

A Mind in Love

“When you live in our shoes, you don’t have to walk in anyone else’s,” Amore said to me one night, years before. We danced and made love—I’m not sure which was goodbye.

“I think he’s a pig,” Diva snorted, plumping her pink lips in a trough of ice water. She wiped her smile and twirled a rose of lipstick to her mouth. “But love shows the animal in all of us.”

Her wisdom was not wisdom—and I shuddered that she might be right. Any man would fall to her feet—if not on the dance floor, than for that which they followed her for. But her words were empty and loveless. Spoken for one to hear, not heed. I listened all the same.

“All men love me, and I love them for it,” she continued, pinning a bouquet of diamonds to flutter about her ear. “But I have no love for animals,” she finished, batting her eyes along the line of her thighs. She turned towards me, already ready, and made her way to the floor—compelling me to follow in the storm of her steps.

I lingered behind, foresight rising of memory, to catch my eyes staring lifelessly from Diva’s mirror. My breaths were slow and my thoughts were old—only my heart kept the beat. Amore was here tonight and with him so too was our love—trampled, neglected and forgotten. I would make him beg to remember, as I did to forget; to pray to have my heart his own, once more. And, as I rose, my will a testament to the power of love, I took the first step to win him; to beat him...

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