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Circles of Science

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CIRCLES OF SILENCE

"They call me mellow yellow." She looked at him with a disinterested, yet calmly appraising glance. Nice eyes, great hair, but somehow, the yellow stripes going down the backside of his black leather pants weren't a giant turn-on. She winked, took a drag on her Marlboro (light) and asked if his name was Donovan. "No, it's Silas. Have I seen you before?" God the guy was doubly cursed! First those wretched pants and then the horrible, ghastly name. What the hell is a Silas? "Death wish. I know. It's kinda awful. Most people call me Si." Thought they called you mellow yellow, hon? She twisted her ankle in circles, letting one beige, suede, Italian slip-on fall unheeded to the floor and wondered if she'd remembered to feed the cat. "When I was little, I used to go down to those baseball jiggums and play ball. Of course I had to be the pitcher and the catcher. And the batter, come to think of it. I had an isolated childhood. What about you?" She'd found the cat behind a '59 Chevy in an abandoned parking lot. He had been so tiny and shivering. Helpless, like herself. She had tucked him in the folds of a new wool jacket that itched like hell and smelled like shit. Yet she was positive he was simply pleased to be out of the cold.

"I'm sure that I've seen you before. On a magazine cover. Vogue? No! Cosmopolitan!" At least he hadn't said Playboy. She'd been the centerfold two years ago before landing a job as a writer for Ms. Luckily, none of the ladies there were into girlie magazines. She blew a ring of smoke at the ceiling. "Fascinating! I don't smoke myself. But how amazing that you're able to do that! Let me tell you, it took me two years to learn how to blow a bubble with gum." He had a wart on his nose. Really gross and red. Like a call sign saying, "Hi, I'm nauseating so don't bother talking to me." Yet she had bothered. She tossed short locks of curly brown hair out of her face. "Lucky," her sister always told her. "You were born with non-Jewish hair. So manageable and unfripped." "Did you know it takes most people half the night to get to know each other? Not me, boy. Oh, no. I pitch myself in right away. But subtly. Cool and casual." "Mellow." "Yes!" An eager light appeared in his eyes. The dove had spoken!

He had noticed her in one of his "mellow" endeavors to scope out the place. Her green sloe-shaped eyes immediately glared at you. Hey, I'm beautiful. Besides pink, unmasked, pouting lips, slightly parted as the tip of a delicate tongue came

peeking out. Then he noticed how when she sat the beige sued miniskirt rode up her thighs, saddling his attention. Oh, yes. Such luscious thighs. Lightly muscled, blanketed in fish net tights with holes everywhere that tanned flesh liked to hang out of. He was crazy. The gargantuan birthmark prohibited him from having any real relationships. Unless the sex was done in the dark and he could slip out before the realization of morning appeared, uncovering what he pointlessly hid with Maybelline and Revlon. "Are you wearing foundation?" "No! It's my natural skin tone. It's a lustrous look, doncha think?" She nodded politely. Revlon shade #5. Weir-do babe, let's boogie. He was wearing more than her, and she hated the floury stuff! Probably to cover that hideous wart. You're getting nowhere, hon. Can we talk? "I'd like to dance. Would you?" "Music," she frowned shaking her head, "Oh, it's bogus, right? Awful stuff. All they play, though, you know?" No, sweets, I don't. She fiddled with her empty glass. An obvious sign the fool didn't catch. Why bother? "Bartender, refill on my scotch, please." "Oh, stupid! My job, right? Sorry. I don't do this often," he snickered.

She was thinking of the days when things were so much simpler. Peace, love. Pick a guy out of the crowd, take him home. Hey! What are diseases but communal? Silly fools these and those days. Only now they're rambling on instead of getting it on. The drink came fast and she downed it just as quickly. One for the road. Or just for the hell of it.

"You see what I'm saying. Life's just a big chain. Sooner or later, you run out of links and the hardware store is closed. I mean what can you do?" She'd forgotten to put on lipstick. That's why she felt so naked! Or maybe it was the fact that her bra was undone. "You ever watch those family shows? Leave It to Beaver, The Brady Bunch, The Partridge Family? All depicting life so unrealistically. Obviously when it's time to change you've got to rearrange everything. I was talking about life, you know. I don't need some bended-knee bimbo to tell that to me," he sneered. The colour of her lipstick was Tender-Blush pink. Picked up at a stand next to a subway station. She had wiped it with a Puffs-plus before even attempting the shade on her hand. Communal diseases were not "happening" anymore.

"I just realized I don't know your name." She snapped her compact shut and looked across the room. Definite signals coming from a husky blond. Wartless. Go for it, babe. She looked into Silas' eyes for the first time. He was looking at her questioningly. "Cat," she smiled showing a small gap between her teeth. His mouth fell open. So disillusioned! He rubbed the birthmark on his nose. She sauntered over to the other side of the bar. She looked at the blond with a disinterested yet calmly appraising glance.....

Kathy Boyd