

Polo

by Matt Potter

Damn, but he was sexy, sitting astride the stallion, chest hair poking above his polo short. Normally his buttoned-up doctor's coat revealed only a tanned jawline.

He threw his polo mallet on the ground as I offered him the tray of tumblers.

"You look strangely familiar," he said, taking a drink and swinging his leg over the horse, landing on the ground beside me without spilling a drop of Jamaican rum.

"Don't know why," I said, tossing my raven tresses. "I used to be an alien in a previous life."

Really, I was simply out of my nurse's uniform, and his probable myopia made seeing me for the person I really was, improbable.

"My contact lenses fell out on the playing field," he said. "Perhaps everyone looks strangely familiar."

He downed the glass as I watched his Adam's apple throb. I was sending him my best signals and he was lobbing them in all directions. Frankly, I wanted to take the polo mallet and smash it over his head. This diet pill diet was getting me nowhere.

I dropped the tray of drinks on the ground. "Oh, I'm so clumsy," I gasped. "I hope my mysterious illness isn't flaring up. No one seems to know a cure."

He bent down and picked up the tray. His subservience was immediately unappealing. This paediatrician stalking was a joke. Perhaps I should try another profession as my friend Marta suggested. She had snared a nice psychiatrist and a great couch to boot.

