

Lust Phenomenon

Boys Night Out

The sunny summer siren songs summon the slumbering sloths. Something is wrong. Sound the alarm! They're gathering their forces. Patios and porches thick with smoke, hormones and whores of both sexes bloat and become swollen. The young libertines run in desperate droves; all desperate hope and desperate loathing. It's a lust phenomenon, broadened far beyond honest confidants lost in opulence.

It's over. Hungover, hollow and half alive.

Beyond the shame it's not so bad. Shower it off. It's never enough. Cover the loss of self respect with drugs and booze and choosing someone new to fuck. They're waiting wasted all weekend... weathering all manner of storm just to become somebody's source of heat between their sullied sheets.

It's a lust phenomenon lost in opulence.

Wake up alone when it's over. This is love. This is the end.