

vignettes33

bananas

We decided to use the bananas even though they were getting brown. Neither one of us liked to waste things, especially not organic bananas. The flavor so rich and satisfying and how can you beat the convenience of bananas? No cutting, no dicing, no packaging. Simply peel and eat.

So, after we dined on our exquisite banana shakes and drank our Colombian coffee, we moved to the porch where we smoked together, sharing a pack of parliament cigarettes. We discussed many things-music and movies always a good topic and one that we could linger on for hours.

The coffee was making us quite chatty, the banana shakes were simmering in our throats and so engaged in conversation were we that we became oblivious to the world around us. A little girl with red-ribboned pigtails and a matching red balloon walked coyly past the porch, trailing far behind her parents, a couple jogged by. An old man walked quickly past, singing to himself. We paid no attention to these passersby as we spun our conversation into a new direction, talking now of your bisexuality. The topic somewhat caused friction between us. I couldn't understand how you could like both men and women and I didn't want to imagine you with a dick in your mouth...or your ass....but there came the image again. You took a drink of your banana milkshake and as I glanced at the corners of your mouth, my mind couldn't help but see a penis trying to make its way in there. So when you moved to kiss me, I turned away. You attempted to plant a myriad of kisses upon my collarbone and I blinked absentmindedly, inhaling my Parliament, positive that my irritation was written on my face. You seemed to catch on and then our morning porch session disintegrated. I picked up the coffee cups, you took our milkshake glasses.

I opened the creaky screen door and walked barefoot into our little apartment. The walls were painted avocado green which you had protested and I had ignored. The sensation of being inside an avocado left me feeling warm. I went into the kitchen and then disappeared into the bedroom where I decided to dress.

I put on a pretty vintage dress with tiny polkadots. It was shell pink and chiffon. You changed your pants. We barely spoke until you couldn't find your socks. Then we left the apartment, two bodies together yet distant now, our excited chatter from the morning gone and leaving a vacancy in the air. We walked to meet your parents at an overpriced cafe on the plaza, where we both played nice. Your father commented on my looks, as usual, and I teased him, as usual...Your mother kissed us both on the cheek and then began her typical line of questioning.

“How is work?”

“How is the apartment?”

“Do you remember Kate Winter? She’s a lawyer now. Oh, and her mother died, you know, the one with the plastic surgery addiction?”

“Are you two ever going to get married?”

“How is that friend of yours? What’s his name? (Harry, pass the salt please, dear. I swear, if this isn't the blandest salad I’ve ever had.) You know, the one with the golden retriever. Such a pretty dog.”

After this ended, your father would start in on his favorite topic-real estate and how we really should buy; now is the time to buy! We are just throwing our money away on that apartment. We both nodded our heads, smiling, injecting a word here and there. I kept myself busy by eating my poached eggs with spinach and salmon. You tried to touch my hand.

After brunch, we took refuge in one another’s company. We strolled to a nearby bistro and had cappucinos, using our shared disdain for your parents’ company as a means to reconnect. We laughed at your father’s lecture, we discussed your mother’s concern over our lifestyle. Then we proceeded to smoke outside. You wanted a drink. It had begun to drizzle somewhat in the streets. We took wide steps, dodging the small puddles. I was holding onto your arm. We were laughing. We found a bar we both liked, a classy cigar bar where you ordered a scotch on the rocks and I had an iced tea. We sat by the large glass windows, drinking and laughing. The ice clinked in my glass as you romanticized the possibilities of buying a home in Costa Rica and declared that you dreamed of seeing my belly swell with babies. I laughed out loud.

Soon, I switched from iced tea to a gin martini. A friend of yours came to meet us. He was tall and spoke a lot about himself, drinking scotch and smoking a cigar. We listened to his stories, which were not very entertaining. I disappeared to the bathroom and when I returned, you were speaking to a strikingly handsome dark man. It seemed to me you were flirting. I ordered another drink, the man looked right at me, taking in my rain disheveled looks, my hair a loose mass of curls, the swell of my breast peeking out from my dress. I sat down and joined in the conversation. You were talking about how you hated the country and camping.

Soon, we left, the very attractive man along with us. It was raining by now and the streetlights’ reflection on the street intermingled with the rain, creating a crystalline image of red and green. You had your arm around me but I was staring at the dark Spaniard with his wet hair and large smile.

