



<< **Naked Curiosity**

How Deep Is Your Love?

By Dennis Scott-Bush

Wade is in love.

My charming friend met a man online and fell fast and hard.

Well, fast, at least. Hard is another story, due to side effects from medication Wade needs to take.

His new beau lives several states away, so their in-person meetings take on even greater significance than they might if both men lived in the same area and saw each other frequently. Wade has made two trips to rendezvous with his equally-smitten would-be lover and a third reunion is in progress, now.

There has been some sexual contact but not the perpetual slam-bam they expected.

In a nascent pairing, the involved parties usually spend more time in bed than anywhere else. And, when a new couple is dealing with the particular challenges of a long-distance relationship, it's often sex that reconnects them, when they're reunited.

When it's hard enough to make a new coupling click, how much harder is the task when there's trouble with one's dick?

I'd like to be able to say that, for me, sexual function never mattered. I'd like to be able to say that dick doesn't mean dick. But I can't.

When I broke up with Don, one of my earliest long-term boyfriends, I had a short fling with his best friend, Jimmy. Don had always accused me of sleeping with Jimmy, while we were together. So, the moment we broke up, I decided to do what he'd been so sure I was doing all along.

Spite swings a mighty sword.

Unfortunately, Jimmy had no sword to swing. Instead of a penis, he had a makeshift thing. When he was born, his testicles and scrotum were intact but there was no penis to complete the package. So, doctors constructed a small flap of skin through which his urethra passed to facilitate urination.

After disastrous experiences with his first few sexual partners, Jimmy learned that it was better to tell folks about his distinctive equipment, prior to climbing into bed with them, than to have them discover it on their own.

I regret that, at the time, I considered my romp in the sheets with him to be pity sex tinged with curiosity about the quirks of nature he had in his pants. During our lambada in my loft bed, I was much too preoccupied with how he was going to get off to notice that he was pleasuring me and himself quite successfully.

Basking in the boldness of afterglow, Jimmy asked me to dinner the following night. I accepted, though, more out of perpetuated pity and an inability to make up an excuse while he nuzzled my neck. In the next two weeks, we went out on a half dozen dates. And, each time Jimmy suggested sex, I weaseled my way out of it.

I couldn't bring myself to confront his full frontal idiosyncrasies. When I ran out of excuses why I couldn't sleep with him, again, I told him that I'd met someone else.

Jimmy knew the truth. You don't have to have a dick to recognize one.

The sad thing was that I really enjoyed the time I spent with Jimmy. He was sweet and thoughtful. We laughed a lot and shared a passion for many of the same kinds of art and music. So, why couldn't I get past focusing on what he lacked and appreciate what he had in abundance?

I had no balls.

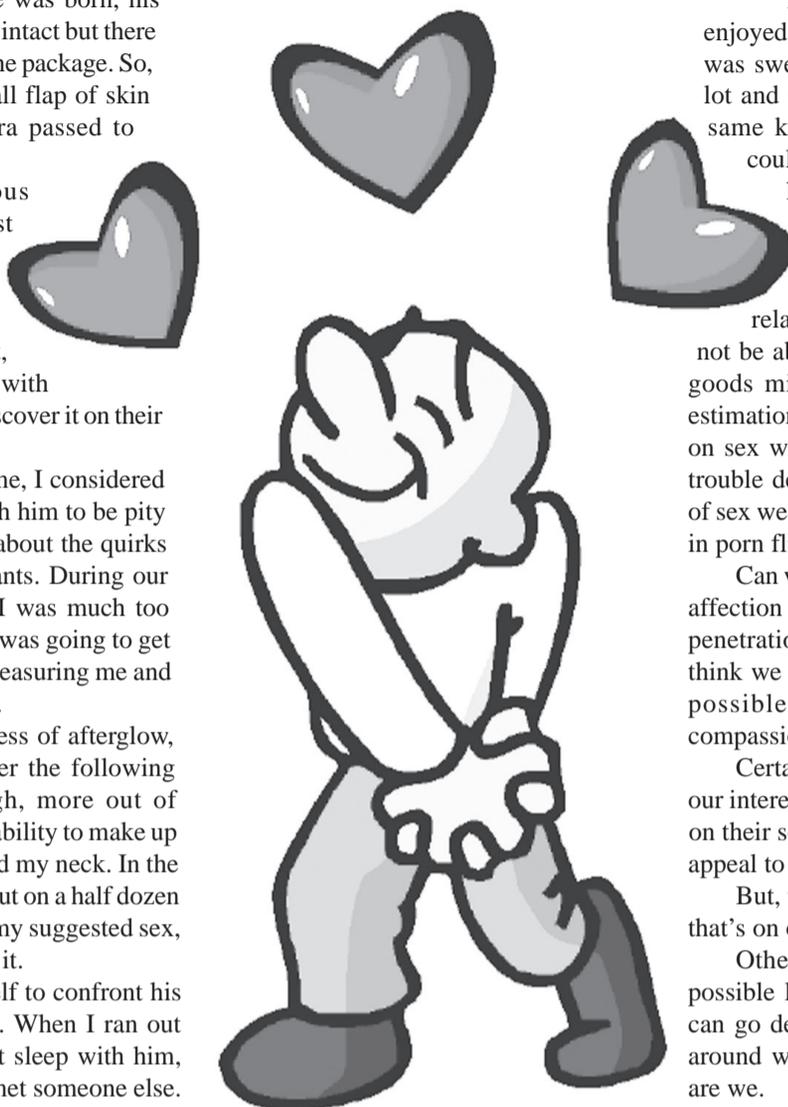
It takes courage to start a relationship with a person who might not be able to deliver the goods or whose goods might not be good enough in our estimation. Gay men have written the book on sex without love, yet many of us have trouble dealing with love without the kind of sex we hear about from our friends or see in porn flicks.

Can we be satisfied with expressions of affection that don't require an erection or penetration? If we love someone or even think we could fall in love with them, is it possible to temper our passion with compassion and understanding?

Certainly, there are situations in which our interest in another person is based solely on their sexual prowess and their particular appeal to us.

But, that should apply only if sex is all that's on one's mind.

Otherwise, swimming in the pool of possible life partners with only those who can go deep in our end, leaves us drifting around where the water is shallow and so are we.



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