

Zonko / A PAIR OF ACES

She loved it when I took off my clothes and there was my Superman costume. After that first mistake, it got so I couldn't satisfy her unless I wore the whole outfit. Sometimes she just laid there for two hours clinging to the cape, biting the cape, chewing the cape, scratching the cape, jabbing the cape with her spiked heels. There were other times we'd meet in the hotel lounge and she'd have her panties off before we got outside to the taxi and mine off almost the minute she slammed the door and said, "Just drive." Actually that was just once. And that was before I knew her. In a biblical sense too. She'd planned the rape months in advance. She had all the angles covered. The doorman was her uncle. And the hack was her brother in a brand new hat. I raped her back, in a telephone booth, on the way home.

She didn't go for the Captain America suit as much. But the shield always got a real animal response. She forced me to take pictures of her acrobatic contortions wearing only the Batman hood, a smile and the shield. She got angry when I couldn't make any progress in the attempt to master Reed Richards' stretch routine. She chided me for being a waste of her time when I spun a web from her belly button to the base of her spine on a fire escape in Flushing, New York. I held her like a diamond pendant her sweat sparkling in the sun above the traffic on Jewel Avenue for a minute and a half suspended only by this same web clasped between my thumb and my forefinger and she was a whimpering porridge when I brought her back through the window.

The minute she hit it, the bed was transformed into an ocean of passion, the waves of sex sweeping me back into the jumble of one thousand empty cologne bottles on the dresser.

The man we dispossessed was terrified, but I could tell in his eyes he was going for his gun. I broke a chair over his head and he was out cold, better than in the movies. And it was a good thing too because when I got back to him I discovered it was none other than eight finger Louie, and he must have thought I was the real thing. He held a grudge against Spidee for getting his brother arrested on that museum heist. That was the time I decided to give up the costumes and Lois, both. It was starting to get too close for comfort. I didn't want to reveal my true identity just yet.

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As usual, the reincarnation of the Marquis de Sade had dinner alone in his cell, smoked a gargantuan clippie and retired to the television lounge. After using up two hours of his eyeballs, he rose and smashed the steel-tipped toe of his boot through the screen. There was no one else in the room he was much chagrined to discover. "Those mother fuckers are lying to my imagination. I can't stand it," he muttered to himself as he stalked off to join the card game on the next level.

There were no cards in this game. It was actually group dream analysis therapy, but it was called the card game because the session usually started off with someone saying I dreamed I was playing strip poker with Kim Novak or Vera Ellen or Cloris Leachman. And everybody wanted to know what happened next.