

SABINE's DREAM [a] e3 contd.

"how was your shift?"

"Oh it was fine, I dunno."

"anything crazy?"

"Not really"

"you guys sell drinks now right"

"Mhm." mid-nail bite, hooking her jaw to wrest it off.

"are you gonna be a, mixologist."

"Haha, doubt it. The ginger guy is the only one with, whatever license you need. It costs 10\$ and takes like, 5 seconds to get but, no pay raise."

"sah, sah"

"Hm?"

"oh, like, true."

"Yeah, true." She finishes the rest of her Bang, "Where's your trash can?"

"oh uh, here in the kitchen," stumbling to my feet half-mummified by the blankets and wires coiled around my couch.

"did you eat already?"

"No, wanna order something?"

"uh, yeah just, no delivery apps, i feel too bad for them" I open my cupboards to pull out a bottle of cheap-y red wine I bought yesterday, and with the other hand twine two mugs through my fingers. We drink chateau di and alternate our movie picks. We eat at some point and within the first third of our night together my room has run out of surface space and we're just entombing each other more in wires adaptors cups bags til we're pulled together out of convenience and touch is half-welcomed but mostly doomed, only intimate as an uncomfortable, fated inevitability as someone's arm goes over someone...

Her hand on my neck locking me into a pushing of lips, apparently a kiss but only two surfaces meeting, sliding past each other in friction without an interlocking. My hand sliding under her shirt trying to make something move, slip into some space away from self-aware into 'consciousness-unsupported,' but nothing transcendent- just a cause-effect of touch-response touch. Everything done with meta-commentary, self-reflexivity and so always missing, always passing whiffing or posturing aggression to force into place some intangible release...

When she starts to undo my fly I encourage her hand down to my ass but when she puts it inside I cry out and wince and she stops and we give up, partially because her hands are probably all gross from me now. She gracefully falls asleep. I stay awake reading on my phone.