

Valentine, Pt. 2

When you stoop low and try to wade through the cloud of noise, the cloud of noise being stretched across the bar entrance to the darkened recesses of the connecting walls (it's a large bar), and paste an earnest look on your face as you initiate the intimacy of a physical touch, your stomach churns with excitement when your invitation hits the air but not when your hand touches her shoulder, because it's got a smaller implication, signifies less you know, these things really make sense. When she smiles back and nods, your heart feels free, and when you break the static linear plane of motion by moving towards the aforementioned entrance, stomach still clenched from the previous brink of uncertainty, skating down the slope towards the next hill, it feels really good, these things are to be expected. But if you hesitate for the least bit and ponder on how your advances, so forward and brazen and nakedly unattractive goddamn how can they be anything but unattractive when they are so so unitary and selfish, how they seem to be succeeding how they seem to be sweeping this stranger into your focused wind tunnel of purpose...well just do not do it. It is as simple as that. Every past and present and future success has been met with the innate skepticism that comes when granting the opponent the sort of emotional breadth than one would think would result in instant gunfire, a slew of bullets mowing down your defenses, punching through your barricade and driving you back back back into the wild. Instead, the forces of survival, of hunger, of thirst, of neverending bloodthirst do not need to be tapped into and instead Pythagorus's claim stirs your loins in its veracity, and the shortest path to her cunt is right there, staring you in the face. You hold out your hand, and walk her around the puddle of piss on the floor.