

*Parts for the Whole*  
Elaine Miller

An old friend, a truck-driving junk hauler by trade, popped by my leather consignment store carrying a plastic storage bin. “I ended up with this weird collection of stuff,” he said. “And of course I thought of you.”

As I peeled up the lid, I discovered that the bin was entirely filled with nine or ten startlingly huge dicks. Not just non-human in scale, these dicks were not human in *form*. There were vast rigid tentacles and glowing dragon dicks, but the selection mostly comprised horse cocks in sizes ranging from “Shetland Pony” to “Belgian Draft.”

My shop doesn’t sell sex toys, but these were expensive, sterilizable, silicon sculptures in perfect condition so I was excited to become a private horse cock adoption agency. I lugged all 30 pounds of dicks to my home, wrestled each from the fleshy embrace of the others, and arranged them in the dishwasher, where they overflowed the racks. Once through the heavy cycle and the sanitize setting, they could be handled without trepidation.

Afterward, I cradled the largest on my lap as I examined it. High-quality silicon can be made in a variety of rigidities, and this was a masterclass in blended texture with a structurally stiffer core surrounded in softer, fleshier material. Both the perfection of the detail and the colour intensified as one travelled from matte black near the sculpturally suggested testicles, then traversing a set of wrinkles suggesting a folded-back sheath, growing ruddy in tone along the veined shaft, arriving finally to the head, which was exquisitely detailed and a glistening deep red. Unbelievably weighty and unmistakably equine in shape, this phallus had a long trailing length of flexible silicon tube, entering at the base, running along the interior of the shaft, and ending the channel at the sculpted urethral opening. The wielder of this mighty tool could use a large needleless oral syringe to shoot a liquid out the meatus of the horse cock with a celebratory spurt.

I wondered what occupied the skilled maker’s mind while carving each detail lovingly into the prototype cock. Were they focused solely on the eventual marketing—on creating an object to fill a niche—or did they dwell on the steaming sex lives of horses while working from painstakingly collected photos of utterly randy stallions? When they poured the silicon in

layers of carefully calculated densities, did they imagine this giant cock flexing and bouncing through wild grasslands at the gallop? When they mixed the red dyes to tint the glans, did they envision the sudden merlot gleam as the head was illuminated by a shaft of sunlight?

It comforts me to think that the maker's creative choices were informed by the thought of another's sweaty delight. I imagined the recipient's awe and excitement as they unpacked it from the shipping box for the first time, wrapping small soft human hands around the shaft and hefting it free of the wrapping material, squeezing greedily, and themselves dreaming of being so much more than human.