

No One

by Mario Perez

No One

The city he abandoned lies below him. It's been years, so many tears. He admires the remains of the White City, The Shed, rooted ahead. He jaunts through Roosevelt Train station, hassled by the acrid stench pollinating the area. I accompanied her to the Metro Station back when, she being past sober, somberly gripping my palm, leaning casually on my shoulder. We made out passionately while other leavers' straddled and curved around us. I watched her merge into the crowd, it thinning, then the train waning away. Outside in the bitter cold is when she called. She waited to say we had fun, but she's seeing someone. I ain't seeing no one.

He's sweating pools heading north down State Street, the Sun laughing above him like a school girl whose skirt is high above her head. That mustard muck clasps onto the buildings, so bright, you might puncture a cataract. The city's flare enchants him, a youthful aroma stirring. During my breaks from College I came back to the city and collected babes like medals. She used to dorm it here, the UC, those nubile freshman girls twirling at the big city, never outside their comfort. We are all too comfortable and have to escape it. I did. Anyway, we fondled and fooled in her dorm for months, her roommates were a few thin walls away, and she told me to stay. I stayed, but just long enough to say goodbye, always having half my foot out the door. She came to see me off at the terminal, engulfing me like she was losing air. I cried. She cried. Never replying to the words she whispered. She's gone now and I'm here. I have nothing. No one.

The buses pass; strangers, hookers, college girls, all line up waiting for their turn. He inflates his chest, touting his new abroad demeanor. No eyes sway his way; everyone seems to be within themselves. He breathes that Panera air, clean yet repulsive, eyes closed. I suppose a treat to ignite my feet, Danish or two. She smiles that coquetry smile, half-embarrassed for showing her legs,

please dame, I have seen worse, she winks and nods, I slink and prod, offering annual visits to her bed. Oh that no one, she gave me the time, here and there, bearing more skin. When her rosemary scent caught me, I was ravished, crooning. I swooned over those leg rolls, silky breast morsels, sweat cider kisses, those cinnamon eyes, surprised I gave her the time of day, till I say I'm fine,

Allow me to wine you my fair lass.

A pearl in an ocean, but there are more fish you see.

A breakfast of compulsion, and posed for sexual glee.

I'll make sure to be the joker who ululates alas.

Trundling east he passes many Universities, these buildings are so old their legacies are known by most passerbies. Bare legs burst out of doors innocently, quickly kicking away. He's struck by their reluctance, whistling in their wake. Eye's falling back, he submits to the countless memories flowing like rivers out of his eyes, wafting from his loins. Oh, the no one's I have quenched over, my appetite 'spite what you may think is more diverse than a hostel hotel, swell, just collapse on this table here dear and let me peer between those legs, yes, please lift that skirt and allow entry into that great unknown, no, I can't remember you name cause' this ain't going to last past winter, brunette biting that open chest, dark haired Asian timid but devilish, why I thank you for you warm bedroom and will gladly make you, come over to this classroom and close the door for it's time to cram my, cockle lips to kiss I do but as long as you bend over and let me smack that, as well as you should but don't be alarmed I won't harm your delicious cupcake breasts, that white frosting as your legs twitch, I know all your spots so it's no use you can't hide, pride makes you pass that threshold, don't worry though, I know you win, I always lose, but bruises make it feel real, even though you're not.

She appears curtly in the façade of the city, transparent, with eye's shifting colors.

"You old fool still groping yourself to old flings, what, your balls not working?"

"I-I just haven't found the right girl."

Hahahaha, she burns coldly. "And you never will."

Transported to Navy Pier, he jeers at the facile bride and groom strutting down the boardwalk surrounded by photographers who are like vultures pecking at their every pose. Others gawk and murmur at the conjunct, jejune, applauding their bond, and wishing that they can be as happy. An effusion of confetti peppers their feet and spins as the gust takes it. He grins as he leans against the banister, catching a nice glimpse of the brides ass and a whiff of that alluring illusion, imagining her on her knees, begging, please give me all what you can and plan to stay long enough to then egress I confess the ring is a thing easily lost since it slips off my delicate finger while you ravaged my hills will you use three fingers maybe four that whore you fucked last night left her remains oh the beguiling sleepless summers smiling at countless girls giving you the eye I just sigh as you wag your tail at any bitch with legs you can't focus on me instead plea for more drooling like a brain-dead fool lethargic not even mimicking those words to say your wandering heart aimlessly wobbles like a loose wheel can't make you heel feeling that distance growing any second tug my blonde hair and walk and talk and bite and scratch and cry and moan and groan and own you for the night throwing back your head as my mouth swallows it all fireworks blast off the pier queer about what we have become but you know I'm no one you have no one I'm a ghost in your head and in your bed.

He's shivering somewhere off scanning the nothingness of the lake lapping lazily. Muffled oh's and kisses linger in the darkness. He collapses onto the empty beach, noticing footsteps fading in every direction. Their coitus is lifted by the breeze massaging his ears. He tosses a few stones in, they flop briefly, and then plop, vanishing, thin ripples reflect for seconds. The moon looms like a deserted island in the purple sea causing tides to curl closer to his toes. The strangers exchange those words that he can never say, what were they, he doesn't recall. He falls supine, wincing, near tears, trying to relieve himself, reaching down, deep down, for answers.

She rises this time naked, pellucid, and skin opalescent, she's all
he can ever ask for.

"Why are you doing this to me?" He whimpers.

"Why have you done this to yourself?"

I

lookatyouandcringeeachtimetryingtofindthewordsthathavealwaysalludedmeonthepla

I

alwaysimagininglyingnexttoyouandgrippingyourhandtightlyasslumberassailedmymir

I

caredforallthetimesjacoseorpalloraswetraversedjoyfullyintoemeraldgardensinchicag

I

hurriedoffinajiffasthatlastvowwasutteredohhowebullientyouwerebeforethedoornever

I

couldnottakethepainchurlishmaybebutyousee that what it was was egorunning in the min

I

find it hard to believe you retrieved any real joy out of what we had since all that it was was

I

ululate hymns not on whim but that feeling in my heart that burns and beats like

a jalopy needing a kick start get those jumper cables you call arms and

give me a push over this edge since that pain was too great but it was

not intentional you have to believe that pulse that pounds

founded on the foundation that builds homes still

not a let to murmur those words my lips parched

it doesn't matter since you are long gone you

are not even listening to me anymore you

are in a different world across a sea you

don't even whisper silently you

are nothing but a figment you

are a knife to the throat you

are anymph hidden you

distant stardying you

ghastly ghost you

lurid mirage you

reflection you

nothing you

no one

