

THE ONLY WAY OUT OF THE PAST IS BRAVELY INTO THE FUTURE

Gregory Nero

Abstract—Trying to figure out what to do with my hands and arms at concerts.

Index Terms—three, meals, a, day

I.

It was early May and I sat on the bench waiting for the tram, completely captured by thoughts of sex. My back subtly arched against the warm metal seat and my tightly closed knees made the frame of an "A" with my feet below them. It was nearly night and the sun was begging to set. When had I last felt this horny? And why now? I fiddled with the plastic takeout bag that carried my unfinished dinner. A few others hovered around the station, waiting for the next tram back into town. It was unbearable: I couldn't focus on anything, and the leftover heat from my takeout and the residual warmth from the sun-heated metal bench screamed hot, heavy sex. What could have possibly come over me? It wasn't unusual for me to daydream about sex. On the contrary: I'd often fantasize about love-making during the day. But this wild feeling I had now was different. What set this off in me? It had been a pretty normal, pleasant afternoon. I got an early dinner at one of my favorite local taco spots, did some reading, and watched the lizards sit out in the sun. But now, sitting on this bench, this feeling I had was something else entirely. Why?

Then I remembered: it was such a subtle, wildly subtle, incident but it had the effect of setting off in me something untamed running. There had been a cyclist that rode by the station earlier, heading toward the bridge just east of here. They were building momentum from being stopped at the light nearby, and they stood up over the seat as they peddled to get back up to speed. And if I thought I knew what sex was before this moment, I must have been wrong. *Dead wrong*. Yes, surely this must have been what set me on this track. Their hair flowed out from behind them, excited by a westward headwind, and their forearms flexed as they gripped the bars to head up the slight incline toward the bridge. Their hips kept the same cadence as their legs, and when they finished getting back up to speed they sat up and adjusted their waistband and guided their hair behind both ears. And I must have been holding my breath as I watched them ride away because I could still feel that intensity captured in my lungs and my chest and my throat and my neck.

I slumped into the seat, released by my realization. More people had gathered now that the tram was nearly at the station. A stranger next to me gave me a concerned look and I realized now that I had a thin layer of sweat on my forehead and that my bottom lip was trapped between my teeth. I gave

them a nervous smile and readjusted my posture, wiping the sweat away with the back of my arm. I opened my book to read while I waited, but my eyes couldn't focus. Eventually the tram arrived and I languidly walked on and picked the seat furthest back. And the sun had finally set, so reality was a hazy combination of my own reflection and the world outside. And so was I.