

Match

by stephen hastings-king

I want someone who is attractive and funny, who is kind and who gets me.

I want to curl up by a fire with a glass of wine/cup of coffee/dram of scotch and be mesmerized/lose myself.

I want someone to go to parties with, someone who speaks the same private language; a look from across the room and we would flee the scene to go make out in the car.

I want to share this beginning of a new beginning/chapter/adventure.

I want to trust you. Please do not hurt me.

I am well adjusted. I do not have baggage.

I want to be swept off my feet.

I know. I know. I read too many romance novels when I was young and while I no longer believe traces of that reader linger still and here, in this vast electronic space landscaped with billboards that lonely people make about themselves from kits, I feel free to tell you about the ways in which she lingers, you who are packets of 1s and 0s that shower through my image and bounce away.

Like the Lady Miss Kier, I believe in the power of love. I believe.

I have a lust for life.

I want a photograph.

