Same Old Song and Dance

by John Wentworth Chapin

Sundown on a resort balcony; lazy waves purred below. “You don't believe in fate? *Still?*” Sand dusted the tops of Sam's feet which rested on the railing.

“We found each other, sure, *against all odds*.” Ty chewed on a gin-soaked lime peel.

“That sounds like an accident. My head and my pants say this is fate.”

“Fate is 31 flavors and you end up with a tasty but random scoop. But you haven't had the other 30 to know the difference. Choice is… a whole mall that only sells socks and you try them all on and there's only one pair that fits. You, my dear man, *are* my pair.”

“You want to get laid talking socks.”

Ty shrugged. “I'm getting laid no matter the topic.”

“Fate.”

“Lust.”

Sam grunted and cracked a smile.

Ty breathed in salt and contentment.“You want to believe we were put together by the universe. Forces coming together to create us. The universe doesn't care, my love.” Ty leaned over and pecked Sam on the cheek. “But I do.”

“You want to believe you had a choice in the matter.”

“You want me to say that thirty-one years together is someone or some*thing* else's doing? Nope.”

“I think we had this same disagreement on our twenty-third anniversary. Italy.” Sam said.

Ty shook his head and tapped Sam's foot with his toe. “Twentieth. Aruba.”

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/john-wentworth-chapin/same-old-song-and-dance»*
Copyright © 2011 John Wentworth Chapin. All rights reserved.