

ANGELS OF DEATH

Lisa, my Gemeni soul-mate, reappeared from her travels just then, an apparition in what had become a dream I lived day to day, loaded on one thing or another, believing each turn of events to be more than it really was. I thought she was my saviour. Looking back, it seems to me a rather extreme alternative...but with her coaxing, heroin appeared the cure for what seemed to be my alcoholism, without so much as a hangover! All we needed was a stash and a box of needles. I believed she'd brought the deliverance I'd prayed for.

I needed a break from the pattern of catastrophe growing around me, and safely enshrouded in her sex and the drug's incredible potential, I left my motorcycle gang to thrash about by themselves and entered her domain. In fact, I abandoned everything for the relief she'd discovered, gladly getting what we needed, and retiring from this life into that one without even packing my bags.

It was too wonderful to be true, and like so many novitiates before me, I slipped into the ephemeral nether that had become her reality to swim with a child's joy at her side. My inaugural bliss ran a progressive evolution, from placid shallows into turbid and unfathomable depths, where hollow shells of those before me coiled in dark nests crying from abysmal caves...and I thought I saw Jimi, Brian, and Danson blinking from stygian sanctuaries in recognition of our mutual fate.

Before I broke with their ranks, scratching for the surface like from the ulua hole, I ran the gamut of that heinous lie for all it was worth...as I really wanted and needed to believe it might work. I'd tried everything else. There had to be a way on this path to euphoria! Hoping this might be it, I swept all reason aside, patently knowing better.

There's not much more to say. The monstrousness that is heroin still curls in supraliminal coils, waiting for me, absolutely unparalleled in my conscious experience, barely comprehensible even now as it rests dormant in me like some congenital virus for rebirth.

She was my nurse from the outset, an attendant and guiding temptress, as I waited like a terminal cancer patient for my dole of relief. I watched with eager eyes in the moon's reflectant sheen as she held the needle up to tap the air out, her nipples engorged in excitement, and our thoughts caught in an artificial rapture of contrived ecstasy too deep and sweet to reason with.

Waves carried us to sea and deposited us on an island of dreams, far from the horizons of reality where squalid storms

of shifting emotion raged. There, an unbeknownst serenity prevailed from the instant the serum swept through my bloodstream. In some surreal and eddied lagoon, we surged gently to and fro with gems on tidal shores in the ebb and flow of eternity.

It seemed real, and I needed it so badly to heal the damage done that I believed what I saw, sham or not. Heroin became a place to escape because return didn't matter, and wasn't even possible. It was incredibly more than I could ever have imagined...and then a second angel appeared. Winds of fortune blew her to us, as if ordered by some master of ceremonies in a tragedy repeated throughout history. Myra became a part of us, fulfilling a triumvirate circle of insatiable lust..an exacting progeny of our chemical union and the absolute limits of human emotion.

I did nothing in particular...only allowed it to flourish and paid the bills. We were in Lahaina the night we sensed her calling. Lisa melted two more Dilaudids in her spoon and drew the murky fluid through a tiny ball of cotton into the syringe as I urged her to hurry so we could get to Spats before two o'clock when they stopped serving.

God, the rush of that synthetic morphine...it was more incredible than the real thing! As we walked across the golf course, I felt like the "Incredible Hulk." My leathers almost ripped and an alien energy surged at their seams. We laughed and giggled while her apprehension grew as we neared the Hyatt's bar. I held her, profanely encouraging that she would always be my most cherished lover, I'd always wanted to share another, and she'd been chosen to pursue this path with me.

We sensed her waiting, and were drawn down those starlit stairs into the disco's swarm, where the three of us entered some ritualistic dance ordained long ago. Myra was younger than Lisa, and her tits turned up in vain provocation as she slithered between us like we'd been lovers forever. We didn't finish the dance, and left our drinks untouched.

We strolled hand-in-hand across the swinging bridge to the beach where we embraced, touched, and smelled each other without so much as names...for we knew this was to happen. We stripped in front of our bungalow, and slipped under a blanket of swells caressed by a loving ocean. Consumed in the tingling exploration of our threesome we began a journey without comparison, and danger beyond previous reckoning.

This was so more advanced than the hesitant joining with Mary. I'd known such extents of human emotion only in dreams before, but now the pastel vision of what love could be returned from my days of innocence...and white seagulls arced in rainbows above as waves swished and murmured our names. Syrupy whispers of enticement held us in their bonds. This was real in all its dimensions. Perhaps the drugs made it more than it really was...

On the bed, Lisa slid a needle into Myra's vein as I lay

kissing the soft hair curving their vaginal mounds. Then the dose of modern magic carried us into the realm of infinite possibilities where I became them and they me. There was erect pink penis enough for all, and luscious scents and juices flowed between us as vaginal lips sucked at our tongues. As if we could bear no more, our fantastic multidimensional orgasm intensified and we climaxed in fountains of joy, shaking as one organism.

We lay together breathing and looking with awe into each other's eyes. We should live forever in this space, we moaned. The very prospect of making it last corrupted our thinking momentarily, yet we continued to grope with the conundrum of a lifetime stash, and how we could manage this much bliss where others had failed...only to fold back into our melting bodies and caress each other into a pristine sleep.

Follow me...you could look straight into this mirror and not see its edges. Like a light so bright its source seems always ahead, until the filaments sing an executioner's song...so it was with truth in this inexplicable awareness. The girls looked to me for a supply, not an answer to how or why, and each time we ventured into uncharted regions it became more beautiful, possibly real, and innately unfathomable to plot a course through.

The sirens sang on the horizon, and past all restraint, I set sail with my crew for the edge of life I sensed could be the only resolution of such a journey. Like Ulysses unchained, because of my experience, I thought I could pull it off.

The ammo can above the waterfall in Hana! The years held the solution awaiting my return, and now I putted confidently through the ninety-nine turns, dipping my head once more in hanging ferns as my scooter churned a path along the twisting asphalt ribbon through the jungle.

The girls spent that day tasting each other's essence, which soon found them so in love as to almost exclude me. The sun sparkled off waterfalls, and great bamboo forests swayed in the ocean breeze. As I appreciated the elemental beauty of Hana again, I realized all I'd ever dreamed of had come to pass...two sensuous women in love with me and better yet with each other! The alcohol blackouts and madness seemingly at bay, we'd stumbled upon a drug that could cure me!

I smiled into the future, a spray on my face from the ferns damping my brow, and remembered former times here when a woman had made me sad. Now two serpentine nymphs had delivered me from evil and taken me to a nirvana I'd always felt should be ours. All we needed was a supply, it seemed, and that was just around the next bend!

I was drenched by the time I got back to the bike after rooting up the holy treasure, and made note never to venture into a rain forest in a set of leathers. The Laotian memento

was secure with my guns in the saddlebags as I dried in the warmth on the return voyage, muttering congratulations for making reality of an incredible dream. I vacillated between considering its possible outcomes, and a reasoning it didn't cause hangovers, violent blackouts, or any negative reactions. Christ, alcohol was trying to kill me!

The silent monologue rattled back and forth in my head. Every once in a while I'd nod overtly and quote aloud that one could never have a stash big enough to be safe forever. With this problem looming as the only setback in an otherwise idyllic scheme, I trundled along, believing it could work.

After all, I felt cosmicly prepared, where those before me had failed for a lack of experience and control! Look at Shelly back there in Laos...he'd been successful! Basking in a terminal case of uniqueness, I chuckled to myself how easy this was going to be, and aimed for my twins with promising hope guiding my way.

At our room, I entered the most intriguing sexual scenario a man in any lifetime could fantasize...asleep in each others' arms lay two of the most perfect bodies imaginable, laced in the musty perfume of their lovemaking. I slid the ammo can under the bed, peeled my leathers off, and opened the sliding doors to the fading radiance of the sun edging into a crimson sea. I walked into the waves in rippling echoes of their subtle mating with the shore, the drone of the Harley still turning tricks in my ears, and washed off the accumulated grime of the journey.

Tinted in an orange glow, my glowing girls lay entwined in the most erotic embrace I'd ever beheld, surrounded by rose petals they'd been playing with. Their vaginal lips were still engorged in luscious reds and purples, embellished with silvery, diamond-like droplets of moisture and fine glistening hair of the softest down. I knelt by the bed stroking them softly as they moaned in slumber. Lisa's leg was on Myra's hip, and I leaned to run my tongue along her scarlet crease brushing my nose in the soft hair of her mons.

Their slippery organs started to quiver as my tongue found their centers. Breathing as one, they began to embrace and kiss each other. A delicate hand cupped my balls and another stroked the head of my erection as they woke...a single organism devoted to lust alone. I slipped between them on my back, and two sets of lips slid up and down my hardened shaft as their eyes sparkled into each other's, and I gazed in wonder at their vaginas from a pillow between their undulating hips.

I'd never seen or smelled anything so heavenly and may never again. It came from a dream we'd been in somewhere before, and remained with us for twelve hours, until the sun rose and we slept at last. The combination of drugs, champagne, and our excitement with the stash was

perfect...between the cocaine and heroin an exact balance was reached, and we fairly drowned in orgasms which peaked for hours in a session of lust, love, and plain fornication that seemed to have no end. It should last forever in my mind...the extreme sensate experience of my lifetime.

Myra told us the night before about her fear of men and how she'd been gay since sixteen and unable to have an orgasm, but when I came into her from behind she screamed in ecstasy, buried in the soft hair and squirting cum from Lisa's widespread legs. The three of us were locked in vibrating lust, which all but took our breath away, as I felt the warmth of her first orgasm flow over me.

We held each other, drifting for hours in incredible sights of splendor from those gardens in Eden where everything possible exists. There, over and over again, erotic scenarios would flow through us, our one mind fantasizing more until our organs and lips and hands found their way into fantastic positions from dreams we'd had all our lives, yet never allowed to surface.

It became almost unbearable, and I cried from joy and pain in equal shares. Then we'd throb and fondle ourselves to frenzied states again, and suck and fuck ourselves back into blissful pools. It was beyond any heaven I'd known, and the girls agreed. We were enthralled and overwhelmed with awe at the same time, and once, in the farthest reaches of the dream we became a giant, hermaphrodite organ, which squirted all over us...and we rolled off the bed in hysterics.

Of course, there was a mortgage on such purchases. Into our garden slithered the serpentine embodiment of jealousy, uncoiling in a prehensile groping, to brazenly flower into a greedy animosity and choke us in payment for the rapture we'd taken. Such is the law of life.

Beyond this anticipated finale, the drug itself began to claw at us like some ravenous beast, and we protectively guarded the stash from each other in a Freudian drama of comic proportion. Sexual overtones of rivalry became evident, like with Mary, before sniffles, aches, and the deadly spectre of an overdose appeared...but the signs were everywhere when I looked for them, and gone with its splendor apparent.

The problem with heroin was that it did deliver, and more than one bargained for at times. One night Lisa turned blue and stopped breathing while Myra and I wobbled, incapacitated by its initial rush in our own veins. Panic set in as we held her lifeless form in the cold shower until she revived. Heroin seemed to accumulate in each person at different rates, and I wondered how we could measure our doses. Its cunning promise made everything senseless, save the urge to continue.

Poisoning the wellspring of reason, it turned mind against mind, even splitting one's soul with its power of

seduction. Add a plethora of sexual implications to the basic fragility of man...and here was a formula for destruction, despair, and disaster far beyond the normal scope of things.

We were predisposed to meet in a convergence of our separate paths. At one end of the spectrum we were the most beautiful lovers ever to fold into one another, at the other, celluloid visionaries clawing at ourselves through impenetrable barriers. It was the ultimate payoff for those who want it all and refute anything less, an enigmatic self-love and indulgence unlike anything before. A compression of selfish grasping marked candidates for this purgatory with an unredemptive finality and an invisible cross upon their foreheads.

Sensing this early, I trailed a string behind me like Huck Finn to explore its depths and return. I found no bottom. The string rolls up behind, and you fall through, continually augmenting the possibility it might keep working, while all the reason you can muster seeks surcease of failure. Everything works against itself. It's the ultimate temptress, whore of the Apocalypse, and absolute harbinger of death.

I thought my sixteen years of drug research held me in good stead as I waded into the depths of that hedonistic world, resolute to secure a message. It was my inborn refusal to go along with everything that brought me out intact...as I too lost my way in that capricious wonderland. If I'd stayed with my angels we would've met death about halfway.

The touchstones and markers are simply beyond our capacity to measure. It became impossible to tell if the water was getting deeper or shallower. Sex overflowed into a three-dimensional warp, and it was possible to make love to oneself, not needing another. Mental orgasms without genital contact became a regular occurrence, completely blowing our minds. It was all available, at last, for an unspeakable price...nothing less than one's very soul.

Near the end, I found what I'd been searching for, slipping through a blue-sky window into the true cosmos beyond, too perfect to even look away from. My God, the sirens were singing around me! The string! Where was my connection? Untied from the mast, I steered a course through harmonious waves alone, and no part cried why or what for any more.

I never thought overdosing would be like that, but they said I'd crossed the line, and from their panic, I guessed it was true. Like Danson swimming deeper into narcosis past the coral grounds with the circling sharks for companions, I'd gone there but returned without even realizing it. Where he'd handed them his mouthpiece, aware of his dominion, twice they found me between them, having swum off with the sirens.

There were some problems with this drug...primarily an

inability to back up once you'd pushed the plunger and the miracle flooded your bloodstream. I know why my friends all died...the hydra-headed liar told them it was all right to stay! The light shone so wondrous and bright there was no more depth of field, no mode to figure distance, and they lost their way or abandoned reason, entering the source and radiance of all things to find themselves at home. Like Icarus with his waxen wings melting near the sun, reason rent asunder, they were beckoned by the core of sensation as every atom sang to remain.

In my case, the cavalier ego that must be me steered the willow wisp of my soul 'round the great vortex of its whirlpool, until the captain changed my course. I returned, like Ishmael clutching Queequeg's coffin, to tell of our suicidal fascination with expanded consciousness, ecstasy's ex stasis, and the last and final euphoric station.

My dead friends float there in suspended animation, somewhat like Heaven but more its antechamber, where those who took the shortcut wait forever, moaning as Iris described my 4:12 breathing. Whether Heaven or Hell, they made the choice to stay. That's what's so terrifying.