

Alternate Reality

Jean Bruce

« L » manque de cigarettes et « tu » ne peut pas se comporter en femme. Les deux personnages de ce court récit vont leur chemin en passant par des rues et des ruelles, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin « tu » amène « L » à émettre d'irrépressibles gémissements.

for G.S.

L has run out of cigarettes. Again. You remember the time she came to your house for dinner. That first time you kissed her and thought this girl knows how. Yum. Tasting the bitter and distant familiarity of tobacco in her mouth. On her tongue.

You ran out at 1 a.m. to buy her cigarettes. Shaking your head. What are you doing? Something you never did before. Thinking you would never do this for anyone, promoting that habit you'd so righteously relinquished. But you want one more taste of that mouth. It would be worth it. You even look like a nice girl so considerate to go out at this late (early) hour for her and maybe she will stay the night though you're too shy to ask. If only you could have more of that mouth.

Now it is November. You haven't seen her in months. You wonder what this means. Probably nothing.

This time the two of you get on your coats to go to the store together. It's chilly out but winter has not set into the deep freeze that will come to Montréal in January. L doesn't bother to button her coat. You're both a little drunk. L has made you a lovely dinner and reminds you that she doesn't often do this. You wonder what that means. Hoping something but not quite sure what.

You've kissed her again. After dinner. But you're worried. She seems to like it but she also looks a bit like a bunny. Coming out, sniffing the air and retreating again to her warren.

You can't seem to behave like a little lady with L. You know that means trouble. You know there will be difficulties keeping up all the pretenses

you had in mind. You have been watching them slowly slip away. Enjoying that weight falling from your shoulders. Also scared shitless.

The air is cold and damp. Typical November. L has no gloves and she shoves her hands quickly into her pockets. You slip your arm around hers. As always she stops, makes room for it, takes it in. You love the friendliness of this small gesture. The quiet offer and the ready acceptance.

Taking the short cut down the alley connecting Jeanne-Mance and Avenue du parc you both wend your way to the dep on the corner at Villeneuve suddenly aware of your location. Once inside L sputters her request for Du Mauriers to the smiling proprietor and we leave. "I am usually much friendlier to those nice people. I don't know what's wrong with me tonight."

We take the alley back to Jeanne-Mance.

"Wait."

L slows and turns looking at you quizzically and a bit unfocused probably wondering whether you have forgotten to get something at the store. Instead of explaining nothing, you kiss her. Again. She still knows how. You smile and chuckle softly.

"What?"

"This." More kisses and that moan you heard only once long ago escaping from her throat. That irrespressible sound of desire. Humming. Dancing around inside her. Wanting to come out. You coax.