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A Night In The Life Of A Man In Love

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A Night In The Life Of A Man In Love

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"8:04 p.m. I hope she hurries up--we have dinner reservations for 8:30. I think she's coming now. She is, and it's about time. Christ, she looks good--I guess I'll forgive her for taking so long. She's wearing her pearls--she knows that I love them on her. I don't know why, I just do. And that dress. She's wearing the dress. The blue one that drops just enough to show the beginning of the nearly invisible freckles that cover her chest. Not only can I see her coming, I can also smell her coming. It's not just her perfume, though. I mean, of course it's her perfume, but it's also the way that it smells on her. A skunk with perfume on is still a skunk. When my Faith wears this perfume, though, something happens. The aroma comes alive to give an accompaniment to her beauty and caresses the delicate sense known as smell. Most importantly, though, she's wearing the ring. The small gold band that houses two tiny birthstones-- our birthstones. She only wears it on special occasions. I guess she's afraid of ruining it or something. It's the ring I gave her for her college graduation. It's small--you can't get much with a struggling college student's budget- but I honestly believe that she cherishes it as much as, if not more than, her diamond engagement and wedding rings. I prefer it that way actually--the ring is from a time when there was nothing but us and we were too broke for anything but love. Anyway, in all honesty, with the way she looks and the way I feel, I'm not sure if we'll make it out the door. We will, though--it took me too damn long to get these dinner reservations."

Cover Page Footnote

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by
Eric Evans

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10:13 We made it to dinner, a little late, but we made it. We went to Tai Shan, one of our favorites, where we got our usual table in the corner. You know, it's kind of funny for Faith to be a regular at a restaurant when she spends so much time running her own place. Maybe it's some type of espionage mission or something--spying on the competition. Whatever it was, we had a great time--we usually do when we're together. We talked and laughed--we constantly laugh when we're together --and talked and held hands and talked and made innocently suggestive jokes to each other and smiled and talked some more. I watched her when she wasn't aware of what I was doing and knew that of all the decisions I had made in my life, the one to spend the rest of my life with her was the right one. Nothing in particular triggered this realization--it just came and hit me out of nowhere. Sure, there are the occasional doubts and curiosities, but "I wonder..." and "What if...?" are for daydreams and those who rely on them. Then, with all the force of a speeding baseball shattering a porch window, I wanted--no, needed--to make love to Faith. Instead, I gently squeezed her hand and gave her a wink and a smile, catching out of the corner of my eye her shoe innocently, casually, and seductively dangling from her foot, and knew that our time would come soon enough. When she asked what the smile was for, I simply smiled and said, "You," leaving her to fill in the details.

11:08 The door was barely shut and locked before we were disrobing one another and indulging in each other's bodies. The lovemaking was both urgent and delicate at the same time. Her touch was gentle and intoxicating and enough to bathe me in a wave of emotion. After we had made love, I remained a part of her a little longer, not wanting to surrender her warm inner caress. Right now, she's downstairs, making us drinks--fuzzy navels, probably. Funny name for a drink, isn't it--a hairy belly button? Anyway, they always remind me of the first time we made love. We were at a party and had had more than a few drinks--good thing we walked home. Once home, we made love repeatedly, until we collapsed of exhaustion, surrounded by the unique combined fragrance of perfume, peach schnapps, sweat and sex. It's one of my fondest memories--what I actually remember of it, anyway. Here comes Faith now, with the drinks. You know, seeing her standing there naked in the doorway with the glasses, smiling that sweet, shy smile of hers, I realize how much in love I am and always will be.

1:25 a.m. The drinks are gone and Faith has been asleep on my chest for the last hour. Some obscure, grade-B western is on TV, so I can either watch cowboys and Indians fight or I can think. Laying here with Faith's naked skin touching mine and her coiled body surrounded by my arms, I can't help but feel lucky and alive and in love. As cliched as it sounds, it's true. To know that she saved up some twenty-odd years of her life to wait for me to come and unlock all of her wants and needs and desires is an incredible honor. To know that only my eyes have seen her naked and only my hands have touched her body and only my mouth has kissed and tasted her goes beyond any semblance of an explanation that I could give. To know that I'm the only one she's ever seen or touched or tasted is equally as difficult to truly understand or put into perspective because it's just such a hallowed honor to me. She may not be a goddess and her eyes, like Will's mistress', "are nothing like the sun," but she's mine, which, in the end, is all that matters. She not only lies here next to me physically naked, but she's emotionally naked as well. She's given everything to me in the surest confidence that I'll give her everything of mine in return, and I have. Tomorrow morning, we'll get up and rush into our busy lives again, but right now, if time screeched to a halt, at 1:25 a.m., and Faith stayed here pressed naked against me, I could die a happy, contented man.