

The Book of Hours Excerpt #1: Devi

Illustration by Jan van Rijn

Text by Sherilyn Connelly

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Dear Sherilyn,

Hello! First I HAVE to tell you, I just cannot stop thinking about you! You absolutely made my night on Saturday. I loved talking to you, laughing with you, and kissing you was wonderful. I wish I'd had the guts to kiss you sooner. To be

honest, I was at the club to meet someone else—a boy--and I was worried he'd be upset by my interest in you. But of course I couldn't help it, and as we kissed I wished I had thrown caution to the wind and started sooner, because I hated to let you go.

It wasn't until I explored your website that I realized you were transsexual! I would NEVER have guessed! In fact, when I was watching you dance, I thought, "This is why I love women"...the way you move and sway, and the look on your face as you get entranced by the music. You are ALL girl. I understand that you must be overly conscious of the differences in you and I, but I promise you, they are not as obvious as you think. That said, I find you beautiful, absolutely sexy and overwhelmingly alluring.

So...when can we have dinner? I have no idea where this might lead but I do know this: I want to know you. And of course I have a million questions. A moment ago, I went to have a cigarette and I sat and wondered, "Now how exactly do I have sex with someone like Sherilyn?" Believe me, I know its silly and I REALLY don't mean to objectify you as a sex toy (well, okay, maybe a little, but I promise when I do it you are welcome to do it back!) but I was thinking...do I ignore it? Do I play with it? Do I suck and fuck you as if we are two women, or a man and a woman? How silly, huh? Because when you think about it, the sex we all aspire to is just the opposite: it's to worship and love the entire body, to convey the emotions and the affection we feel through touch and sensation. Obviously the goal is to transcend it all and get to the soul, right?

OK I am going to WAY too far now...we have only KISSED! Hopefully you can forgive my ridiculous self and just have some dinner with me?

Love,

Devi



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