Love Heist

Screaming dancers filled the streets. The fear of incarceration was imminent. But it had not always been that way and circumstances had changed. James watched the events unfold; his face pushed hard on the ground in a perfect symmetry. He thought on the sequence of recent events and wondered if Daphne was dead under crush of law enforcement. But then again, these days she seemed to live forever.

The day was sunlit, cool, and wintery, a city scene. Shadows passed between the buildings and it was rectangular, disciplined, and decisive. It filled the spaces between buildings with purpose and a sense of industry. At some time, just a few hours from now no doubt, a report would be filed somewhere that that James and Daphne (surnames redacted and unimportant) had at precisely 9:17am, walked into bank in the central business district, having come across from the road from hotel across the street. They had burst in the door to gasps and a stick-em-up cacophony. Not wearing masks, because these two were nothing if not foolish. In any case, Daphne had said this was to be the end final act. For once, the future needed no planning. So they walked in side by side, like lovers in a rush, and in the last moment before the melee she turned to him she mentioned she had also organised a surprise, blowing him a kiss.

Stuck unmoving now, gazing out from his sidelined face, James recalled the time before the chaos. Spending the night in the hotel room, their bodies had fallen in and out of one another, half sleeping, half waking, half fucking. There had been a semi-conscious ambiguous self, typical lovers flouting logic and causality. When James woke up in the early morning, she had been sitting on his face. A moment silence before the rise of current calamities. It was the stuff of juxtaposition.

The light was different then, and James now thought of how the sun slowly and inevitably reaching its way into the room, and he thought of her standing by the window, her dress temporarily transparent against the sunlight, silhouetting her body into all kinds of possibilities. He found himself wishing he knew her just a little less, and there was a distance sense her idea and her true self would soon find a hard boundary. It was only a matter of time, thought, before he knew too much. He had told her once that that true love is discrete, just some lost moments that should never be threaded together. Continuity should be avoided at all costs. But Daphne laughed just like she always did and said language is for fools.

It was just after nine that they had come out of the hotel, crossing the busy road. The city gave off its usual air of expectancy, a network of determined commuters supporting the weight of its looming buildings, bustling coffee net and the memory of cigarettes from an earlier time. They rushed through the throng into the bank where a security guard who thought no more than vaguely of such a scenario, it being such a poor location for a heist, immobilised. Daphne screaming that and get on the ground. She pushed past hitting a middle-aged lady who seemed to fall fainted and pushed bank teller who grabbed her head and blood began to rush down her face and James imagined her discordance in her see through sun dress but decided that you needed to embrace fully but felt a commitment to love all the versions of herself.

Demands were made. Bags began to be filled to their brims with cash. With had almost been forgotten and money strewn across the floor. It was the action, there rhythm and they fear as she screamed to fill the bag before throwing and repeating the same. And James watched as a different kind of fear emerged. Thre are meeting points, between confusion was in the inevitable precision. And in the distance the sirens could be heard because of course someone hit an alarm and it was probably been filmed by everyone and they knew in this, a dead center of sorts of the city, there could be no escape.

“Look baby”

So it was with life’s enexpected symmetry, and Daphnes decision that today of all days would be a sort of anniversary, of love or death it was unclear. She screamed I got you something, something unexpected so organised, under the auspices of a flashmob, organising, secret rehearsals

A different tone of voice, just for James and he started at here and she was against the. Poured out the streets. It was a choreorgraphed mess, dressed.

It was so Daphne, so thoughtful. She was a woman of grand gestures, Much later, wandering halls with madmen endless time to think slowly on things that were without focus, time that was slow and full of blur, he would piece it together find out she planned it secretly, dancer friends, but she wanted it to be erotic, and And he watched the dancers rush out of the window and dance in front of them and begin moving. And started turning and the silence. But at the same time he was distracted, she was wearing that same dress, she had on the hotel, losing and the sunlight. Criminality is really about the time of day.

And she saw him looking at him, and crossed the floor, crossed the sobbing on the ground and grabbed her, started kissing her and she holding a bag overflowing with bills, and she waid fuck me he pulled at the back of her dress.

A woman, an employee perhaps was between them, screaming and James tried to explain that of course to the woman who head wounds are always like this, and Daphne her dress half off, so much blood, but she needed to focus. This will be erotic willdefine your erotic life, condemned to you fantasies that are unmanageable Your life forked and, you will make demands that only you can understand. Ridiculous physcology. You need to focused. But she screamed the soundtrack and he looked to see the strippers outside, falling out of formation starting to scatter back as police arrived.

And Daphne laughing at his need for expplanations, he turned back to Daphne who tried to grab him, reaching under his shirt she shot, and of course holding a crumped cash in the other hand, to pat the dancers, Always a believer that art should be appreciated, renumerated. Financial recompense. And it was then she she was shot in the knew and the temperarue of her body changed and blood minged with. And he tried to explain to bank teller not to panic, that this too would be erotic but the woman started crying and.

The social commentary, to be dissapeated in a news cycle or two, would reveal, eason for the gunfire was the parameters of the normal had been exceeded, it was restorative violence sanctioned is a resotriabie affair, and to place parameters back in place and her hands opened and the money fell away and he could feel the attention from her face, distracted from their great love. This was an age after psychology and motifes He let her go, their priorities uncovered, and she slowly stumbled away from him. He could see her forgetting him with an exponential speed, and his crying felt uncontrollable and embarrassing, forgetting her place in life and her plans and the color draining, door, overcome with remorse from her pain and the shock to witness her life’s sudden dissipation. And as she hit the door, the final act, that dress, blood soaked, sun coming through, and how unfair that might never fuck her again and she disappeared, heavy doors,

James rushed after her, altogether unsure of the speed to which he should move, unable to reach into the drama of life no parts to be found to a street of confused police, indecision about more gunshots, horrified by this blood soaked women, pop culture icon vibe that slowed them down and she fell to the ground, james followed her, and his tears provoked a different response and it all seemed survived by ambiguous. Happen to have the right moment of bloodshed and at that moment he was put upon and pushed faced to the ground as Dapne collapsed not bothering any more, and the scene transofmed to people rushing in.

He hoped, vaguely and without malice, for a heart attack, she would be disappointed by their survival, he thought of his ex-wives, his children, points impossible to bring into focus, things that had never really come together. he would From his sidelined faced, a clock that indicated around 12 mintues had passed, But of course the drama never unfolds, always lacking, the day returing to unimportance realised it was an unimportant day, Look up hotel room. And for many he would later philosophise, on the matter, this is how life was small snatch of time, theory collapse into madness and by that time, that the bank heist was a legitimate response to a legitimate life, the only possible choice he could make. his loneliness and sorrow was so intense and they would never tell him and in these dark moments, he would think of those three scenes of her sun dress in those three locations and knowing that this great love would reduce to a point and be forgotten as all things are and he would wonder lost in the world, with some vague memory of sunlight to live out a life that would be altogether too long.

Lying there after the aftermoth of recent events and the future still to unfold, he could hear, And still the screaming dancers filled the streets and the fear of incarceration was immenent.