



The Weekly Man

Coffee

She was more than deadly beautiful...she was coffee.

Steaming hot dark roast coffee.

I should have known better. I should have stayed away from her but here I was standing inches away with a gun pointed at her stomach. My mouth salivated at the thought of coffee wearing skin tight blue jeans. Her bright green eyes simmered like pools of quiet rage. She was calm, deadly. I wanted to run. I wanted to turn away and toss the gun, run like hell to the nearest bar and drink Scotch until my mind crumbled and I crashed onto the floor.

She smiled.

Oh shit.

She moved. The movement always followed the smile. I suddenly felt myself crashed on the floor. Without the Scotch.

“So, you thought you could kill me?” Her voice was cold and riveted, implacably tight. “You should know better by now.”

I should have pulled the trigger sooner. Why didn't I? Why did I hesitate? What was this spell she held over me? So many questions and the answer standing right above me holding her hand out to help me up. She had my gun in her other hand, where it would be safe from my fears and anxieties.

We stood in the middle of a field in the middle of nowhere somewhere in the middle of something still in the making. Like the beginning of a journey with no end in sight and I'd just had my boarding pass collected. It was too late now. She tossed the gun into the air where it turned into a cloud and rained down onto the ground causing green sprouts to wiggle and struggle out of nowhere, suddenly and surprisingly there.

I struggled for words, thoughts, an image of some sort to give form and meaning to my response. “I didn't expect you so soon.” There. There it was. My excuse.

“Sounds like just another excuse to me,” she said as she pulled me up almost to eye level, always just below her eyes. “You didn’t really think you could get away from me, did you?”

Of course not. How could I? What was I thinking? “I don’t think I’m ready. I don’t think I can do this. Why are you here so soon?”

Infinite laughter tumbled out of her mouth like a swarm of bees pollinating the ground around us. Half drawn flowers popped up and half swayed in the full breeze of her breath. “Not ready is not an option,” she said. “I’m here and I’m not going away until we’ve finished.”

She was right. I was trapped. There was no escape. I was ready to face my fate with a feeling of excited anticipation, but this didn’t surprise me. It was always the same. “I wasn’t really going to pull the trigger. I mean, that would have been like pointing the gun at my own head and shooting. It wouldn’t have worked out well for me.”

“Now you’re making sense. You’re seeing things more clearly.” Rainbow hair tumbled over her shoulders. Its shine warmed the ground under us. The flowers bulged with color. “It’s always difficult to wake up after a comfortable dream.”

I knew she was right. I just didn’t want her to be right, but there was something reassuring in her words, something compelling and hopeful. I looked up at the cloudless sky. There was a hint of blue in the void but when I tried to focus on it, it seemed to slide off somewhere into the perimeters of my vision.

“So, what would you like to talk about today?” she said. “What does the world suggest?”

I suddenly felt as though I were standing before the maw of a bottomless cavern, standing in a puddle of slippery mud, afraid to look forward and too late to look back. “I think this conversation is over,” I said. “I need to vacuum my carpets and stare at news reports. I have other things that need to be done.”

“But you can’t.” She smiled. “You’re here now, engaged with me.” She raised her right arm and snapped her thumb and finger in front of my face. “Awake.” The sound of the snap curled into the air like a blue diva and danced into the sky where it spread from horizon to horizon over the pure whiteness of the land. Grass grew under our feet.

The feeling of grass under my feet felt familiar and reassuring, like angst dissipating in the face of an as yet unknown possibility. “Will you stay with me?” But I already knew the answer. It was the same as always.

Laughter, as she evaporated into the vistas of a blazing hot sun in a brilliant blue sky emerging over a forested landscape creating itself all around me.