

I like the sensation of drooling. The liminal space in which it happens is a huge part of its appeal. When are you happier, more relaxed, than in the delicious ephemeral moments of drifting to sleep? I usually don't realize my jaw wasn't relaxed all day until it slowly slips open as I'm falling asleep. I remember reading somewhere that the spaces on our bodies where skin turns to membrane are pleasure zones on the cellular level. This explains sex, kissing, and why rubbing your eyes feels so damn good. But it also explains why I love drooling.

The sensations of saliva pooling, dripping, slowly running down my lips is *almost* erotic. It moves like a glacier from interior to exterior. It's the fear of spit staining the sheets that jolts me, briefly, away from the edge of sleep. There is nothing like this moment because the stark contrast of awareness makes slipping back to slumber delectable in a way that I have found to be unmatched.

A new drooling experience I recently encountered happened when I was getting a massage. I find it to be very satisfying to lay flat without having to move my head to either side, and as my face was parallel with the ground a bead of drool gloriously splat onto the floor. I let it happen knowing I could have prevented it, and this made the experience feel all the more taboo. My drool, on the ground.