

*Originally written for Chet Siegel. © 2013.*

JOANNA

*(fast)* OK but just so you know, technically I'm not even supposed to for like another week so, like, if you're killing me I'm gonna have to tell you to stop, OK? I mean I pretty much stopped bleeding at this point but uh. You never know, right? So I don't want you flipping out 'cause you got a little blood on your dick or whatever, fucking suck it up, all right? So just, oh and it might be, like, cavernous in there, like, you might be able to hear an echo in there now? I mean I'm doing Kegels, I *think*, but the fucked up thing about Kegels is you have no way of finding out whether you're doing them correctly 'cause it's not like someone can fucking WATCH you do Kegels and be like "oh yes that was an excellent Kegel" it's not like I have a Kegels TRAINER or something so I just have to take it on faith that I'm doing 'em RIGHT which is REALLY FRUSTRATING but I THINK I'm doing 'em right so just, bear with me if it's like the fucking ocean in there, OK? Oh and no doggie-style. 'Cause, I know you haven't seen me naked in nine months, but my stomach flaps now and it makes a noise like a teenage boy masturbating and, yeah, no doggie-style. I know. I know. It's our thing. But, no doggie-style. And, um. *(Long beat. Long, long beat. She might be fighting back tears. Softly:)* And just go slow, OK? I uh. *(Long beat.)* It's really good to see you.