

## ***II: a golden drive***

I want you, I want you so bad that it breaks my heart, and I need you, I need you to progress, to destroy and create, but since you're so far away, I have to find substitutes, and they take your place, incomplete and frayed around the edges. But they may have to do, because I'm losing hope that I'll be able to reach you and see you again, and while they aren't you, they are at least something, and I need a something in my life. Still, this dissipating hope is there, and I think of you when I'm alone on these stormy, stony, icicle evenings, when I need strength I don't possess, and you get me there.

Flaxen hair on my black bed, blush-tipped tits as ethereal and pure as the Sierra's spires, smooth, snow-white skin, lips, rose-red lips, pursing and pouting for a sublime touch of sweet flesh on flesh, blue eyes, sapphires, sparkling towards me like the waves of an endless ocean. You flower my mattress, like some Pygmalion princess come to life. Perfection, that's what you are, absolute perfection. Time and space, ripped open and torn apart by the labors of lust, leave us alone in this old mountain cabin.

She's asleep on my bed, her sweater strewn on the floor, her long blonde hair a tangled mess on my black pillow. It's early; I tiptoe into the kitchen and brew some coffee. The scent of her hair and skin cling to my body like the flashes of a persistent dream on my roaming mind. I eat a few berries and watch the sun rise over the mountains, diamond beams sprinkling through the conifers. That's my cue - time to go. I leave the coffee pot on and a note letting her know of the pancakes being kept warm in the oven.

God, baby, do we have to get up? I mean, what's the point of subjecting ourselves to that merciless sun when we could stay inside, cook, take a shower, read to each other, and lay in bed? How can we compare going out into that pestilence of others to everything we have right here? Why let the worthless motherfuckers that crowd and pollute this world invade the intimacy we have? I can't do it - I can't let something so rare dissipate and dissolve merely because of an ancient impulse for group acceptance. This is more, and this is all that counts.

I feel your fingers trace the back of my spine, your soft skin gentle on top of my hard bone. It's a gorgeous evening - the ochre sun glitters like a gilt-tinged prism, its shafts of light slivered into rainbow rays by the needles of the firs and pines. The snow still remains, thick, white, and pure, assuaging the dirt and the asphalt of their deterioration and drabness. The grey squirrel on my deck is awake, basking in this peaceful scene, happily bounding from branch to branch. And I lay here with you, watching the day laze on its own ambivalent direction.

So yes, we're finished. I kiss you once, a long, lingering kiss, then escape into the bathroom with a cold beer and a foggy mind. As I turn on the hot water in the shower, I feel distant and like an asshole. I mean, all I gave you was one stupid kiss, not a word or other action, when I know you wanted more. But I guess I didn't - I couldn't...I just couldn't. So I let the hot water hit my body, washing me clean of the smear of lust, while I savor my Rolling Rock and stew in my ambiguous feelings. The beer is good.

Please, baby, don't go. I don't think I can face this night alone; the loneliness gets so thick that sometimes I feel like I'm being dissolved, like I'm disintegrating into the darkness of an obsidian fog. Just stay; I'll cook you dinner, I'll make a hot bath for you and wash your hair, I'll massage your feet while you lay on the couch, I'll take a walk with you through the woods and the wind and the moonlight. Just don't leave me with myself; if I'm left alone I might not survive the night. So please, please...stay.

Cold enough to see your breath, cold enough to turn your cheeks a bloody red, cold enough that you needed to wear a black coat over your wool sweater. It was cold outside, as we stood on that path beneath the brittle, broken bones of winter's oaks and knew that it was over, complete, finished. Cold on the outside, but even colder on the inside. I wanted to pull you back in, hold you close to me and feel your body against my own. But I didn't, and you turned and walked slowly down that path. I let you.