

Short story excerpted from *Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*,
by Frank Bukowski

Dead Sexy

Are there any others you'd like to tell us about? asked Doogan, the thick set cop with the blonde hair. He had a kind face and big walrus moustache. The old undertaker smiled back but didn't answer. Get a search warrant for Mr Wilburson's address, said Doogan.

The scowling detective called Hoolahan picked up the phone and arranged the warrant. They're on it, he said.

Tell me, asked Doogan, have you ever made love to a, how can I put this... a *living* person?

The old man shook his head.

How bout animals, asked Hoolahan. You know, German shepherds, donkeys... sheep? Wilburson didn't reply.

Lacey wasn't the first, was she? said Doogan. Wilburson shook his head again. So who was?

Marilyn, he said softly, almost whispered.

Marilyn.

Monroe.

I think John boy here's jerkin us off Steve.

I was twenty six, just starting out in the business. I was assistant to Frank Chisum, embalmer to the stars. I learned everything I know from him.

Yeah we bet.

Mr Chisum was employed by Miss Monroe's family to embalm her for the funeral. He was up in Oregon at the time on another job.

You have a good memory John. We talkin sixty years?

Fifty five. Fifth of August, nineteen sixty two. He couldn't get a flight back so he called and instructed me to do the initial preparation on Miss Monroe's body.

I see.

What more can I say. I was alone in a room with the most desirable woman on the planet. She was naked. I did what any red blooded male would have done.

Fuck a corpse? scoffed Hoolahan.

How many Marilyn Monroes have *you* made love to Detective? asked the old man, fire in his eyes.

That's good. I like that.

Have there been... *many* others? asked Doogan.

Wilburson thought about that for several seconds before answering. A few hundred, maybe more.

Hoolahan let out a theatrical whistle. Sweet.

You must have embalmed thousands over the years, said Doogan.

Tens. Of course, I didn't make love to them all.

No, quite.

Only the lookers, huh? sniped Hoolahan.

Who would you say was the most famous, asked Doogan, if you had to pick one? Marilyn?

I would have to say Margaret Thatcher. The two cops looked at each other. Check the records, if you don't believe me.

Oh we will.

If we do, John, and they show, as I'm sure they will, that you were employed to embalm the body of the late ex British Prime Minister, that wouldn't in itself prove necrophilia.

Wilburson eyed the latex cast of Lacey Spagnew's vagina which sat on the desk between them. The young rock singer had been killed in a motorbike accident the previous month. You don't have to take my word for it, the old man's eyes said.

There are more of these? asked Doogan, picking it up.

In most of my casts you'll find a pubic hair or two that came away from the deceased. Run the tests. I'm sure you'll find traces of my DNA on most of them.

You *fucked* these things?

I always made love to the deceased *before* I took a cast of the vagina. Semen traces and pubic hair often came away with the casts.

So what are they, like trophies?

I prefer to think of them as keepsakes.

How would we know which one was hers? Thatcher's.

I labelled them.

Get a car round to Wilburson's place now, said Doogan.

We're still waiting on the warrant.

Screw the warrant. Get me a badge round there.

I'm on it, said Hoolahan, picking up the phone to arrange it.

The Thatcher lady, said Doogan, she must have been pretty old. What was she, ninety?

Yeah, how'd you get wood man? sneered Hoolahan, putting down the phone.

I imagined I was making love to her at the height of her powers. I had been a long-time admirer.

Yeah, I do that with my missus too, joked the bad cop.

Which one would you say was your favourite, John? Who was the most beautiful, Marilyn?

The old undertaker shook his head. A lot of it was make up. Underneath she was quite plain. But her body was like something, you know, that the gods had made to torture men. For beauty it would have to be a toss up between... hmm, Sharon Tate, Grace Kelly and Princess Diana.

Both Detectives sat back in their seats. That's some statement.

I know it.

Hey, I'm impressed, big man, said Hoolahan. That's quite a resume.

Do you realise what you're saying here, John?

You think I would joke about such a thing? The British Royal Family chartered a private jet and flew me directly to London. It's all in the records.

I thought she died in Paris.

They had her body brought back to the UK, you know, to lie in state before the funeral.

Hey, I remember, said Hoolahan, it was on every TV channel. My wife cried.

It was very sad. She had an inner radiance.

Yeah, we bet you poked around real good for her inner radiance. This is such bullshit. He didn't fuck no Princess Di. The morgue would have been crawling with cops. Her face and body were all messed up in the crash. No way could he have done her.

We did it from behind, if you must know. You can't imagine what a turn on it was to make love to the woman who had given issue to future kings of England.

You did it *doggy* with Di?

Not in the sense that term is usually understood.

You fucked her up the *ass*?

You must understand, she had suffered serious pelvic injuries.

So you fucked her up the ass. Genius. Hey big man, you're racking up serious brownie points here. That was a real cute ass. Was it a tight one? Oh wait, I forgot, lubricant is like one of the tools of your trade, right. Still, did you come up her ass? How many times?

Wilburson glanced at Doogan. The nice cop. Doogan shrugged. This time he wasn't coming to the rescue.

Well, did you? snarled Hoolahan, getting in the old man's face. Did you cream Di's ass? Did you juice her real good? Did you e-jac-cu-late, John? Comprendre?

I always ejaculate, the old man muttered softly.

Yeah we bet, a regular gas pump.

Whenever a woman arouses me, I climax very quickly. Usually in a matter of seconds.

Hey Steve, bout that, our juice jockey here jumps the gate. Is that why you fuck the dead ones, John, because you can't satisfy the breathers?

Detective Steve Doogan held the old undertaker's gaze. How about it John? Did you have performance issues that would explain any of this? Wilburson didn't reply.

Anyway what's it like screwing a stiff, big man? asked Hoolahan. Ain't it a little hard on the old crash hat?

You'd be surprised how soft a woman's body becomes after the rigor mortis stage relaxes.

Hey, zombie dick, we're cops, spare us the forensics lecture.

They don't dry out for days. Sometimes you don't even need lubricant, you can just climb right on.

Is this guy for real? Wha'd you go down on her too?

Well...

Don't answer that.

Yes, do answer it, John, said Doogan.

The old man lowered his gaze to the desk, saying nothing.

Would you like us to call your attorney?

I don't have one.

I find that hard to believe.

That is immaterial, detective sergeant.

Would you like us to get you one?

No.

You could be staring at life.

Sergeant, I'm eighty one.

They took a half hour break while Hoolahan rustled up some sandwiches. They'd been interviewing the old man all morning. Just then a uniformed cop entered the room. He handed over a piece of paper to Doogan, saying the old man was on the level. Doogan ran his eye down the list of names until he came to Princess Diana. They found a network of rooms under his property, said the officer. He's got a basement full of these things, he said, eyeing the latex vagina on the desk. All framed up and mounted behind glass, like trophies.

How many?

Enough to go round a twenty foot square room, wall to ceiling. Count the list.

Tape the place off, get forensics in.

Already done.

Run the DNA on Princess Diana's cast, like yesterday. And get Mr Wilburson here an attorney and a coffee. He's going to need them.

Doogan put down the list. He steepled his fingers and glanced across at the old man, who was still staring glazy-eyed at the desk as though it were thousand miles away. Why are you telling us all this now John?

The undertaker thought long and hard before he answered. When I was young, I dreamed of being an eminent biologist. I wanted to be famous, for my name to echo down the centuries after I was gone.

That didn't work out.

My life is almost run.

Hey, look on the bright side, said Hoolahan. Everyone's gonna remember you now.

Is that why you did it? asked Doogan. For fame?

I don't think so, said Wilburson.

But it's why you're telling us now.

I'm not even sure why I'm telling you.

Could it be you're feeling remorseful for all the things you done? I've known men confess to murders they did fifty years ago. Said it had been eating them up their whole life, just needed to get it out and tell someone, before they stood before their maker.

Wilburson shrugged. I don't hold with religion. I feel no guilt for what I've done.

Not even a little bit?

The victims were dead. I wasn't hurting no-one. Can you be so sure, in my shoes, you wouldn't have done the same?

Well, I can't speak for anyone else, but I can tell you that I would not have done what you did, said Doogan.

How tall are you, detective?

Six three.

You're a handsome man. I shouldn't imagine getting girls was ever a problem.

Hoolahan laughed. And that's going be your plea? You thought it was okay to go around screwing stiffes because you couldn't get a chick?

Look at me.

We are.

What do you see?

An eighty one year old male, Caucasian, grey eyes, five three, hundred thirty pounds, bald.

Thank you, that was very diplomatic. Most people would say a bald, ugly midget. Now take a walk along Fifth Avenue. Take a drive down Newport Beach. Tell me what you see.

I know what I'd see. Tell me what you'd see, John.

The beautiful people, Detective. The people who set society's rules, so the world works perfectly for them.

But you're one of the most famous embalmers in the world. People pay top dollar for your services. You're the undertaker to the great and the good.

Not the greatest chat up line in the world, is it?

Are you saying you shafted Lacey Spagnew's corpse and all those other stiffes because you couldn't get a chick? laughed Hoolahan. Seriously?

They were beautiful and famous, detective. How else was someone like me ever going to make love to women like them?

They were *dead*, asshole.

Didn't you ever consider using a hooker, John? asked Doogan.

I don't know about you detective sergeant, but the thought of making love to a vagina that thousands of other men have ejaculated into isn't something I find in the least arousing.

But poking a stiff is fun, right, sneered Hoolahan. Lemme ask you a serious question, are you insane?

Of course I'm insane. I'm an animal trapped in a man's body. In a world that's broken.

That's an interesting statement. Would you like to unpack that for us a little? asked Doogan.

I should have thought you of all people would understand, detective.

I'm a little slow today. Spell it out for me.

My job is dealing with bodies. Shootings, hangings, slashings, strangled hookers, hit and runs, mafia whacks, subway suicides, with injuries so bad that sometimes you can hardly tell what sex they were. Homicide bags them up, I embalm them. The world breaks them, I put them together again, so their families can say goodbye. Insanity is the only rational response to such a world.

My heart's breakin.

That other name you mentioned, Sharon Tate, who was she? asked Doogan.

She was a movie star back in the nineteen-sixties. She was murdered by a psychotic serial killer, Charles Manson. Nobody remembers it now, but back then it was a big deal. He stabbed her twenty seven times. I counted the holes.

I bet she looked a regular Swiss cheese, huh, quipped Hoolahan. Did you fuck her in the holes too, or just the big one?

They made such a fuss over JFK. For me the greater tragedy was Miss Tate, a beautiful young woman cut down in her prime. I have all her films on video, you know. You can't get them anymore.

I guess you must jerk off to them a lot, huh?

I have never masturbated in my life. I never had the need.

Right, you had your corpse habit, I forgot.

The old undertaker looked wistful. She had a way of looking at the camera that made you think she was smiling right at you, he said. That smile.

You fuck her in the *mouth*, big man?

A gentle smirk creased Wilburson's face.

Hey, I like this guy, he's growing.

When you had a smile like Miss Tate.

You don't look a gift horse in the mouth, right?

When she performed fellatio on me, for those few seconds, I felt the luckiest man alive.

Did she swallow?

Detective?

You came in her mouth, right?

Yes, of course. I told you, I always ejaculate.

So did she swallow? Or did you come over her face?

I don't understand the meaning of the question?

Well, it's pretty fuckin easy if you pin back your ears. You're an educated guy. I mean, when you unloaded all your ice cream in her mout, did she make a sexy gargling noise like mmmmlargllarghluchlupaaaww!

How could she? She was dead.

OF COURSE SHE WAS FUCKING DEAD, YOU ASSHOLE! Hoolahan banged his fist on the table. Sharon Tate didn't give you no fuckin blow job, you sick motherfucker. You raped her. You raped her mouth. You abused her barely cold body like you abused all the others, cept you weren't particular which orifice you chose. Hey, any hole's a good hole, right?

Mike, take it easy.

Hoolahan slumped back in his chair. His tensed shoulders released. His frowning face thawed into a resigned half-smile. Hey, she had a nice mouth, what else were you gonna do but fuck it. Is it me who's going crazy here John, or him?

The old undertaker blinked twice, his face registering no emotion. Can I have that coffee now?

Hope you enjoyed *Dead Sexy*. It's published as part of a 700 page collection of poetry and short stories, *Sex on the Brain: Poems and Stories for Men*. You can pick it up for less than the price of a coffee at [Amazon](#) and [Smashwords](#).