

CHAPTER FIVE

ROULE ON

"It's one of those sad stories that no one likes to tell; I fell in love. He was the God of Romance in human flesh. Nice flesh. He had heavily lidded, killer blue, opaque eyes. He had lips long, arched and too wide in every way. Brilliant white teeth. Floppy hair that fell in his eyes which he never fussed with, being too intrigued by his own adventures unfolding before him.

"The wildness in him registered with me as Godlike powers. When he came into a room, even if I didn't see him, I could feel him, my legs went to rubber bands. There are truths in mushy romance novels, that's one of them, rubbery legs. When this odd, embarrassing and irreversible condition strikes, you are compelled to sit or lean while simultaneously there burns a need to locate the person causing this tide. You spin like Maggie Smith in a Noel Coward play doing a quadruple take. You, however, are neither as graceful as she nor nearly as humorous, definitely twice as ridiculous, at least to yourself. If the puppeteer is kind, you locate your leg muscles, or a chair, table, couch or wall before he reaches your side. His eyes look big, the better to eat you with, my dear. His mouth looks soft, the better to see you with my dear. You can't hear what he's saying because your mind is filled with the image of your tongue in his mouth. He asks the time. You don't wear a watch. You panic. *He's going to walk away.* He stays, asks if you are thirsty. Your, "Oh yes," comes out a croak, the resonance of a submerged submarine destroyed. He hands you a drink. Your jaw is superglued to itself. When you manage to open your mouth, you gush saliva. You are hyper aware of your body and its awkward functions. You think he has x-ray eyes. You think he sees everything about you, like God, he is God. He is undoubtedly irredeemably grossed out by his view of your gallbladder, the terrible things you did to Miss Grayweather's cat when you were ten, the cellulite you noticed on your thighs this morning. You are having a bad hair day and your nails are chipping. The drink tastes good. You are holding the glass with both hands to steady yourself, it works, you are amazed.

"He asks you what you're doing at the party, who you know, how you know them. You hear these as the deepest questions about your identity. You think he's asking to hear about the contents of your soul. You want to rip your shirt off, right there, in front of everyone, show him your heart. But your mother brought you up better than that, *young lady*. You don't actually take off all your clothes on the first meeting, but it isn't far into the second when you find yourself prone, in the back of a vehicle, half undressed, desiring to dissolve into pure energy, to have him pour his essence into your dissolving so you can begin to live. And there the relationship is inaugurated.

"You're hungry. You go to Mc Donald's because it's the only place open in the middle of the night, in the early morning, in the hours approaching dawn. You

drink cold, thick, chocolate milkshakes. You eat long, wavering, waxy french fries. Your body has turned inside out. Your emotions are a big house, lifted off its foundations, moving without guard cars, down the road, a wide load. You are floating. You let him make all, most, of the decisions because you think he's in better shape than you are. He seems to have gained the clarity you have lost. Your purpose has merged with his being, his purpose has been refined, defined by your presence, *happily ever after*.