

Leox

by Ashley Poulter

Whoever came up with the term kismet is an absolute moron. There isn't a single reason, or word, that can describe what exactly my brain has concocted in the face of him. No, kismet isn't what makes it happen. It's my own stupidity and indulgence in self-destruction. I shouldn't like someone who looks like an actual bear in a worn flannel shirt and jeans caked with more than a years worth of dirt and rust. I shouldn't be tempted by those disfigured eyes.

Heterochromia I think they call it. One brown, one blue. He's an enticing mutant. I shouldn't like the scraggly beard of brown to black coloring, the one which would allow him to fit perfectly on the set of the second Deliverance movie. Even more than this, I shouldn't desire him simply for the fact that he carries a small black Bible in the breast pocket of the aforementioned flannel disaster. He admitted plainly that he didn't read it, but not for lack of trying. He simply couldn't "follow the big words". Never has he step foot in the doors of a church during his adult life. But he still says the Lord loves a good worker. "Jesus likes to see grime under your nails and lines on your hand," he said often. Stacking crates from ships all day shouldn't entice an educated person. I've almost a degree in literature and he's never heard of Byron. Salt smell and fish-stained sweat are enticing only to dogs I would have thought. But scent is the most powerful of the senses, right? I smell salt, I smell home. I smell him. Nothing should justify my objectionable adoration of this slob. I shouldn't fall over myself for just one more line of lazy boorish lilt from cracked lips courtesy of seaborne air. It's my own heterochromia, flannel-wearing nightmare. And there isn't a single thing I can do about it but let the waves win.

