

Make Out Party

by Jennifer Donnell

“Why don't you market yourself to help people build their online profiles?” Goose suggests, musing the idea. As he invents my future career path, he scratches his scalp and looks out the window, thinking about capitalizing on my way with words. Sometimes my words are a boat between us, filling in the blanks, knowing what to say, mostly sweet nothings. Green eyed like the palm trees blowing in the June ocean breeze, I swear his eyes change color when he thinks up our latest venture. They switch to blue, like mine and I want to go to sea, get lost in that ocean of fantasy where the pretend becomes real. I want the kind of real that doesn't hurt, not ever, the unreal kind. He looks at me for confirmation, wanting the same.

“I could do that.” I agree, forgetting that implementing an idea is where most ideas fail. Take the time we decided to become realtors and imagined our business cards. It was easy, fail proof, assured. After-all, it's a great life when one only has to dream it. The time I decided to become a lawyer, he argued why it wouldn't be a good idea and won our mock trial. I realized he was correct and rested my case.

It's easier to control the little stuff, like what we should have for dinner, where to go for happy hour, what to watch on Netflix, or how to make time to kiss during a busy work day.

That's the most important one of all- kissing. I throw my purse, sweater, and miscellaneous belongings atop the bedroom dresser, kick off my shoes and bound over to him, unbridled, unrestrained, pure of heart, knowing how wanted I am. I kiss with my lip under his, over, in equal measure. I kiss his forehead and earlobes, I loop my leg over his but he's mad about someone else's words and slides my hands from his bellybutton to the bed. I unwrap my legs from his

and he lies on his belly, sulking, his words forming pictures, fueling a primordial desire for me to run rather than chase.

I want to run to a world where people don't do that, this. Where they don't pull away when they want you close or hurt you when they want love. I want to run to where kisses aren't conditional and I never feel like this again, as I've felt like this before and thought I left it behind for good.

He begins talking about string theory. He reels me back in, from the dinosaurs to the infinite, human evolution and alternate dimensions, until it makes so little sense that everything makes sense.

He holds my hand and places his arm around me. I guess this is forgiveness. I rest in the crook of his arm, my head on his chest. I wonder what I'd say about myself in an online profile, if accounting for my entire life. Happy- mostly, yes, no, or sometimes. In a relationship- yes, no, probably, most of the time. Loved- as much as humans can.

