



* Stories of Knowing Otherwise *

www.mytho-logos.net

Letting Him Go

I brought her home to meet mother and dad. They had always been so kind to my friends. The Tall Dark One was the most interesting woman I had ever taken home. But they did not see her when we walked into the house. Mother said there was no ticket for her on the trip we had planned. I could not think of what to say. The Dark One walked out. I stood there with my parents until I heard the shouting.

I rush out into the dark. I hear his voice yelling and laughing. I hear her's crying and moaning. When I find them it suddenly becomes daylight. He is twisting her arms, his neat uniform and black gloves glistening. She is writhing, to one side in pain and the other in pleasure, one breast swelling, oozing milk, the other shrinking and dripping blood. There's a murmuring and he looks around to see a dozen people standing by the roadside and his police car, staring at his actions. He laughs, The Cruel One, releases her, takes out his gun, goes over to the seemingly paralyzed witnesses, begins smashing their skulls and shooting them one by one. They lie in heaps, bodies of sheep and goats, throats slit on the ground.

I grab her hand from the back and pull her away, running up the road toward the town where I grew up. I try to get her to go into a barn but she wants to go home and be with her mother and sisters. I take her as far as the door but she does not ask me in. I want to massage her breasts, to make them the same size again, but she will not look me in the eye. I feel terribly tired. I lay down. When I awake I am hiding among large boxes in a warehouse. I hear his steps, the clink of his keys, as he stalks through, searching for us, breathing and tasting the air for her.

I hear her mother and sisters crying. She is silent. She waits for him to come. She knows he will kill her this time. She cannot say the words that will take her away. He passes very close to me fingering a plastic crucifix with little lights in the eyes. He

farts. She clutches her vulva. I want to move but seem paralyzed. She closes her eyes in her sisters' bed and forces her hands to her face, feeling her nose and her mouth, her heart beat in her neck. I start making a gesture with my hand. Then I am singing one note, though he is still near. I am terrified. She opens her mouth and the same note comes out.

The Huge Smiling Polynesian man knocks on her door. The sister and mother run screaming from the house. He walks into her room. He says he will take care of The Cruel One—give him what he wants. But she will have to unite with the Huge Smiling Man sexually in return. She opens her eyes. She knows it means The Cruel One will be killed. She hesitates. But this time she chooses. She takes off her shoes in preparation. She begins to loosen her grip. The Huge Smiling Man laughs and the grateful scream of The Cruel One comes up from the basement, a climactic aria. Doors appear and swing and I am there, drawing my finger from her naked throat down between her symmetrical breasts, the arc of her swelling belly, as she opens, wider and wider until the Huge man floats into her body, and the one note we have been sounding becomes a song.

I feel my arms and legs grow longer as I reach around her, my hands closing her again. And she is larger as I lift her. She looks into my eyes unblinking. Her shoes are on my feet and the crucifix has melted into a triangle on my forehead. I know this will happen again.

* * * * *

Copyright 1992

Leslie Emery