

# A Tall Order

by Hazar Worth

There was something about her eyes that he couldn't shake.

He stood in line, waiting for his chicken finger tenders and one large size 32 oz. cola. No salad (a childhood aversion he had never abandoned), and no mashed potatoes. Friday night and the evening felt ripe with something.....

He held the number tag in his hand. Number 22.

His mind was drifting. A couple in front of him were chattering about some inane movie that everyone was seeing...

'I couldn't believe how good he was. His last movie was the worst I have seen ever...'

'Yeah.'

'And I couldn't believe how good she looked. But that has to be plastic surgery, don't you think? I mean she has to be what....50-something by now..?'

'Yeah.'

'And oh MY God...i LOVED just LOVED that soundtrack. I mean, half the bands I never heard of ...like what's that band that had that song about the dog....what was the name of that song..? God... I hate when this happens..don't you..?'

'Yeah.'

He turned his attention to the large glass window. A gay couple, two women, were in the midst of a yelling fit:

'YOU ARE A COMPLETE FUCKING BITCH....A BITCH...'

'FUCK YOU THEN CUNT....I DON'T CARE ANYMORE WHAT YOU DO....'

Watching the two lesbians yelling, he thought about his first handjob back in college. He was a very beautiful bi-sexual. They met during an Introduction to Psychology class. His naturally light-dark skin made his cheek bones more pronounced. His voice made him hard, surprisedly so. He had a gay Uncle (Mother's side..) who was a flamboyant but good-natured drag queen.

A part of him always felt that his Uncle was attracted to him .....

'WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT BITCH...? WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT BITCH..?'

'...Oh I remember now...DUH. The band's name was Retriever...'

'Yeah.'

He remembered how good his hand was on his cock. He was a complete cock whore but a cock whore who didn't do just anyone's cock.

'I really like you', he once murmured to him before kissing the tip of his cock slowly. 'You always smell nice, and you make me feel good about myself...'

He remembered smiling. His dorm room door was locked and he was playing a disc on low. Enough sound to nudge the spaces surrounding them both...

'God...I am really hungry tonight...how about your..?'

'Yeah.'

For three semesters they spent time with each other. In the dorm, the two of them were just one of the guys. The two of them had reached legendary status when they hooked up with two bi-sexual girls on Saturday downtown night. One was a world ranked volleyball player, while the other one was a soccer player on a Division 1-A college team. They met during a Thanksgiving break.

Both girls were second year sophomores but often passed for 25. They met at the Slippery Eel pub. A band was playing, and the drinks were 2 for 1. The band played a contagious blend of dub, ska, house, jazz, and a type of acid blues that made everyone take to the dance floor to dance.

Both were brunettes.

'..number 22.... 22...number 22...'

On her name tag, SANDI. She had dark hair that touched her shoulders comfortably.

'Hello and welcome to Poppy's. How can I help you..?'

Her eyes met his gaze. Eyes that were large and dark and inviting. Eyes that were well documented by the congress and sessions of the study breaks in his dorm room. Eyes that asked him things before his own eyes would close, and his ogramms would flow across his face and mouth.

'...Sir....sir....?'

There was not such thing as Fate, or a guiding hand from above and beyond. His Uncle in full drag queen attire and regalia once quipped to him:

'Honey...God had nothing at all to do with this body.....not one thing...'

'....Sir....sir can I help you..?'

He hadn't heard from him for over a week. The last time they were together was at the Eel. A few drinks and a lot of silence. The band was a jazz combo. They were playing something torchy. At that moment, the pub felt empty despite the people around them now laughing strangely silent and soundless.

He turned to him, as they stood at the tall round table, and said:

'I do love you. I can't help this. I do love you...'

Staring into her dark eyes, he remembered hearing his voice talking to him as he stood in front of his body that hung suspended against the front of bathroom door of his off-campus apartment. His black leather belt caressing his limp neck like a Mother holding her sleeping child against her. A chair discarded tipped over and discarded to the side, and a letter from home torn into pieces and neatly placed into a small efficient pile on top of the envelope.

His beautiful body was naked and cold to the touch, as regret and pain soon overcame the stench of decomposition and the contents of his bowels. Pain and regret lending him the courage to stroke the stomach and hips that gave his lips delights unsurpassed by any achievement reached and sought...

'...Sir...?...Are you alright sir...?

Her voice lingered inside of his mind like the silver-white lines of a spider's life-strand scattered by the pleasant breezes of Spring.

