No. I mean, yes.” I told him, nearly biting his ear, “I want some air. And some stars. And you, but slow.”

The grass was cool and damp under my bare feet planted hip-width apart. He stood behind me, his hands heavy and warm cupping the curve of my hips while mine reached back to clasp nape of his neck. Fingers immersed in the greasy nest of black indigenous hair, smoldering, wilting, and dying on the front lawn with the moon as my witness, I wrote a symphony of gimme.

