

The Stanislavski Code

by James Lloyd Davis

If I was a woman and you were a man, I think you would look better in tweed than I would. If I was a woman, I would not be my type, but you would wear tweed with the dignity it deserves. You would be marvelous in a three piece suit and I, of course, would wear something crisp, like silk, and Chinese. Slit up the side, but not tawdry, silken and sultry. Your eyes would click to my stride as I walked past the table where you sip your coffee. I would feel your gaze, but ignore you from a practiced sense of pretense. You would follow me though, insistent, assured.

Your confidence would amuse me.

Still, our lives together would be chaotic with affectation and because we share no common substance, we would fight incessantly, fight quite like cats in some dark urban alleyway, yowling through the long night. You would blink just once before I would lunge at your heart and rip it from beneath your tweeds with retractable claws shaped like butterfly knives.

But that's not the way it is.

You are the woman. I am the man. And my fine tweed suit is covered in blood above the cavern that was my heart.

