

# pickup truck

*by* Lore Prior

One of my knees was on top of his cup-holder, and the other was pressed against the back seat. My breath was still coming out in shallow gasps, and I could see his face looming in the darkened car. The windows were tinted, but did nothing to ease my paranoia at the idea of sex in the middle of a mall parking lot. He unzipped my jeans, and I flopped awkwardly out of them like a goldfish on a kitchen counter. He was wearing sweatpants, so he had less trouble, but his motions gave me the sense that it was a familiar process.

The first time we fucked my face was squashed between a seatbelt buckle and the right-side door. It started out clumsy and uncomfortable, like trying to swing dance in a dumbwaiter. His shoulder kept knocking against the headrest, and I was terrified that my nose was somehow going to force up the door handle and send me tumbling pantless from the truck. But after the front seats were reclined up near the windshield and the back of my head was propped up against a pile of his sweatshirts, we found the rhythm. It was like kick drums and base guitar, fierce and steady and aggressive, and after a minute I forgot about the car rocking and the parking lot shoppers and got lost in the spiral.

When it was over we were human again. Sweaty, flushed, and sprawled out at odd angles on the back seat, we caught our breath. I realized I was still wearing my work shirt and name-tag. He reached around me for his pack of Camels, pulled out two, and cracked the rear window. He lit my cigarette first. For the next five minutes we leaned on each other, blowing smoke out the back and not speaking. Then he leaned over to pick his boxer briefs off the floor, and pulled them on. He tossed his smoked butt out the window, making sure it didn't land on the tarp covering the truck bed, and then he looked at me with a little half-smile and said it.

“I may be quiet, but I love makin' love.”

The words were punctuated by a slight Long Island twang, the kind of accent that comes from being in the same place for a really

long time, and I was reminded of used car salesmen and Dads at peewee football games.

"Me too."

I couldn't think of anything else to say. I was as inarticulate in the sack as I was in normal conversation. Some people just communicate with their bodies fucking better than they do with their lips talking.

