

Communication

By Paige Roberts

Lately, I've been talking to myself.

Lying to myself, crying to myself, denying, reprising, hypnotizing myself with a million and one recreations of this current between you and me. Some eddy, some flow, but all eventually grow to a whirlpool so apropos like my mind's fazed on fine Bordeaux blazin my hazy days.

It's addicting.

My thoughts are strung on your ability to stun my brute sense of communication. And so undone, I am left stung, weaving blankets of stories spun from illegitimately innocent interactions speaking to more than basketball:

Me: "Hey you wanna play?"

You: "I play dirty."

"I can handle it."

"We'll see."

But you don't even know how I dance around players like you till I figure out your game.

Yet it's a game we're barely playing!

marked by hesitation, tarry tarry before you cross the bound lines and enter into fair territory where your fouls breed consequences.

So on the court, it's tons of fakin-- Jib left, make me flinch. Fake a drive to the lane. Pop back, look to score, but the fake pumps we'll both play off like travels, like thoughts just passing through.

Cause I'm just passin through, and to you, it seems I'm just an opportunity to score.

This communication is thick with layers upon layers of hidden intentions, mind heart battles, where even silence leads to my spinning soliloquies.

Each linguistic deflection from you tells me true: as with that last teasing "fuck you," you meant it.

And I earned it.

For casting out my looks as shiny, tantalizing hooks that when asked after got rejection.

I'm sorry—innuendos are manifestations of fragile hearts. Your internalizations make you tender so that shallow teasings tossed in my general direction taste of thoughts your entertaining yet are tied in tongue. To try and tell me that you want it but not all of it, just a touch, a tad, to have a treat before bed but I refuse to be left in the crumbs of your midnight snack.

But it's late and I'm hungry...

So, fuck, here's honesty.

You are hot. You are HOT

like hot tamales hot, like jalapeno peppers make me sweat hot, like suffocating can't breathe hot, like new checks to the bank and cash me in hot, like holy rollers hot. Flames that are only quenched by the deep blue wells of your eyes, leaving me with little recourse.

But I am delicate. The shore of my chest heaves with emotional tides running deep. The pycnocline of my sternum harbors dense sentiments, colors arrayed across violet, blue, plum shades cascading the water's column. It is my nuanced basin beneath the playful mixing layer

swept by the winds and warmed by the sun, and while it eventually equilibrates disturbance, reverberations within it resound powerfully. SO with you, I've been brandishing white caps while I contemplate the risks.

I've contemplated. And here's reality. There's only time to take a dip, and taking a dip doesn't require forging the deep. You've laid out your attraction with sincerity you always keep. The hill is barely steep. Done with the discreet code of Morse with unrelenting beeps: with two grand steps, I'm in the air: it's time to take the leap.

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