

Heaven and Hell

Have you ever looked in someone's eyes and seen the universe?

They don't say yes or no; they're just black pools of everything that ever was or will be.

Looking at you and saying, what next?

You don't know what's next, so you say, "Hi".

His eyes say, "Is that all?" but he's courteous. He smiles and says, "Hi".

You say, "I don't have anything to say. I just wanted to say hi."

He says, "Yeah, I know. I don't either."

He squeezes your arm where you're leaned against the porch railing, and when you look down at his ebony hand on your ivory arm it feels like you might be pissing in your panties.

You let him pull you around until you're belly to belly, and you let him put his mouth on yours and push his tongue in. You play your tongue with his. He's in charge now, and you might as well enjoy the ride.

It's big like they say, but he doesn't last long. You just rounded the first corner when he crossed the finish line. Lying beneath him, you say to yourself, "What next indeed! What about the eyes?"

"That was real nice," he says as he gets up and pulls on his clothes. "You're good people."

You lie there as if in a dream, allowing his soft voice to wash over your skin. Maybe he'd do better next time. But by the time you've crafted the elegant sentence in which you ask his name and tactfully get a phone number, he has reached the door. No goodbye; just him slipping through and a click.

What next? More humiliation? Pain? Another gorgeous guy leaving you in tears? There's a reason why the Garden of Eden story starts with the serpent. Perfection is a creepy sea of smiley faces; imperfection is life.

You keep looking in people's eyes.