

The One

by Arlene Tribbia

When the student is ready, the teacher will appear.

— old spiritual wisdom

I had a teacher, a guide to help me understand the wonders and mysteries of life. Two guides actually: Jack & Jill. They weren't related because he always kept a hand on her ass whenever I saw them together, which was quite often.

Jill would say: *paint your miserable yesterdays black and you'll never feel guilty*. Then Jack would tell me: *sleeping with that guy would do you some good*. Stuff like that. My guides don't have the highest I.Q.s and their messages are often a kind of un wisdom. For example: Jack thinks I should carry a loaded gun in my purse. Jill thinks if I lock myself in the closet and chant a mantra or even just a strange syllable, my life could be charmed. *Charmed*. I know they've made sacrifices to bring me this information, but I desperately long to tell them they can leave. I have a new teacher: the guy I met in a bar last week, the one I think I could love, the one my friends keep warning me about.

