

Dinner is served

Posted by Trouble - 19 May 2019 21:14

This is the third time I have been trying to post this - maybe it's a sign; I'm a slow learner.

I was looking for the category called, "What doesn't work for me," but alas, it was not to be found.

I sent this thesis to several people and it has been severely edited. If you would like the adult version, email me.

So, is sex a need or a want?

Can one be sex-starved?

Sex has been compared to eating, and that is what this rant of an essay will be discussing.

My sex life can be summed up by one word: rejection. The following will not be name-calling, laying fault, placing blame, justifying actions; it is simply a way of putting into a basic-need perspective as to what this kind of sex life, or lack thereof, looks like. Have there been some good times? Yes, but a new realization occurred to me recently, and that is that even those sexually intensely-packed twenty minutes were still hindered by the fact that rejection was looming strong in my mind. The mood can change at any moment, and that has happened many a time. (Please don't ask me when it is that I realized this because then I might need to come clean and state that this entire thesis is in fact a justification for my actions of two months ago and what I intend to do next month.)

Let us focus on the Friday night seudah.

(One note of caution: it is possible that all you perverts might think too deeply into some of my verbiage and you therefore might think perverted thoughts, which may trigger you into fantasizing or other forms of acting out; that is not my intended consequence, and in fact, it may very well be that this is the only paragraph you may be reading, for the administrators and moderators and silent lurkers will have edited and deleted all the innuendo; my apologies.)

The table is set with pink and black. The rings are belted tightly around the ruffled napkins. The hour glasses glisten in the shadows of the candlelight. The stunning shape of the wine decanter, as its top is still corked. Voices whisper in the ears of another, hands gently stroke their hair and a gentle, soft kiss placed on their forehead. Everything is perfect. **Deleted** and the glass is lifted off the table base, poured in full into the silver cup. It is that time, and that is when the food and drink begin a life of their own. Drink too little and nothing happens, so you drink more, and the Jeunesse cabernet calls out (those famous words we all love hearing), "I have a headache."

On to the washing ceremony. Don't you just love to wash together? You gather around the faucet in a close-knit fashion, **Deleted** as you each mumble sweet nothings. You take your place at the table and all can see **Deleted** and softly cuts into one of them. He can feel that they have been baked to perfection, **Deleted**. Once again, the moment is surreal, serene and quiet, and then again, all hell breaks loose: he calls out in a loud voice, smashes down with his sharp edge, violently rips the bread apart, salts what should have been sweet, throws the pieces across the table and each is left to do what they do best, but by themselves.

Sushi is served. It has been prepared to perfection. Some pieces plump and some a bit skinny. Some a bit raw and others are cooked. Some appear sweet and others are spicy. Some dressed in orange and others in white. Some laced with garnish and others with sauce. Passed around the room, everyone has a feel and goes for what they seem to like. Each has a taste for a different style, but there is one common denominator in every piece, and that is the spot where again everything is reversed. If one acts with a vengeance and lets his desires rule over him, he will take the entire thing into his mouth at once, no feelings whatsoever for the poor fish and its outer garb. But we are told countless times to take things slowly, be givers and not takers, so we gently take hold of our sticks, and here is where everything falls apart. There is no training for the removal of that one cover which seems to wrap around and around with no end in sight. There is no beginning, **Deleted** and we begin to curse. What once seemed so enticing is reverted back to what it really is: thin silly strands of seaweed!

Wow! The soup is so hot! Smoking hot! Each bowl **Deleted**. And here, once again, the food begins to talk back: "you can't have me, I'm too hot for you!" "I like you hot, but if you insist, here's an icecube." "Ouch, that tickles, why'd you do that, who gave you permission?" "I cannot win, I'll wait," and you guessed it: take the heat out of the moment and what are you left with? Who wants lukewarm soup?

I would talk about the chicken legs, the blood spots, the skin, the feathers, the mushy kugel, the crunchy sweet potatoes, etc., but as I highly doubt that anyone will actually have a chance to

read any of this anyway, let me ask the following one question: what would happen or what would you do if every day, meal after meal, all in different settings, milchigs, fleishigs, pareve, home, away, guests, alone, far away land, an island someplace, your backyard, etc., every time you would begin to eat, your food would slide off the plate, talk back to you, say that they're not ready, tell you to wait and worst of all: complain that you always wanna eat? What would you do?

Me? I'm going to McDonalds

=====
=====

Re: Dinner is served
Posted by yesyoucanbd - 19 May 2019 21:29

I appreciate your honesty my friend and the seriousness and pain of your current situation. but please do not justify 'mcdonalds' because while everybody falls sometimes, justifying once makes it easier to repeat, and this is simply not the person that you want to be. never stop pushing to stand back up.

=====
=====

Re: Dinner is served
Posted by i-man - 19 May 2019 21:39

Welcome back you were missed

I never know what to say to guys like you because I feel helpless I can offer my thoughts and prayers but I assume that you dont want that

On a positive note, you may be able to utilize your artistic talents to become famous and/or rich ..

=====
=====

Re: Dinner is served
Posted by Hashem Help Me - 20 May 2019 11:21

I feel for you buddy.

=====
=====

Re: Dinner is served
Posted by bego - 20 May 2019 12:05

I think that for lots of people, we do need sex (though I reckon Dov might argue). Whether because the world is impure, because we are impure or because its just the way it is. So yes, when the food isn't delivered, sometimes it has to be self-service.

(To those who will jump at this and argue - I don't mean this as an ideal, or even literally. I'm referring, as I have elsewhere, to the human reality as I perceive it that people can sometimes just not stand up to their YH anymore. I am also trying to show Trouble that people here care about him (in an anonymous totally non-real type of way) and understand).

=====
=====

Re: Dinner is served
Posted by bego - 20 May 2019 13:13

I've just had my response deleted.

I'm in trouble.

=====
=====

Re: Dinner is served
Posted by cordnoy - 20 May 2019 13:51

[bego wrote on 20 May 2019 13:13:](#)

I've just had my response deleted.

I'm in trouble.

By who and why?

=====
=====

Re: Dinner is served
Posted by bego - 20 May 2019 13:58

Thank you to Cordnoy for restoring my post.

=====
=====

Re: Dinner is served
Posted by qwerty123456 - 24 May 2019 02:18

pardons all around, bump...

=====
=====

Re: Dinner is served
Posted by Trouble - 12 Jun 2019 00:34

[Trouble wrote on 19 May 2019 21:14:](#)

This is the third time I have been trying to post this - maybe it's a sign; I'm a slow learner.

I was looking for the category called, "What doesn't work for me," but alas, it was not to be found.

I sent this thesis to several people and it has been severely edited. If you would like the adult version, email me.

So, is sex a need or a want?

Can one be sex-starved?

Sex has been compared to eating, and that is what this rant of an essay will be discussing.

My sex life can be summed up by one word: rejection. The following will not be name-calling, laying fault, placing blame, justifying actions; it is simply a way of putting into a basic-need perspective as to what this kind of sex life, or lack thereof, looks like. Have there been some good times? Yes, but a new realization occurred to me recently, and that is that even those sexually intensely-packed twenty minutes were still hindered by the fact that rejection was looming strong in my mind. The mood can change at any moment, and that has happened many a time. (Please don't ask me when it is that I realized this because then I might need to come clean and state that this entire thesis is in fact a justification for my actions of two months ago and what I intend to do next month.)

Let us focus on the Friday night seudah.

(One note of caution: it is possible that all you perverts might think too deeply into some of my verbiage and you therefore might think perverted thoughts, which may trigger you into fantasizing or other forms of acting out; that is not my intended consequence, and in fact, it may very well be that this is the only paragraph you may be reading, for the administrators and moderators and silent lurkers will have edited and deleted all the innuendo; my apologies.)

The table is set with pink and black. The rings are belted tightly around the ruffled napkins. The hour glasses glisten in the shadows of the candlelight. The stunning shape of the wine decanter, as its top is still corked. Voices whisper in the ears of another, hands gently stroke their hair and a gentle, soft kiss placed on their forehead. Everything is perfect. **Deleted** and the glass is lifted off the table base, poured in full into the silver cup. It is that time, and that is when the food and drink begin a life of their own. Drink too little and nothing happens, so you drink more, and the Jeunesse cabernet calls out (those famous words we all love hearing), "I have a headache."

On to the washing ceremony. Don't you just love to wash together? You gather around the faucet in a close-knit fashion, **Deleted** as you each mumble sweet nothings. You take your place at the table and all can see **Deleted** and softly cuts into one of them. He can feel that they have been baked to perfection, **Deleted**. Once again, the moment is surreal, serene and quiet, and then again, all hell breaks loose: he calls out in a loud voice, smashes down with his sharp edge, violently rips the bread apart, salts what should have been sweet, throws the pieces across the table and each is left to do what they do best, but by themselves.

Sushi is served. It has been prepared to perfection. Some pieces plump and some a bit skinny. Some a bit raw and others are cooked. Some appear sweet and others are spicy. Some dressed in orange and others in white. Some laced with garnish and others with sauce. Passed around the room, everyone has a feel and goes for what they seem to like. Each has a taste for a different style, but there is one common denominator in every piece, and that is the spot where again everything is reversed. If one acts with a vengeance and lets his desires rule over him, he will take the entire thing into his mouth at once, no feelings whatsoever for the poor fish and its outer garb. But we are told countless times to take things slowly, be givers and not takers, so we gently take hold of our sticks, and here is where everything falls apart. There is no training for the removal of that one cover which seems to wrap around and around with no end in sight. There is no beginning, **Deleted** and we begin to curse. What once seemed so enticing is reverted back to what it really is: thin silly strands of seaweed!

Wow! The soup is so hot! Smoking hot! Each bowl **Deleted**. And here, once again, the food begins to talk back: "you can't have me, I'm too hot for you!" "I like you hot, but if you insist, here's an icecube." "Ouch, that tickles, why'd you do that, who gave you permission?" "I cannot win, I'll wait," and you guessed it: take the heat out of the moment and what are you left with? Who wants lukewarm soup?

I would talk about the chicken legs, the blood spots, the skin, the feathers, the mushy kugel, the crunchy sweet potatoes, etc., but as I highly doubt that anyone will actually have a chance to read any of this anyway, let me ask the following one question: what would happen or what would you do if every day, meal after meal, all in different settings, milchigs, fleishigs, pareve, home, away, guests, alone, far away land, an island someplace, your backyard, etc., every time you would begin to eat, your food would slide off the plate, talk back to you, say that they're not ready, tell you to wait and worst of all: complain that you always wanna eat? What would you do?

Me? I'm going to McDonalds

McDonald's was planned for this evening. There was lots of chatter to cancel. For a variety of reasons, I succumbed to the pressure. I cancelled. Strangely, at the same time, bedroom stuff has taken an upturn. No fireworks, but enjoyment all around. Pretty cool. Chap n' nosh on me!

=====
=====