

Nothing ruins a moment of intimacy worse than hot gobs of bright red blood shooting out of your cock at the moment of orgasm.

I speak from terrifying personal experience, but I speak both literally and metaphorically. Everything is a metaphor, if you only squint hard enough. If you keep still and let the connections reveal themselves, the symbols become as vivid as blood gushing from your prick. Sometimes one's body expresses things that mere words couldn't convey. And so it was when I ejaculated blood, which happened on three occasions in late 1989.

The first time was the scariest, following as it did only weeks after touring the Trinity Site near Alamogordo, New Mexico, staging ground for the world's first atomic-bomb blast. The Feds only open the site to tourists one day a year. A desolate, hours-long, droning car ride through parched desert scrub will get you there, and once you're there, you wish you'd never come. The place looks like a small gravel parking lot with an A-bomb monument the size of a large tombstone. No crater, no obvious devastation, no awe at man's destructive power. After being savagely underwhelmed, my wife and I went soaking in some nearby hot springs.

Back in our musty Hollywood apartment a few weeks later, she was giving me the standard Friday-night after-work handjob. I was lying on my back, my manhood pointed toward the ceiling. And as I erupted, the fluid came out fire-engine red rather than pearly white. It gushed rudely upward like red-hot magma from Mt. Vesuvius.

Talk about ruining the mood.

Blood from my dick? I knew I was intense, but this was ridiculous.

We both worried about possible nuclear contamination from the Trinity Site and from my balls having been soaked like hard-boiled eggs in those irradiated hot springs. I feared that at any minute I'd sprout to 60 feet tall, swaddle myself in a giant diaper, and destroy Las Vegas à la The Amazing Colossal Man.

Alarmed that I'd suffered isotope sickness and the onset of testicle cancer, I got a referral for a urologist. Urine Man's office was on Vermont Avenue near Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. Cheap hookers. Filthy sidewalks. Rough trade.

The waiting room was like an auditioning center for circus freaks: cheerful clubfoots, whiskered women, and dwarfish men. It appeared as if the entire cast of The Doors' *Strange Days* album cover had simultaneously come down with urinary-tract infections and were awaiting treatment. The receptionist, an obese woman with canary-colored hair and thickly penciled eyebrows, handed me a large kidney-shaped steel pan and instructed me to piddle in it. As I entered a dimly lit broom closet-cum-bathroom, I noticed that the pan already contained dried crusty stains from some indeterminate ex-fluid.

And then I was ushered into see Doctor

Piss, who had the nervous manner, thinning blond hair, and foggy spectacles of a Nazi physician who'd been banished to ply his trade in Venezuelan jungles. In Dr. Mengele's steamy examination room, as he shakily inserted a latex-swathed finger in my rectum and clumsily gave me a reach-around, tugging angrily at my limp knob in an attempt to squeeze some pre-cum onto a dirty glass microscope slide, I noticed several flecks of dried blood on the walls from his former frolics with other patients.

It was not a good place to be.

My darling physician said that bloody ejaculates are usually caused by either cancer or burst capillaries from rough sex.

An X-ray revealed no cancerous growths, which left rough sex as the culprit, which was kind of implausible, seeing as I was married.

A month or so later I squirted blood again, but it was more a purplish-brown color than the original flaming red. I called the Nazi Butcher, and he said it was probably some residual blood from the original popped vessel. In another month it happened again, but this time it was a dark violet mixed with the color of natural cum, sort of a vanilla-boysenberry swirl.

And that was the last time blood ever shot from my penis, at least as we go to press.

But I never got a definite answer as to what caused it. The doctor could only speculate. As can I.

Whence the bloody cum? Was it from rough lovemaking, or was it cancer?

And why should anyone expect ME, of all people, to be able to tell the difference?

See, that's my problem—I always mix the two. Love and blood. Cum and cancer. Affection and death. Kisses and bruises. The parents who gave me life and wanted me dead. Self-preservation and self-destruction are like tangled vines inside me. Trying to untie the knots has proven fruitless.

Am I revealing too much if I admit to you that I'm confused?

I'm SO fucked-up about love. So tortured and damaged and torn-up. I know that I need it, and yet it always winds up hurting so bad. I hurt so much from riding the churning yin-yang carousel of love and lovelessness, it fucking immobilizes me.

It was my heart which pumped that blood through my cock. And matters of the heart consume all my thoughts.

How many years...decades...of my life were spent just trying to capture or recapture the feeling of being loved? How much energy was expended in running from the cold-vinegar feeling of lovelessness? Right now, I'm on the verge of tears even thinking about it.

Love hurts, but not as much as the alternative. I'm so needy for love, I remain in situations that turn carcinogenic. I need love more than I need anything else, and yet it always winds up bloody. There are idiots out there who think domestic violence has nothing to do with love and that promiscuous people aren't emotionally needy.

Groping around in the dark, my task is to prevent the blood from ever coming back.

There is no worse feeling on Earth than love gone wrong.

Feels like blood shooting out of my cock.



ejaculating
BLOOD