

Parting Gifts

by Hazar Worth

Today was going to be the day.

His hair was well groomed. The skin was radiant like apples tossed at the moon. The gym membership was well used, as the weight issue was easily cast into an abyss of loaded memories. The increased amount of reading he had done over the last year and a half sailed him across the wider berth of true fiction written not for praise, acclaim, and notice but written from a place that gave him the dreams at night.

One dream in particular gave him her name.

In the dream, she was standing in front of him in a line. Her breasts were bountiful, like an equation that would reveal the mere glimpse to God's glorious mystery of all mysteries. She wore a tightly fitting, but tastefully obscene skirt that fell just above her knees. Her smell was a cross between cut grass and the breath of a new born. Her hair fell just below her shoulders while her eyes were large like two planets sipping from the same cusps of awareness...

In the dream, his throat felt clear and his mind stepped forth with a seemingly weak arrangement of words:

'How come you are so beautiful...?'

She turned her head towards him. Her lips were full with questions that made his penis grow heavy inside of his pants.

'I am beautiful because I am looking for a man like you...'

She stepped towards him. Her hand found his cargo, and her touch made his lips part like the stretched out song of a blues musician.

Her breath was sticky sweet, reminding him of being an any drowning in the juices of freshly squeezed oranges. She squeezed his full cargo even harder as their lips formed the pact that would launch him across the moonless black of his journey...

The cell phone in his pocket vibrated. A smile crossed his face as his hand retrieved it.

'Hello..?'

'Hey little bro. Listen, I need for you to pick up Doris from her job. I am stuck in traffice and she needs to get back home right away for our party. Do you think you can help me out here little bro..?'

'Sure. No problem. Talk to you later..'

Returning the phone back to his pocket, he smiled at himself in the mirror remembering her distinct words:

'Nothing makes a man a man like a man who knows what he wants...'

