

Sex & More

by [Jeffrey Zable](#) (August 2025)



Couple in Bed (Philip Guston, 1977)

Sex

It's pretty obvious that people will say just about anything to acquire it from another. They will say things like *I love you!*

when they don't really mean it, or *I'm willing to pay you if that's what you require.* And even *I'll give you a role*

in my new television series if you'll grant me this one favor.

It seems that the desire for it is so strong among people that they will even practice it on themselves until they can find someone to do it with.

I'm convinced that this need is just a part of the human condition once a person reaches a certain age.

That there isn't much anyone can do about it except try not to get caught with one's pants down in the wrong place at the wrong time...

How I see Myself

I never said that the world was round, but I did say that Chris Columbus was not a nice guy: mean and cruel toward the Indians, and even us if we didn't follow his orders to a T.

Because of this, when we got back home, I made it a point to buy a different salami than Columbus, which probably tasted just as good, and in general made me feel that I was being true to myself and my own values.

In addition, I will say that I've never respected someone just because they were brave and knew how to manipulate others.

Of course, some would say that underneath I was really jealous of alpha males— which could have some validity, but in most respects,

I don't believe so.

I've always leaned toward introverted people who were sensitive,
kind, and gentle, which is pretty much how I see myself...

A Little Personal History

Many years ago I made my living as a jester—a fool,
if you will. I'd paint my face rainbow colors and dance
in a muumuu that was at least five sizes too large for my
body—
the only thing holding it up were the strings that went around
my shoulders and under my armpits.

The music that I danced to was anything from organ grinder
music,
to ragtime, to what might be considered Argentine Tango.

After each dance my little monkey named Bobo would go around
with a tin can, and we always made enough to survive another
day
in our slum hotel.

All in all, it was a lonely life, even though there were lots
of people
that I knew and would talk to, often with Bobo in my arms or
standing
by my side— a faithful companion—yet I knew he'd have been
better off
among those of his kind...

Considering All This

One reason I wouldn't kill someone I didn't like is because I'd probably feel a bit guilty afterwards. I'd likely say to myself, "I should have tried to be tolerant of that person, as doing so would have helped me to grow in character!"

Another reason that comes to mind with regard to why I wouldn't kill someone that I didn't like is that I'd fear that the person's spirit would come back to haunt me. That it would appear in my dreams night after night, making me awaken in a sweat—forcing me to change my pajamas.

Another significant factor influencing why I wouldn't kill someone I didn't like is because there might be someone who liked them who would try to seek revenge by attacking me when I least expected it.

Considering all this, I have to think there are plenty of people out there who refrain from killing others for some of the same reasons...

The Fateful Encounter

Running into God at the meat market in Safeway, all I could think of saying was, "Who would have guessed that you shopped here too!"

"I heard that steak was on sale today, so like everyone else I figured I'd take advantage of it! Of course, I don't buy the best cut, so I never feel more special than your average person!"

"That's very noble of you!" I responded, "but I have no doubt

there

are millions who can't afford any cut at all!"

"Do you really believe so?" he asked with a concerned expression.

"I have no doubt about it!" I answered.

With that, God lowered his head, thanked me, and went on his way.

Not Worth Very Much

"I'd say that the best part of me is my derriere!" the female rat

said to her new acquaintance, who responded, "Isn't derriere a French word for buttocks?"

"I'm originally from France," she answered. "Stowed away on a ship that came into New York harbor. From there

I sneaked out, sought other French speaking rats, and slowly but surely learned enough of your language to get by.

Of course, I'm still learning, as well as trying to make a name

for myself as I can sing, dance, and juggle six peanuts at once...

and, as I said, my derriere is something that a lot of rats seem

to focus on when I'm out and about."

"That's a fascinating story!" the other responded. "I sure wish

I had a derriere of note! All I can say is that I'm smart, sensitive,

and faithful, which, in a world like this really isn't worth very much."

My Relationship with Lin Guini

We were a couple for a while, but in the end there just wasn't enough to sustain us. I admit the most difficult part for me was her insistence that we eat Italian food for every meal. This was the case whether I ate with her at her apartment—in which case she cooked the food—or whether we went out to a restaurant.

On the rare occasion when I'd say something like, "How about a hamburger and fries for a change!?" she'd look at me disdainfully and answer, "You know full well I don't eat garbage like that!"

And so, it was always Risotto, Lasagna, Spaghetti, Tortellini, Gnocchi, or some other Italian dish.

I admit it got to a point in which just the thought of eating more Italian food made me feel sick to my stomach. Not only that. . . it made me feel so resentful I thought of breaking up with her.

The only reason I put up with her obsession was because we had a few other aspects to our relationship that worked well. It was always a pleasure to sit with her in the park close by her apartment and look up at the stars at night. Doing so seemed to bring out the best in both of us. And we both loved to ride

our bicycles to the recycling center to deliver the numerous cans and bottles we'd collected during a given month.

And speaking of time—all told—we were together for close to eleven months, but one night we had a complete falling out—an event that I will never forget, nor forgive.

I had told her in advance that my parents were coming to visit from Germany—that I wanted her to meet them and we would all go out to dinner. I explained that my parents' favorite food was sauerkraut and that we would be going to a restaurant in town which I heard had the best German food in the area.

Thinking this one time—under the circumstances—she would accommodate me, I was completely taken back when she responded, “I told you before that I never eat garbage! I'll meet them another time because I'm surely not going to a restaurant and have to smell something like that!”

Looking at her with an expression of dismay, all I could think of saying was, “You are the most thoughtless and inconsiderate person I've ever known!”

Shaken to the core, I put on my coat and left her place, never to see her again...

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Jeffrey Zable is a teacher, accomplished conga drummer/percussionist who plays for dance classes and rumbas around the San Francisco Bay Area, and a writer of poetry, flash fiction, and non-fiction. He's published five chapbooks and his writing has appeared in hundreds of literary magazines and anthologies, more recently in *Uppagus*, *The Paradox*, *Bitter Melon*, *Verbal Art*, *Hot Pot*, *Beach Chair*, *Rundelania*, *Little Leaf* and many others. His selected poetry (from Androgynous Books) should be out soon.

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