

## On a scooter for J.D.

---

*Monica D. Mayall*

It was raining inside her head.

Nothing was clear—clouds and clouds, clouds and mist. it was grey. many shades, some like flannel, some like shadows at dusk. She walked to the window and gazed at the black asphalt below, it was raining out there too. She thought she might turn on a light as the cloud cover was making it very dark, in her room, though it was only a little after three, but the light wasn't important. It wasn't as if it mattered to anyone. The street traffic was light, some baglady the neighborhood owned was out there, rain pouting on her, in a floral print dress. Today was the anniversary of James Dean's death, that wouldn't mean a whole hell of a lot to a lot of people, considering it was thirty-two years ago and JamesDeanfilms weren't even playing at revival houses anymore. It was only important to her because he bore a resemblance to her lover.yes lover, a lover, this time she had loved him, not an affair, a onenightstand or a relationship she really couldn't remember the name or face of.

all the justifying was done, all the condolences made that couldn't explain friends and flowers personal messages read and a tremendous turn—out

Still she sat in a half-dark room on a wooden chair hoping she would die.

'Oh come now, did he really mean that much to you?' She heard her mother's voice echo in the sparsely furnished flat.

He was watching her dance, i pretended not to notice, tried to loose myself in the music, but i could feel his eyes following me. i glanced up. and I was

caught

if he ever knew, he already did. if i ever showed it, he laughed at how at how obvious she was.

a phone conversation

she had overheard as a child,

HER FATHER: Yes, she's out of town, sure we can meet tomorrow yes the kid won't expect me 'till six I've been wanting to see the new James Bond one okay . . . after or before 'lunch'?

he laughed

one of the only times she clearly remembered her father's laughter

HER FATHER: Okay great see ya then love ya  
bye

What was fidelity? If if it had lasted, would it have?, but then . . .

He held me, tight, not wanting to let her go

'I might just have to marry you' looking straight into my eyes

'Yeah right' was my off-hand response

he'd never lied to her

"to love and cherish until"

until someone else came along?

SHUT UP she screamed aloud SHUT UP! The voices in her head shattered—she scared herself.

Well so what.

Big fuckin' deal. she could make absolutely no difference now anyway. She lit a cigarette and watched the match go out in the empty ashtray, the way, the way it yielded to the flame, the way the flame contorted the fragile cardboard, and turned it to black, the way the flame burned itself out when it had no more to burn. That was her, she wondered how much longer her cardboard facade, the 'temple' (as her mother had called it), the body—her sanity, the inhabitant of her body—would hold up this would be her offering to the gods? ha a sacrificial ritual The Beatles' "All you need is love" Now there was no love he had

been killed WHAT GOD!?

Killed by some son of a bitch drunk while turning left a green, blood red blood for that DRUNK peaceful green arrow—the nightair breezed through his hair as he pulled out . . . soft warm midsummer midnight air Then nothing.  
if only it had been her

and that blind murderer was somebody's beloved son, and He—he, green arrow now turned to red, he was in the street curled up like he'd gone to sleep there

there her heart went to sleep She smiled bleakly to herself  
her whole body hurt at

the memory, as if acid was freezing into liquid ice inside her and clouding her brain escape . . . eScAPe . . . you must escAPE gentle floating fairies whispered around her head—inside her head DAMN you voices! DAMN YOU! aloud, breaking the circular pointless silence. She crushed the cigarette in that ashtray so roughly it sent the ashtray crashing to the floor.

very very methodically, very very gently, she rose and drew herself a very hot steamy bath

i stopped dancing and walked over to him, the floor, the other figures moving to the music

disappeared he put a hand on each of my shoulders and pulled me in we kissed warm and soft  
she pulled her sweatshirt over her head and unbuttoned her jeans, the steam rose around her the bathroom door was open

i couldn't hear the music anymore i pulled back and looked deep into his striking, rebellious brown eyes the defiance i'd expected wasn't there, only warmth that surrounded me, came from within me, defences fell away and i saw the sadness there

Lowering herself into the too hot, scorching water she melted, relaxed every tired sore muscle in her body her hair wet and stringy, her eyes closed. She imagined the red blood red flowing out of her veins, pouring over the stark white porcelain, dying her

hair. Suddenly fire roared in from the doorway the Match! the match she thought was out. Orange and yellow and Red so much red too much She sank further into the tub It roared, she never really thought fire would roar and green What was all that green—fire had no green, it was the wallpaper curling, scorching, just as the match had done falling from the walls

and the acid burned

in her stomach tremendous pressure pushing her down—  
deep she fell dropped through amazing depths of  
nothingness falling and drifting and floating then  
falling falling

the water was now cold she sat up, opened her eyes climbed  
out of her porcelain tomb, toweled off and slipped into the warm  
covers of her bed  
alone.