

## 10. THE SOLID SAVIOR

“I could touch your where it feels good.”

“I’m pretty good at touching myself.”

“I could help!”

“Would you know how to do it right?”

“I hope so. You could show me!”

She has been staring at him for quite a while. He wonders what she wants him to say.

“Do you know me from somewhere?”

“What?”

“You were staring.”

“No, that wasn’t me. I was just looking in front of me. I didn’t even notice that you were there.”

“Sorry for bothering you.”

“That’s OK.”

“Are you alone?”

“I’m waiting for someone.”

“Are you just saying that? Or are you really waiting for someone?”

“I am waiting. I’m not sure if he’s really coming. But I am waiting. And I’m willing to wait even if he is a little late.”

“You’re not sure that he’s coming.”

“He said that he was. I’m not sure that I can believe him.”

“Why wait?”

“I trust him in some kind of weird way.”

“That is weird if you trust him, but you’re not sure if he’s going to show up. Maybe you just want him to come.”

“He said that he’d be along. That’s the best that I can hope for.”

“You’re a pretty girl. Why are you selling yourself short?”

“If I wasn’t a pretty girl, this would be something normal. Or if I did this all the time, that wouldn’t be pretty.”

“I was just making conversation. Trying to give you a complement.”

“That’s nice of you. But I am waiting for someone.”

“What are you telling me?”

“That he might not want to talk to me if he saw you with me.”

“I’m not really with you. I’m just talking to you.”

“But you’re a little close.”

“Do you want me to move?”

“That would be a good idea.”

“And I should stop talking to you.”

“That would also be good.”

“You’re not sure that he’s even coming.”

“That is what I said.”

“So why are you making such a fuss.”

“If he came here, and he saw me talking to you, he wouldn’t come up to talk to me.”

“Do you even know this guy?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Do you even know what he looks like?”

“I would know even if I closed my eyes. I can feel in my heart that he is with me.”

“How do you do that?”

“Can’t you understand? I don’t really want to talk to you now!”

“I’m trying to make sense of this guy.”

“Don’t. This is none of your business.”

“I know. But you’re a mighty pretty girl to get stood up by some guy.”

“He’s coming.”

“You said that you’re not sure.”

“I know that he’s not going to come if you keep bothering me.”

“How about if I sit way over there, and if he doesn’t come in an hour, then I’ll come back and talk to you?”

“That wouldn’t be a good idea.”

“Why not?”

“He’d know.”

“Who is this guy? Does he have spies here or something?”

“It just wouldn’t be a good idea.”

“How can you know that?”

“I just do.”

“I really enjoy talking to you. Let me buy you a drink.”

“You have to go.”

“I can go. But just let me send a drink over to your table.”

“You can’t do that. I don’t want you doing that!”

“I’m going sit over there.”

“I don’t want you watching me like that.”

“I came in here for a drink. What’s the big deal?”

“No biggie. But if you keep hanging around for over an hour, then it’s verging on harassment.”

“I’m having a drink. Maybe one or two more. That’s pretty much it. Now you’re making a fuss about it.”

“It gives me the creeps to think that you’re going to be watching me like that.”

“I’m sorry! I didn’t mean it to be that way. I could just leave if that would be more appropriate.”

“That would be better for both of us. It probably wouldn’t have been such a big deal if you hadn’t have approached me. I just have to let you know how I’m thinking about this.”

“Again, I apologize. I’ll just go over by the bar and finish my drink. Then I’ll go.”

“I don’t want to seem too tough on you. I’m just a little nervous.”

“First date?”

“Nothing like that.”

“Don’t let it get to you. You’re a knockout.”

“Oops!”

“You have a great smile.”

“I shouldn’t really be smiling. Not like this.”

“Did you just have an operation to your mouth?”

“Not at all. I’m not used to smiling so much.”

“Sorry, if I made you laugh.”

“That’s actually a good thing.”

“I’m going to go sit over there.”

“Thank you!”

“If you need me, you can just come over and tap me on the shoulder.”

“That probably won’t be necessary. But I’ll come get you if I need you.”

“Great!”

“There’s no great secret why you’re here.”

“I told you everything.”

“It sounds mysterious.”

“You promised. “

”Sorry. I’m going to be way over there. No one will even know that I am there.”

“I’ll know where to find you.”

“What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know. I guess I have my doubts.”

“I didn’t mean to mess it up for you.”

“I don’t think that’s it.”

“What’s the problem?”

“I think that I believe too strongly.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“It makes me too vulnerable. Even now, things are taking a strange turn.”

“I can do anything that you need me to do.”

“That’s it. I don’t know you. And I’m depending on you.”

“That’s not it.”

“What then?”

“Sit down. Maybe you can help me.”

“I’m willing to do what I can.”

“I don’t want you to stay. But you can help me settle down.”

“Do you think that is having an effect?”

“I don’t want to say that it is. However, it might.”

“What if he never comes?”

“Then it wasn’t meant to be.”

“We could get some dinner.”

“I’m not going to be in very good shape for much of anything.”

“I could help cheer you up.”

“It’s not that. You’ve probably stayed long enough.”

“Do you want me to move?”

“I’m not sure. I’m all confused what I am supposed to want.”

“I’m patient. I could go back to the bar.”  
 “You really think that is enough?”  
 “I don’t know. I have no idea what is really going on.”  
 “I should just go.”  
 “You shouldn’t give up. You still don’t know what is really happening.”  
 “I can’t stand this waiting. I shouldn’t have to wait like this. I’m leaving!”  
 “Leave me your cell number. I’ll call you if he shows up.”  
 “He’s not going to show up if I’m not here.”  
 “Are you sure that he’s not coming?”  
 “I don’t care.”  
 “I can help you with whatever you need.”  
 “I don’t need any help right now.”  
 “I can give you my number. You can call me if you have any problems.”  
 “I’ll be OK. I shouldn’t have done this!”  
 I need a change of locale. The action is going too slowly for me.  
 “Do you like to touch?”  
 “I like to touch right here.”  
 “What about if I touch you right there?”  
 “That’s going to turn me on.”  
 “More than if you touch yourself.”  
 “I like the spontaneity. You can provoke me more. Push me to that line that separates  
 pleasure from pain.”  
 “You need me for that.”  
 “I could use your help. Are you willing to do that for me?”  
 “If you show me exactly what to do.”  
 “But I need you to do a lot more than exactly that.”  
 “What do you need?”  
 “I need you to realize what I need. And I need you to do a lot more.”  
 “What if you never gave me permission. What if you didn’t tell me where to touch.  
 Could I still find that place on my own?”  
 “It is biology!”  
 “What if you were looking for something more.”  
 “What would that be?”  
 “A clue to something more. Like the key to the hidden secrets of the universe.”  
 “You really think that your touch could unlock the secrets of the universe.”  
 “That is the puzzle. Like a combination that reveals a particular answer.”  
 “How would you ever figure out how to touch that way?”  
 “It would be like a mystery about the universe.”  
 “There is such a thing.”  
 “I don’t know. Like seeing the largest thing by making contact with the smallest thing.”  
 “What is that?”  
 “The inside of the inside. The intent of the touching. Touching the intent.”  
 “Do you think that it works that way?”

“That is what you are going to have to tell me. If you can be touched in that way. What have you been looking for?”

“I need you to tell me that. What can you reveal?”

“It also depends on how open you are to discovery.”

“I want to learn. But can you teach me?”

“Are you teasing me?”

“I really want to know.”

“That an action can mean a lot more than just the intent. It is the gesture.”

“Is this art? Are you inviting me to make art with you?”

“The body is an art.”

“If you want to feel it up close.”

“Are you willing to let me get that close?”

“I’ll play if you let me play!”

“Is it a game?”

“Are you willing to give it a go?”

“I thought that it was only an idea for you.”

“But you’ve invited me to be a part of so much more.”

“I’ve offered you an invitation. And you’re willing to go along with me.”

“But I still need to be sure.”

“Can you ever get that kind of certainty?”

“I can. I have before.”

“Part of that is belief. Your own belief.”

“I am doing everything that I can to share it with you. I just want someone to tell me what I am supposed to say.”

“I’ve told you all that I can. You need to take it from here.”

“I am willing to do that. I need to make you know so much more about me.”

“It might be better not to say too much. You can help guide me. But you have to let me figure it out on my own. This is not about the ideas. It is about something that you can touch, and know, and feel.”

“I can feel it on my own. But I need to let you know what that is.”

“How do you do that? Telepathy.”

“I could orient your touch.”

“I still wouldn’t know how you really felt.”

“I might not want you to know everything.”

“Why not?”

“That would give you a power over me.”

“So be it!”

“No! Only I can give you that power. Now I need to take it back.”

“Let’s go backwards. Start at the beginning.”

“You could try to touch me in that way. But that doesn’t mean that you would be successful.”

“It’s not that complex.”

“It could be. It’s a matter of timing. And effect. Not too much, not too little.”

“I give up!”  
 “You’re kidding.”  
 “Of course, I am. I’m just learning how to play.”  
 “Or how not to play!”  
 “Maybe it’s a matter of will, not touch.”  
 “I’ve tried that. Now it’s becoming a matter of not willing. Just letting go!”  
 “That’s a kind of willing.”  
 “It is in a way. Like swimming upstream.”  
 “Or getting pulled by the tide. But what pulls the tide.”  
 “The moon.”  
 “There has to be more to this.”  
 “We’re back to the rhythm of the universe. Even the moon submits.”  
 “Directly?”  
 “In a manner of speaking.”  
 “That assumes a greater harmony.”  
 “How is that?”  
 “The moon could follow the same rhythm, just like the earth. But there could be another structure that influences the earth.”  
 “One not felt by the moon.”  
 “I don’t know. What do you think?”  
 “I think that the touch could resolve all that.”  
 “But you want to get at the harmony of the universe.”  
 “I feel as if I have already been touched that way.”  
 “Then you don’t need me to interfere.”  
 “You get me going in an even more involving way.”  
 “You could have never reached that point on our own.”  
 “I am trying to reach that point!”  
 “It’s something shared.”  
 “I think so.”  
 “But I really can’t share your feeling.”  
 “I haven’t got to that yet. Give me time.”  
 “You’re making this too easy for me.”  
 “There’s so much that you’re still not part of. We both seem to share the same ambitions. But there is something that separates us from each other.”  
 “And what is that?”  
 “We feel things differently. I am trying to help you understand. But there is a long way to go. I am afraid to surrender that part of myself. And you are unwilling to let yourself be open to my invitation.”  
 “I am doing what I can. You are so far ahead of me.”  
 “It’s hard because I could simply be exaggerating it all.”  
 “How is that?”  
 “It means the world to me.”  
 “I want to think of it in the same way.”

“We’re confusing the real issues. All this talk about planets. It’s only something physical.”

“It’s about forces and bodies. Gravity and meaning. We are all part of this!”

“You have a chance to leave. If you don’t want to explore this any further, I am giving you the chance to leave.”

“I believe.”

“Why do you believe? To give yourself a chance to be part of something. We are all alone in the universe.”

“Why do you need me?”

“I want to say that is because of your connection. But it could simply be due to your profound curiosity and my extreme shame.”

“You have gotten to close to quit.”

“I need to quit because I’ve gotten to close.”

“Start the touching now.”

“There is so much more that I need to know.”

“I don’t even know that much more.”

“What do you want?”

“I want you to stimulate me. What do you want?”

“I want you to reveal what you know?”

“That won’t make you know it.”

“It might!”

I am almost there already. At least, I think that I am. I first saw her image reflected in a window. When I turned to catch a glimpse of her, she had moved. I ran after her in the hopes of saying something to her, but she scurried to her car.

I can’t tell the difference between my extreme desires and my reality. She is sitting across from me. What a coincidence!

I would like to include her in my story.

“You are staring at me quite intently.”

“I want to know what your made of.”

“You can’t tell by looking.”

“I think that I’d have to taste to really know what I am dealing with.”

“A little sin?”

“You can’t taste a little sin.”

“Spoken like a true expert.”

“Are you trying to indulge my vices?”

“You came out dressed for trouble.”

“How’s that?”

“A push-up bra, a low cut dress, and six-inch heels.”

“You think that I’m going to turn that easily.”

“Do you have a secret?”

“If I told you, it wouldn’t be a secret.”

“We could keep each warm for the night.”

“A corpse goes cold after only a few hours.”

“Spoken eloquently by a black widow.”  
 “You know my method!”  
 “Better to leave them than get left. Does it work?”  
 “I’m an expert.”  
 “You’re not bluffing.”  
 “Why would say that?”  
 “Bait and switch. Offer a front as hard as nails. But behind the rough exterior, you’re a cute little marshmallow whose heart will melt under a hot flame.”  
 “You were looking for a sweet, gooey center.”  
 “Anything that melts under the tongue.”  
 “You’re convinced that I’m that easy.”  
 “You wouldn’t want to waste your time getting ready for the big match if you’re going to be playing on the back lot.”  
 “You’re mighty confident for an amateur.”  
 “Sometime you have to play with whomever’s on the courts.”  
 “I thought that I was getting ready for the big match.”  
 “I’ll do what I can to piss you off!”  
 “Where’s it going to end up?”  
 “Where does it always end up?”  
 “In heartache.”  
 “You’re willing to take that chance.”  
 “I have no idea what you’re up to. It’s a risk either way.”  
 “So you’re going to waste all that effort.”  
 “I wouldn’t call it a wasted effort if I’m going to take a hit either way.”  
 “You’re going to walk away without anything to show for it.”  
 “I still have my integrity.”  
 “And that’s going to help you on a cold lonely night.”  
 “There’s always a good book.”  
 “I didn’t take you for a reader.”  
 “What is that supposed to mean?”  
 “You’re too attached to making the same mistakes over and over again. As if that gives you some kind of rush.”  
 “There’s always videos.”  
 “How many sequels can you make of a horror classic?”  
 “You’re putting together this story. You tell me.”  
 “You’ve been working me for a lift.”  
 “You’re not interested. Maybe, you should stop staring at me.”  
 “I guess that it’s your magnificent brilliance.”  
 “You seem a little unpracticed at flattery.”  
 “Would you like it better if I kept my mouth shut?”  
 “Then the game would be over. You’ve implied that I need you to keep my method up to date.”  
 “You called me out of practice.”



“You’re getting up to pace pretty quickly.”

“Are you helping me with my play?”

“What do you need?”

“You tell me. I could offer a few more compliments on that dress. How it hugs your figure. How I could get aroused just peeling it off your body.”

“You’re risking quite a bit on that one. What if I’m a little unsure of myself? You’re pushing me pretty close to the edge.”

“You don’t like it that personal.”

“I don’t know that much about you.”

“You’re not that afraid about hooking up. But you’re still trying to hide your personality.”

“It’s easier ditching a bad screw than someone who you’ve got heart over.”

“I could let you think about it.”

“I know what I’m up against.”

“Keep the compliments going!”

It’s one thing to pile on the flattery, but I am finding it a little difficult following through. She has already made the game too speculative. I am going to have trouble touching down.

“What are you willing to give?”

“Something that I can touch.”

“And you know that will work? Temperatures rise. Solids melt.”

When solids start to melt, the physical orders interpenetrate. There is nothing to hold on to.

“I can’t finish this one for you. You’ll have to find a different mark.”

“You’ve already made me pretty excited.”

The tables get turned on me.

She knows that she is performing for an audience. But she pretends that she is alone. Her lips swell inspired by her excitement. Her eyes are closed to help maximize her concentration. She is trying to find the center of her pleasure. Not something that she can touch, but something that she can imagine. That she can communicate to another person.

She is doing all that she can to reach the other side. Where the physical realm is simply an access point.

“Does it really work like that? I thought that our pleasures help us deal with the stresses of work. They are more a relief than an actual independent experience.”

“Why are you trying to mess with my vibe?”

“Are you close to a solution?”

“I am much closer than you know!”

She sighs to match the rhythms of her body. She does not simply map the contours of her experience. She is stretching matter to offer her something more. The proportions have been altered.

Her hands work in a rhythmic fashion. They shape the flesh so that she can provoke a permanence. She can always return to this same point without the help of anyone else.

“Do you like what you see?”

“What makes you need to talk about it?”

“I need a witness. I need to feel that I am part of it all.”  
 “You have doubts.”  
 “You would do if you were romancing the stratosphere.”  
 “A quaint way of phrasing it. Are you ready to fly?”  
 “Are you ready to fly me?”  
 “I thought that you could get there on your own?”  
 “Can you? Do you need to think about my body? Does that give you the rush?”  
 “I keep coming up short. I need something more. A boost. I could watch you.”  
 “Doing what?”  
 “Working your body. Have you discovered a take off point?”  
 “All that I have found is something that you’re already aware of.”  
 “You were tempting the heavens.”  
 “I still am. But I am being reminded of my incredible isolation.”  
 “You need to push your pleasure to the next level.”  
 “Why? For a further reminder. If I’m so high up there, who can come along.”  
 “I could help!”  
 “Really. You don’t even have enough inspiration to get it to the next level.”  
 “We could try pushing harder.”  
 “Trying is not the same thing as succeeding.”  
 “We shouldn’t have expected so much.”  
 “You should have left me alone. Now I’ve been saddled with your guilt trip.”  
 “It was going to go that way all along. It’s not as if you’re going to get rescued. There is no super-fuck!”  
 “You don’t know that. Especially you.”  
 “You’re asking for too much. You’d have to change your life if you really meant it. So you do the next best thing. You just go along.”  
 “How can that be?”  
 “You tell me. You can’t take the frustration, so you just give up.”  
 “I’m not giving up. I’m just committing myself to something that is real.”  
 “Temporary pleasure as far as I can see.”  
 “That’s the best anyone can do. What are you offering me? Immortality?”  
 “I want to see you put on a show.”  
 “I can do that! Are you willing to pay?”  
 “I can do that!”  
 “Pay with your soul. Pay with your life.”  
 “We all have in one way or another. I have to know that you’re worth it.”  
 “I can give you everything that you’ve dreamed of. And more.”  
 “Are you perfect?”  
 “Inside and out.”  
 “For now and forever.”  
 “Give me a try!”  
 “I simply can’t imagine you offering me everything that I need to get me over the hump.”  
 “What’s the problem?”

"I'm not sure. Buyer beware. Something that doesn't add up."

"You want it too perfect. That is where you're going wrong. I can mess it up a little so that you'll feel a little more at home."

"Would that really help?"

"Either that, or you will have to pay a lot more. You could be out of your league."

"How would I ever know that?"

"You wouldn't until you tried. But you are expecting so much of me. What are you willing to give up?"

"My life. My fortune."

"You're not that good. This could last a little while."

"How long?"

"A few hours at the most. It's like a drug. The effects will wear off. And you'll be back where you started. But you would have lost everything."

"I'm going to lose anyway. I need to taste the paradise."

"The bitter taste could drive you to the brink."

"I need to take that risk."

"Step back from it all. See what this about. And then go at it with a renewed confidence."

"That seems easy for you to say."

"I can put on a show for you. That should be all that you need."

"I've already got the show."

"You don't know what I have in store. I can show you my insides."

"We've all seen that."

"This is psychedelic."

"And it wears off!"

"You can always access it again. Just thinking about it will take you back."

"You're selling me a cosmic fuck. But no touching."

"This is beyond that. What's your name?"

"I don't want to give you my name."

"I might be able to grant you more credit. More credit, more pleasure!"

"This is not happening to me!"