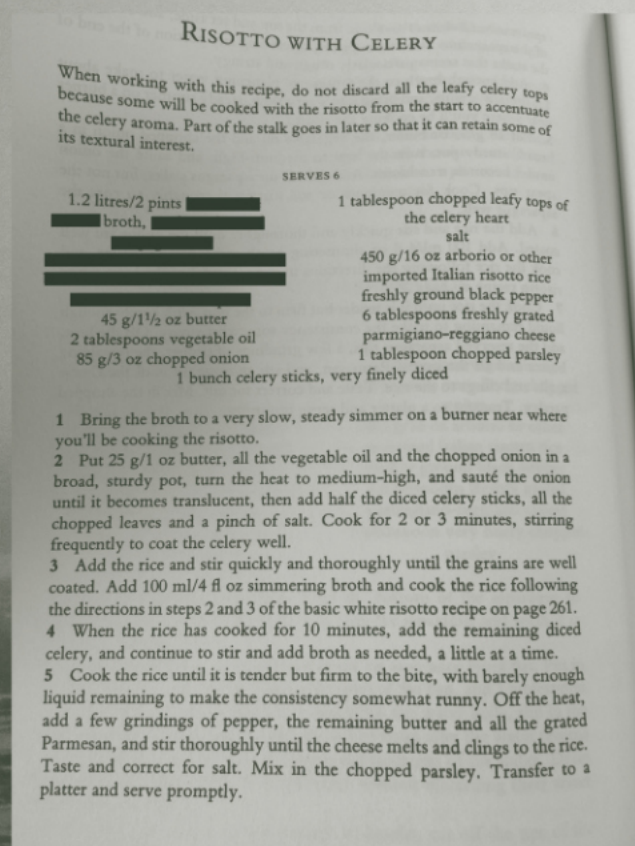


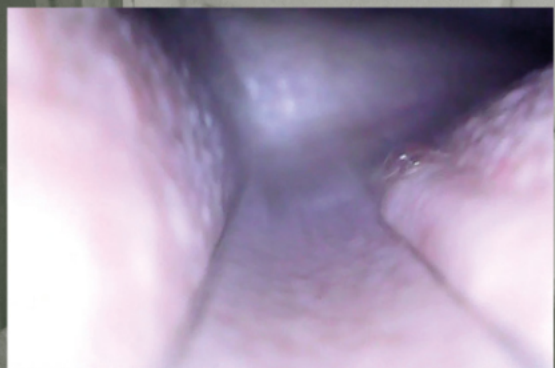
HOSPITALFIELD

Pamphlet Series

SUMMER RESIDENCY 2019



MATHEW PARKIN



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Jake wrapped his arms around Gordon and lifted him onto his lap. Gordon leaned back into his arms. "You bring me in, little one," Jake said. "You help me find it."

Gordon had no idea of what he was supposed to find. "Now take a deep breath. Now take another. At your own speed now," he was instructed. Gordon dropped his head back to Jake's shoulder. He sat as deeply as he could and felt a cold weightlessness rise from his bowels and balloon into his head. He froze for a brief moment, and Jake smoothed the gooseflesh that had risen on his arms. Gordon felt as if he were opening up into nothing at all, that there was no difference between the cock inside him and his own in Jake's fist; but it scared him that what distinguished his inside from his outside had dissolved. He was hovering over that spot; a part of his body, not an inch thick, had exploded into consciousness a mile wide. He wanted the feeling to stop, and he didn't, the way you watch something valuable fall and break even though you might have moved fast enough to catch it, the way you stay with physical pain, experience it like a car ride, because there is nothing that can be done about it. He pushed his head into the crotch of Jake's throat; he sat down even deeper into Jake's lap, forcing the sensation, the distance between the physical and the not. And he began to rock. The Gregorian chant was coming into the bedroom through hidden speakers. "In thee I place my trust," the chorus sang. "I shall not perish. My foes shall not mock me."

Jake fell asleep after he came; his cock grew soft and slipped out of Gordon's body. Gordon would have gotten out of bed and walked through a dressing room into the bath, to wash and to explore the house. He lowered the light on the dimmer switch as low as it could go and he could still see. From a hook behind the door, he took a hooded bathrobe, which made him look like a monk. He sang into the mirror, "*Et cum Lazaro* *hunc saecula aeternam habeas requiem.*"