

An Often Inconvenient Compulsion

Dickson Telfer, October 2015

I'm a nice bloke. I know I'm a nice bloke. I take care of my family, keep the house clean, and once a week I play guitar and sing to the old folk down the nursing home. The dementia crowd love the oldies – Frank Sinatra and Elvis specifically.

I'm being nice right now actually, deadheading these pelargoniums, tricking them into believing they're still youthful so they'll continue to look beautiful. Soon enough though, I'll be thinking about a curvy brunette on her knees, sucking me off, giving me deep throat, momentarily looking up with fuck-me chocolate eyes. I'll do her in every position, ramming it home, until what I need out of me is out.

Yup, there we go – I'm now thinking about her.

Christ, imagine if my wife knew – or my grandchildren. Saying that, Joey's 13 now. He's at the beginning of a lifetime of compulsion to spunk, regardless of whether he has any desire to procreate. Funny thing is, without that often inconvenient compulsion, none of us would be here. Yet I still feel icky when I daydream my sordid fantasies.

I laughed the last time I heard the word semen. It made me think of Antony Gormley's 'Another Place' – all those men walking into the sea, driven by an urge to make it to the other side, but dying off like unsuccessful sperm, drifting to the seabed to be disintegrated by salt. One might succeed though, and even though he'd be out of sight, he could change the lives of the people on the other side. Quite intuitive for an old codger, I thought . . . until I remembered the spelling was different.

I'll need to sort myself out in the shed before I water the grass. Then I can go back to being a nice bloke. I think I'll make my wife her favourite lunch – smoked mackerel pate served on oatcakes – in the hope the flavour will remind her who I am again. At least for a bit.