

CHAPTER THREE

SYNCOPATED KINESIS

"Do you like love stories? I do. Even though all the really good ones are tragedies. I'll tell you one and we can both listen.

"I start all my stories with once upon a time because that's the truth isn't it? All of us drifting sailing on time, waves of space floating us along, manifesting many feasting particles of reality into flaming shows of what we think is hidden inside our minds.

"Life is the mind turned inside out.

"Once upon a time there was a young girl, let's call her Diva for she was Divine. Still only six years old, she bounded up each day with the boundless joy of springtime, as if within her tiny frame resided a soul the size of Goliath pressing, creating growth. Every morning the little sprite with the pressing soul of Goliath would bound forth to search for Davids, upstarts. She thought she was the hero. She didn't know that, the way the story is told, Goliath was the bad guy and David the hero. No, all she knew was that her soul was pressing her to heroism. She lived in the magic of childhood, where every breath creates dragons and every step fairies and the world is populated by very large mysterious adult people whose emotions, like the weather, adjust abruptly, alter tremendously the meanings of her environment.

"Diva loved the rain. She loves to hear it and watch it, watch the drops race and devour each other down window panes, hear it drum on the eaves and the sidewalks, on the tops of cars or listen to the swish as wheels move fast through puddles, the chaos of the sounds soothes the little Goliath, puts her soul to peace. She especially likes to be in it, getting her face wet, tasting God's tears, stomping in puddles, safe in tall red rubber boots which seem to her to be red thick water in funny hollow forms. She is protected by thick rubber crafted water from the impacts of wild, darting, mobile water. Water in motion pleases her.

"This day, this once upon a time, her mother conscientiously bundled her little one to diminish the damage of the mischief she could in no way prevent. *Onward*, thought Diva, and out she went into the wet, into the peace of the arrival of rain. She got partway to the park when the rain turned sinister. The thunder crashed and lightning split the air.

"Now, Diva loved the rain but she did not like the thunder and she was scared of lightning, so she ran. She ran to the nearest house she knew. This house was a nice house, a house much nicer than the one she lived in. This house had lots of furniture and rugs with fancy patterns, a chandelier in the dining room, velvet spots you could run your fingers across, on the red wallpaper in the hall. This

house belonged to Diva's friend Nancy, her family were Presbyterians, they believed that hard work lead to money which was blessed because it came from hard work which always lead to money which was, in and of itself, happiness because it was money which happily always lead to more hard work. It was a philosophy that no one fully comprehends until they live it but, once lived, it never seems to release them.

"Into this chandeliered, velvet-spotted, plush-ruged house Diva was ushered by a maid in a black dress with a white apron, who everyone called Sassy. Sassy never seemed the least bit sassy to Diva, on the contrary, she always seemed completely and utterly docile.

"Oh God, sex is the most wonderful thing in the world, it opens you up to the spaces and graces of death and God and yet you are alive and in your body and united with another soul in its encasement of flesh and love and this love burns through your organs and your senses, your nerves comply and send light through your united beings to join the sky, the sun and all the stars in their glory sing your welcome and goodbye and bless you all in an instant and you are returned to the same body space and time continuum and love and the rain falls and you watch the drops and listen to Miles Davis and love the life you have been given. Jesus, sex is a wonderful thing, the gate to wonderment. And we use it for what? To humiliate, condemn and betray.

"Sassy ushered Diva into the library and departed. Diva took off her red raincoat with the big, loud, black snaps and the red rubber boots which were like thick floppy water and she sat by the fire looking at the delicious books glittering. Diva was too little to read. She knew some words but thick books in leather cases were far beyond her scope and, before she could dare herself to remove any of these unfamiliar treasures from the company of its confreres, in entered Nancy's elder brother. Tall, lanky, sporting a funny, laconic, crooked smile, pretty white teeth and dark floppy brown hair that whisked his forehead when he said, "Hi, there." like window wipers on the outside cars surging beautiful waves of water up and rushing their way to other once upon a times.

"The brother's name was Barry, he was funny and like to play games. He laughed a lot and he had candy in his pockets which he shared. And then he said he had a better game, better even than candy. What could be better than candy? "Take down your pants and I'll show you," in the voice of the kind, funny, careful, older brother, "It's a joke, Diva. Don't you trust me?"

"She did. She was so young, her mother had never imagined that this little Goliath who loved the rain and serious mischief would need to know about this, not yet. Fire and drowning, avoiding speeding motorcycles, "Look both ways before you cross the street. Never speak to strangers." She was saving the "Beware of men, they're only after one thing" lecture for when Diva turned thirteen or fourteen. *When she's fourteen, her mother thought, because white men*

don't rape children, only dirty Arabs force their sex on little children. She's not likely to meet any Arabs before puberty.

"But now Diva is here with her pants down waiting for the game that is better than candy when his pants come down. Barry says, "Lie down." Barry is not funny now. Barry lays on top of Diva. Diva thinks she will suffocate. Diva is scared. His penis looks funny, very pink, like a little flushed face, staring at her. Barry's crooked mouth is really crooked now. The thunder is loud. Sassy is gone, far away inside this rambling rich house. The books are too learned. The rug is too hot. The fire is too hard on her brain. Barry stops pushing on her, lays back on his own back, closes his eyes.

"Diva reaches for the door, she thinks Barry is asleep, that he has not heard the black snaps shut, the red rubber water going firmly on her feet. *Lightning is not as scary as Barry's mouth.* At the door, she is, when he says, "You better not tell." And because this little Diva Goliath is too little to have words to say because, in the silence she memorizes what big crooked lipped Barry says, "They won't believe you," he says. "They'll think you are a bad girl." She hears him. Little Goliath is defeated by a big ugly David.