

## ORGY

Eric Enck

She was so eager...

Finally, the dance had commenced. Mary had lost all hope. A baby was not in her stars. Those night skies perhaps belonged to someone else. She took a stranger's hand that smelled of musk and midnight orgy. She took another by his wrist. And the thirteen of them danced around the maypole while something watched smiling in darkness.

All she wanted was a baby. All she ever dreamed of was something to fill an empty crib. A cry in the night would bless her life. And she would grow breasts heavy with milk. And she would weave blankets of grass kissed by the dew of a great Irish morning for her little one. Her sisters spoke of infertility, but Mary knew of this dance as her last hope. The Maypole spoke of history and power. The spectacle of the unfolding Maypole was grand. Bright colors of red and white cast by ivory tassels. Atop the center, the skulls of dead animals turned. Shards of mirror reflected the surrounding fires as Mary and her company danced among the night.

And he watched. He watched as women oiled and naked; their faces painted and lips perfumed for the act of love, danced with men wearing goat's head masks. And he watched Mary and the others move closer to their passions. Whispers among fire. Skin sweaty with welcoming lust. Hands found breasts. Breasts found mouths. Mouths found tongues. And the watcher was no longer there.

He was a dancer too.

The laughter among them drew into moans, as the Maypole continued to turn, and evolve higher unnoticed. Men ate of women as if they were hungry children astonished by splitting plums. They found solace in those devoured openings. Thrusts of rage and victory.

It was when the group disconnected, did the maypole speak of its fertility. Men found the darkness of the women's wombs. And Mary had found a newcomer to the group. Her eyes opened while one man had suckled on her breast and another had licked her openings.

That man, the watcher had come for her to give her what she wanted.

*Oh Grand! May was such a lustful month. Better than Samhain, and closer to hell.*

But she would have her baby. Yes! She would sing and rejoice. She knew his love would surpass all others, and that her womb would welcome whatever flood of hope he could give. Even if it was evil. Even if it would be dead before it was ever alive.

And the Maypole turned. The strands became red. Mary saw it clearly like a new sun. The white tassels of rejoice had turned red with blood. She couldn't break free of her visions of the man in the circle, dancing among them and directly in front of her. But somehow she knew that the tassels were dripping with gore.

The Maypole had chosen.

The man who had once been finding aromas of godliness among her creases had been skinned alive. His flesh now hung in the Maypole. The other who had been sucking on her breast was given mirrors from the Maypole to suckle on instead. His mouth went to his ears. His exposed jaw already brought the company of fire ants that drowned in his blood. Screams brought clarity but did not break the trance of the only man left alive who had come

for her. His eyes were stone and his hair was full of leaves. His chiseled features made her wet with invitation. And she so desperately wanted him to tear her pussy wide open. The Green Man.

In time he would. In time he would break all of his branches up inside of her and give her the fruit of her labor to come.

She could hear the villages far away, the celebrating of Beltane, the mystic arts fogging the skies of ancient druid stomped grounds and somewhere in Mary's lost mind, she would find this as impossible.

The others were dead.

*All of them.* Some skinned alive by each other.

They had all taken turns while the Maypole turned, peeling their flesh open by fingernails painted black. One man had choked to death on his own pain inside his goat mask. Another man had taken turns with other men biting each other's Maypoles until the blood had bathed them in realization.

The Maypole stopped turning. With no songs to make it sing, with no voices to guide its way, the Maypole

celebrated fertility no more. Mary stood alone. A rope of intestine coiled around her feet from someone mistrusted.

She was alone with him. And the Maypole made one last turn revealing inside the mirror the true face of her new lover who had brought the night with him. It was every fiend, every tear that escaped her blue eyes, and every dying prayer that the Gods would never answer.

He grabbed her. All of her. Her soul was now his, and together in a place where fires never dull, did she finally find the hope of lost dreams. Deep inside, way down where she would grow twin babies and one would kill the other while still inside the womb, did the man trespass. She would be raped forever by the woods, the wind, the Maypole yearning for flesh and blood and music. And only after did the man unravel her and paint a portrait of his Mary, would history know of him. He said his name only once among the turning Maypole while he had danced in blood and yawned at screams. He had called for his Mary, and Mary called for his name. And the Green Man let it be known:

“Davinci.”