**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, wintery: a city scene. Shadows passed between buildings in a way that was rectangular, disciplined, and decisive. They filled the spaces between buildings with purpose and a sense of industry. Soon, just a few hours from now, a report would be filed somewhere that James and Daphne (whose surnames remain redacted and unimportant) had entered a bank in the central business district at precisely 9:17am, having crossed the road after exiting from the hotel across the street. The report noted the duo wore no masks, in a brazen foolish act. But this was hardly an accurate characterisation of events. In any case, Daphne had earlier mused this was to be an end, a final act, without a need for planning. And so they had walked in side by side, simply lovers in a hurry.

Stuck and unmoving now, gazing out from his sidelined face, James recalled an earlier time before the chaos. They had spent the night in the hotel room, their bodies falling in and out of one another, half sleeping, half waking, half fucking. They were intertwined in ambiguity, typical of lovers flouting logic and causality. When James woke up in the early morning, she had been sitting on his face. A moment of silence before the rise of current calamities. It was a day of juxtaposition.

The light was different then too, and James recalled how the sun had slowly and inevitably reached into the hotel room just after the dawn. Daphne had stood by the window, with her dress temporarily transparent against the sunlight, silhouetting her body into possibilities. He found himself wishing he knew her just a little less, for the briefest moment lamenting the distance sense her idea and her true self would soon exist before him as a hard boundary. It was only a matter of time, thought, before he knew too much. Once, some months ago, he had attempted to explained that that true love is discrete, just singular moments that should never be threaded together. Continuity was to be avoided at all costs. But when he attempted to expound his theory, but Daphne laughed just like she always did and said language is for fools.

A little later, just after they pushed through the throng of morning commuters and turned into the bank to start the melee, she had turned to him, smiling. She casually mentioned she had also organised a surprise and blew him a conspiratorial kiss. Then they were inside.

There were the usual horrified gasps, that quickly into a stick-em-up style cacophony. A security guard who had never seriously entertained this scenario, it being such a poor location for a heist, immobilised. Daphne screamed at patrons to get down on the floor. A middle-aged man fainted immediately. A bank teller, with momentary panic, slipped and fell, hitting her head on the way to down, and blood began rushing down her face, some of it landing on Daphne’s dress. James found himself unsettled but felt a commitment to love all the versions of his screaming lover.

Demands were made. A bag was filled to its brim 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. These thieves they would say were unhinged meeting points, between confusion was in the inevitable precision. The distance sound of sirens could be heard too, 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.

And Daphne spoke, her voice suddenly soft, contrasting: “Look baby, look. Just look. I got you something. Just look”. And James looked through the door outside.

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, he was mesmerised, Much later, wandering halls with madmen endless time to think slowly on things that were without focus, time that was slow and full of blurred lines, he would try and piece it all together. She had 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. He had planned to tell her that 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 they movie-ran to each other, grabbed her, started kissing her and she holding a bag overflowing with bills, screaming at him to fuck her and 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 on lovers, that destroy 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 and James started to cry but for different reasons.

The social commentary on these events would dissipate in a news cycle or two, would reveal related 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 in the face of mortality 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, details 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.