

SUMMERTIME IS HERE, AND THERE'S A HEAT WAVE IN MY PANTS. The sun makes plants grow. It does the same thing to my dick. My penis grows like a proud cornstalk, reaching toward the sun. My balls hang low enough that I could stumble on them. Those balls drop like mangoes from de mango tree. My sperm are so big and healthy, you can see the little tadpoles with the naked eye. My loins belch forth semen like so much pollen. I run naked through the cornfields, eagerly distributing my cum as if it were free detergent samples. Summertime conjures the latent sensualist in me. It is my personal mating season. My time of the season for rutting. In the summertime...when the weather is fine...I would like to jauntily ram my penis inside every woman except the very old, the lame, and most of the infirm. And so I offer this paean, this *hommage*, to my summertime sexuality.

I was conceived in late summer and born in early summer. I grew up battered by the harsh East Coast seasons. I only recently returned after two decades out West. I lived in L.A., where it's always a mild ashen summer, and then Portland, with three months of dry sunshine followed by eternal rain. Having been deprived of the East's

violent seasonal changes, I hadn't thought much about the weather's influence on my sex drive.

Back here, my body runs hot and cold with the weather. Like a frail flower, I blossom in the summer and hide in the winter. My genitals shrink in cold water and cold weather. East Coast winters are a time of reflection and learning. The wintry clouds form a giant wet blanket over my ding-dong. It's too bleak and frosty to think about taking off my clothes, even in bed.

But here I am, in sun-dipped early June, with the mosquitoes a-buzzin' and the humidity so thick, I could cut a cube of it for myself with a pair of scissors. Pollen is squirting forth like projectile diarrhea. Today is gloriously warm and wondrous. It's as if Tom Sawyer had a bucketful of sunshine and the whole world was a wooden fence he'd been forced to paint. As the days grow longer, all I want to do is squirt my goo everywhere as if I was sandblasting sheetrock.

Part of it is undoubtedly the heat. There's a reason we refer to a sexy person as "hot" and a nonorgasmic woman as "frigid." Clothes fall to the ground as the temperature soars, and I catch glimpses of all the sugary ripe girlflesh that had remained cloaked during the cold months.

a Heat wave in my PANTS

AS TEMPERATURES SOAR,
SO DOES MY SEX DRIVE



But more than anything, it is the hot, stinking, swampy jungle *humidity* that conjures the lust inside me and makes me feel so butterlicious. The summer air is moist like a vagina. It leaches the sex drive from my marrow, manifesting as sweat on my skin. Motoring eastward across the Mississippi River last year, I could actually SEE the humidity like a giant grey wall. East Coast humidity is virtually a fourth dimension. And it is like Viagra that Mother Nature sprays on my body.

Tonight will be the night. The lush wet valley teems with lightning bugs and thunderstorms, with moths swarming under streetlights as the horny crickets chirp. I will leave the cold bedroom air-conditioner hum and walk outside in the middle of the night clad only in flip-flops, a wifebeater, and some shorts, my low-slung balls swinging in the balmy evening breeze. High as hell, my lady friend and I will drive on dark country roads with the windows rolled down. And as we park and walk deep into the woods, I will make her keenly aware of what this weather does to me.