

Crave the Craving

for Jacques Lacan

Kant presents the scene of a man
given limitless reign over the woman
of his dream of dreams in any manner
and for however long he can endure —
with a fatal caveat: the man must submit
to the hangman's noose after sweet climax.

Who'd bet that the Pleasure Principle
will urge the man to prefer his neck over
the desire of his little head, heed the gallows'
shadow and cheer his capacity for overcoming
rapacious flesh? It's a no-brainer for the tramp-trumping
brain, survival over desire, a win for socially correct decorum.

However, Dostoyevsky's *Underground Man*
considered the inconvenient truth that we don't
always choose according to self-preservation, don't
always weigh options in favor of reason: for nonsense
often seems the surest path to acquiring what we crave —
unless the big head cools and considers the scenario carefully,
killing the desire completely, because non-reason is its requisite.

There's another (unsaid, tricky) caveat, horny men:
when we tear back the bed cover to reveal the angel
beneath, there will be a certain uncertain poverty in her
looks, we might even gasp, "Who smuggled in this imposter?"
Or she might sour, taste bad, disgust and repulse us in mid-screw.
Isn't this what happened to poor Jack Torrance in the bathroom
of the Overlook Hotel in *The Shining*: starting with the whore-goddess
and ending up with the cackling hag whose moistness was rot's pus?

"She is what I want!" the man gasps, attacking the hot prize
in exchange for his not-so-dear life. Then: "Wait! That's not her!"
Another woman splays for him and he runs to her, groaning: "Here!
Yes! *Her!*" Then: "No, it's *not* her! Where is *sbe*? Where?" Then another
woman, another woman, another, another — until the noose itself seems
to be the actual path to the craved thing: "Hang me! Hang me now!"

Poor man, you crave the craving.
Save your neck.