

# Down South

*by* Paul de Denus

We took a run down from Canada on a wintry Friday night without as much as a change of clothes and crashed into a decent hotel in Minneapolis. We drank beer and played loose pool, attracted two fun girls, one Jamaican, the other dirty blonde, both of whom seemed interested in only one of the four of us. Brian had the chiseled chin, bottomed out with a pirate's black beard that framed perfect white teeth and the girls rubbed him the right way, the rest of us left to stand and contemplate our cues. We stayed in one big room containing three beds and a couch that I occupied alone like a refugee. Across the room in the half-light, the Jamaican girl rocked over Brian, her large breasts swaying to an imperfect rhythm; all the while she stared at me though I couldn't make out her expression.

The next morning we were ready to split the hotel, Brian already out and in the car.

*I be good to you, cook for you if I come too*, the Jamaican girl said to me in the hallway.

The memory of her night movements tickled at my groin, my southern extremities attempting to direct my mood before we headed back north.

*I can't*, I said and made my way past her.

*Pussy*, she whispered and I faltered at the phrase, processed the intent but I didn't turn around.

