

Touch Me, Please

River figures out the origins of the phrase “dry spell”

August 1, 1996 By River Huston

I can't believe it's been two months, 13 days and four hours (and 33 minutes) since I've had sex. But who's counting? My ovaries are starting to ache. I hate this feeling. What am I going to do about getting laid!? That boyfriend, whose family thought that I was the governor's speech writer, is all gone. (Not a horrible loss -- he giggled too much during sex.)

Always creative, I have taken up stalking. The object leaves his light on and walks around in his Calvin Kleins (or Kmart imitations thereof). I do not care that he chain-smokes, has hair on his shoulders and is probably three French fries short of a Happy Meal. I do know he has the special sauce. Besides, he has big hands and he smiled at me once. He almost spoke to me (well, he did; he asked me to quit standing outside his window every night). I thought I was being inconspicuous, pretending to walk the dog. It must have been my raincoat.

Speaking of dogs, my neighbor just got a puppy and it is constantly humping my leg. My neighbor gets so embarrassed, especially when I say, “Oh, it's OK.” Why can't people do that? Just go up to someone we like and start dry-humping his shin.

There is no place for women heterosexuals to go: No bathhouses, no strip bars, no scantily clad boys asking me for a date on my street corner. I have thought on more than one occasion to call up an escort service and order a boy. I suppose it's possible, but I want one for the whole night, and that's way too expensive. Truth be told, I think I'd be a little embarrassed anyway. I don't think that the services out there can provide me with what I really need in a sexual experience. I want a man who will lie a little, make pretend that it's real. (I need that fake emotional attachment.)

I am starting to become worried. (Can that thing grow back?) In my newly abundant spare time, I have compiled a list of warning signs that it is time to clear the cobwebs:

1. Supermarket fruit selection involves flirting and fondling.
2. When the gas station attendant asks, “How can I help you ma'am?” And a simple “Fill 'er up” turns into: “Do you think your hose can reach? Stick it in my tank and squirt me full. Then check my oil, but slip the dipstick in real slow, because if I'm full I'll splash and I would hate to get you all greasy.”
3. You can't even look at a parking meter without talking dirty while you drop the quarters in the slit.

4. You consider shaving your pubic area and painting a smiley face there so maybe you'll "Have a Nice Day."
5. Tampon users start looking forward to their period.
6. They then spend too much time diddling the string.
7. In the produce department, you complain that the waxed cucumbers don't come with instructions.
8. You keep looking through magazines for scratch-and-sniff items.
9. You start calling your clit a collection box and hope for donations.
10. You train your dog to become the master so you can sit up and beg for a bone -- or at least the leash.

If you notice two or more of these warning signs (I've had them all), it is time to seek some solutions. Quite a few women with HIV who've not had sex for years tell me to get over my "dry spell" anxiety -- I should really be happy that I'm getting it at all! (Dry spell?! I have the Mojave desert between my legs.)

One woman claimed that she had not had sex for 10 years. It made me wonder about a statute of limitations on virginity. But I do believe that all people, HIV or not, deserve to be sexually active. Getting there is a matter of creativity and motivation. I try to think of having AIDS as a positive thing. When I disclose that I have AIDS, I think of myself as being an Anally Insane Deviant Sex Slave. I guess that spells AIDSS, but it sounds the same and it just seems more snappy. Gosh -- just saying it cheers me up.

I wonder sometimes: Is it normal to be this horny? The way some people get freaked out by my sexuality makes me feel like a porn-star trapped in the body of a nice Jewish girl from suburbia. And I bet there are a lot of women out there who feel the same.

So I think my next enterprise will be to create the world's first safer-sex palace for the world's HIV-enhanced but sexually deprived women. It would be fabulous: Boys and men of all ages, shapes and sizes lounging around, some scantily clad, some in uniforms, others in three-piece suits. Each suite would have its own setting: The kitchen fantasy, the restaurant, the airplane. The deluxe package would include a lavish boudoir, complete with latex and lube close at hand, as well as specialty accoutrements. Mmmmmm, the possibilities are endless. But best of all, the produce department would become safe again.

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