

IV: in tyler lake

I remember her. Glacial eyes, snowy, smooth skin, flowing snow-blond hair, voluptuous, beautiful tits, cute little nose and pale pink lips and - yeah, she was looking good. Good-natured, warm, tolerant of me, so, fuck, I asked her out. She accepted a few times. Once, I think, we did a typical dinner thing - bland. A second, and this I remember better - I brought her and her sister up to Arrowhead for a bash, a bash awash in booze, booze I used to lube both she and I. Didn't work, such a cheap ploy to get some ass, some connection - she got fucking trashed, like falling-down drunk, and when I dropped her off in the early morning back at her house - our wires, they weren't sparking. I don't recall her being especially smart or insightful, but, then again, I don't think I ever gave her a chance to reveal her intelligence or intuition, or, if she did, I didn't listen. By that point, I was just projecting onto her what I wanted from a woman, thereby clouding *her*. In other words: that one, it was over before it could even begin.

And while those glorious globes that majestically adorned her chest frequently drew my furtive glances, when I think of her, the first image that floods my mind is those icy eyes, those eyes shaded like an abyssal, alpine cirque lake, fathomless, where only rock and ice and sky occupy space. I should've taken the frightening plunge into the snowmelt cerulean water and forced myself alive.