

## She Talked To Me Today

She talked to me today. I don't know why. I haven't talked to her in a few months (since my rejection). I met her at school and we seemed to hit it off. She wore either tight fitting t-shirts that pushed her breasts together making them protrude forward holding her unzipped jacket open, or a low cut top that let her cleavage stare into my eyes (I didn't stare at them, they stared at me). I often dreamed of and pictured them without their clothing shield, caressing, squeezing, holding them with my hands and then proceeding with foreplay as the two of us made love with the utmost passion and the ecstasy she was in and the look on her face driving me forward to provide further pleasure for her. But outside my own sporadic fantasies conjured in my mind, her real body stood at arm's length or closer and I found myself not looking at her body, not demeaning her like the other pigs I see walking by, checking her out. It's not that hard for me to stare at them, though, as I am a man and alive, I would glance into their full heaving presence when she looked the other way. It was not hard for me to keep eye contact with her as, though her breasts were the ones of my dreams along with the rest of her slender but round in the right places body, her eyes were startling. Two colours of green and blue sparkled at me when she looked up at me. (everyone thinks that describing eyes as beautiful is so cliché but I myself do not). They were round and bordered by eyeliner which accented her true eye colour.

Though most men look elsewhere for two appealing round shapes, I found my fixation under her brow. The dark green and dark blue do not stand out to the quick glance, but staring deep into them they make their impression. The sea of blue and forest of green drew me in and I lost myself for a few seconds every time I looked at them. We hung out together during our breaks between classes and during, as I felt company was nice when she lit up a fag. But I wasn't sure what to do. Didn't know what she wanted. Were we just school chums? Or does this friendship have potential for something more? I asked her if she wanted to "do something this Saturday" or "chill on the weekend" a couple times but to no avail. I began to realize there really was nothing more. I eventually mustered up enough of my courage to ask her out formally rather than the colloquial queries I used previously without positive result. Perhaps she wanted to have a more concrete question to respond "yes" to. (My courage is an enigma to me. I don't know how it works.

I will throw my body down in front of a point-blank, hundred mile per hour slap shot in my hockey games, throw my body at a powerful shot to make the save or charge out at a full speed runner as he closes in on my net in soccer, or throw myself face first into a scrum of cleats lashing out at a ball in my soccer games, but when it comes to women, I cower back into my shell like the turtle who senses danger, though I am pretty sure the puck, ball, and cleats would do more damage than the girl. If I see a pretty girl in a bar or in my classes at school I only look from afar and do nothing. No way could I walk up to her and talk to her, and, though I often picture myself doing it, I don't). But after willing myself into it and figuring "what the hell" I asked her out, but was unfortunately informed that she would be busy as the weekend was when she hung out with her boyfriend. Of course you would think I set myself up for failure asking her out when she had a boyfriend, but, in my defense, in the six months we talked, she never mentioned a boyfriend. Thus, the thought of being rejected because of a fake boyfriend enters my mind that kicks me while I'm down. A broken heart I think is the correct phrase to use, but it felt more like an absence of a heart, as though it leapt from my chest, somehow escaping

through the bone, muscle, and skin, and hit the ground running away from me, leaving me feeling terribly lonesome. I played it off coolly (or at least I what I thought was coolly) and sent her the occasional hello message when I saw her online (with technology these days, many interactions between friends take place on internet instant messaging programs. This situation was no exception). The conversations never went beyond the formalities of greetings and so I concluded that the chance was lost and she had no interest in me. Even though I saw her online now more than ever (a plague sent upon me from the maniacal God above me) I ignored her to the best of my abilities, and I must say I did rather well. "Her loss" I would tell myself, though it never made me feel better.

When we were in contact she entered my thoughts rather often but as we separated, she made an appearance in my mind less and less, until never, unless I saw her online, but that is due to direct contact (visualization? seeing?). I was over it all and her and I moved on. Life was fine, back to how it was before. Until today. Until she decided to throw a wrench into my nicely coordinated machine of a life. My life isn't the best, but now it is worse as another question enters and from that question others arise and like a virus they spread and push out and overwrite the answers I have already come to. Old questions and feelings resurrected. I stuff them back and try to suffocate them before they can suffocate me. I start to think that perhaps she misses me and wants me, but I counter with the thought that she didn't before and doesn't now. It's pointless and useless to think about it.

We talk like we have been talking for the last couple months, like there was no absence. Like one of us went on a hiatus and was just unable to contact the other. Her decision to talk to me could be purely because of her opening statement, regarding the book she is currently reading—I had mentioned I was reading *Catch-22* and she came by the book and figured she would check it out since I said it was good—and there could be absolutely nothing more to her conversation instigation. She probably did it just to fuck with my mind. Just to torture me. It wasn't enough that she turned me down and crushed my fantasies and smashed my heart, she had to grab that knife which I had removed over time, and stick it right back in that freshly healed wound. But, she doesn't know my skin has toughened and hardened. I cannot be hurt so easily. I am no longer that fragile. I care very little for you and your attempt to emotionally injure fails. It raises questions but, after quick contemplation, they surrender and retreat. I have come out the other side with minor scathes and scratches which disappear within hours. I shall return to ignoring her and move forward once again. She will not pull me back in.

I wonder if my ignorance of her was the catalyst that set off her action to contact me. I have heard that women become more attracted to a man if he ignores her. She becomes enticed by his disinterest and herein lies the catch. I thank Joseph Heller for giving me the phrase that explained it all; *Catch-22*. It certainly is catch-22. If I ignore her, she will find me interesting and be attracted to me, but the second I begin to pay her attention, I am but just another of the herd grazing on beer in the bar. Women are the epitome of the catch. "Do I look fat in this dress?" "No, dear." "So I look fat in other dresses?" Caught. Buy her a gift just because u love her, she assumes that you did something wrong and are trying to atone for it with this gift. Don't get her a gift and she questions why you don't get her a gift. Caught. Perhaps it is just my unfortunate luck and miserable circumstance with women but the unfortunate catch is evident in the women I encounter. Perhaps I only attract bitches or I just have a negative mental

attitude (pessimistic I have been called). I like the ones that dislike me and despise the ones want me. Caught. I can't seem to escape the clutches of the catch. She talked to me today. Will she talk to me tomorrow? The next day? I mustn't think about it. That is what she wants. My heart has come back and is ready to open itself again, but not to her. Never again will she clutch, in her hands, my vulnerability and will, crush it in her claws and leave me helpless and hopeless. She talked to me today. I die tomorrow.