

~~Time~~ Time flies when you're having fun or when you don't feel like doing anything else. I was waiting here on my floor for the small sounds of your tongue in your mouth that would precede the next instruction. But you were totally ~~gone~~ done before me and so was that two minutes. Even the breathing felt faster than expected - I had geared up for some difficult slow breathing but I found it easy and natural kinda like the ~~the~~ night before the first day of a new job and then the actual first day - LIFE IS ACTUALLY REALLY EASY - YESSSSSSSS!

When you ^{in my body} told me to think about the pain points, I found two and said, "I should do something about that" but then I got real real with myself and was like "I'm going to continue laying here but I just won't think about that pain because that's so much easier!" Plus, it wasn't that bad so ~~it~~ I don't why it was a big deal. I guess it wasn't but I ~~am~~ am really good at following instructions. ~~and it's~~ ~~really~~ Really good. I fucking kill it at ~~hypnotism~~ ~~shows~~ public hypnotism shows - hypnotists can see it from far away and I always get picked. I finally ~~got~~ ^{got} up when a different sort of pain became too much: the pain of small carpet hairs trying to penetrate my back flesh, so ^{wearing a} now I am lying on my stomach with ^{sweet} carpet cape ~~imagine~~ imagining that this is ^{what it's} like to have a significant amount of body hair. I am not missing much besides mild itchiness. Yesss.

My skin was so vulnerable to the floor because I am laying here in just a ~~pair~~ small pair of underwear that clings closely to my body. My initial reaction to your outfit is that I'm underdressed but then the good part of my brain says "this lady is overdressed for the occasion." But my thoughtful brain now thinks we're both OK! This sounds like it was recorded in your "night body" with its last traces of human heat slipping away from you ~~and up~~ while ~~there~~ you try to capture it in 2-3 layers of clothes. Me - I'm in my "morning body" with plenty of heat to spare. Not afraid to let the ~~cool~~ morning air slowly turn my morning wood into morning nothing. ~~That~~ ~~the~~ confidence that we can't lose anything ~~Robert~~ in the morning often disappears by night when we think everything is leaving forever. BUMMER! Instead I think about where all that extra blood is going.

My body tries to disperse the blood evenly, but I think it didn't do a great job. It basically sent a newsblast of blood flow to my upper body, forgot my legs and tried to recoup by ~~forwarding~~ forwarding it to them. Not the same! Legs know what's going on but they're missing the whole conversation. So they slowly get colder, while my chest knits a blood shirt that absorbs my hard bones and flesh. Fashion forward!