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d-words
c. 1994

it was a lazy day today. i spent my time indiscriminately, walking along the beach, lying in the sand, and for the most part, waiting. but she never came. it was a depressing day today, and the disparity between yesterday and today makes it seem so much worse. yesterday it was as if we had met for the first time, though we've known each other for almost two years now.

i remember the day i applied for my present job. it was a hot summer morning, and it was direly humid. i had always been dilatory about quitting that chain gang that was my old job, but when the bills weren't getting paid, i knew i couldn't put it off any longer. when i arrived at their office, i was immediately intimidated by its size. i was used to small groups of people, and the monstrosity that loomed before me was discouraging. my interview was on the thirty-first floor, and i remember thinking about how my ex-workplace didn't even have that many rooms.

the first thing i saw when i arrived at the specified floor was her face, bright red from running from somewhere, a somewhere that i later determined to be her corner office. the next thing i saw was the rest of her body, as she suddenly turned around and ran in the other direction. with these two pieces of evidence, i deduced that she must have been very popular with her male coworkers. i was also a little distraught, and i hoped that the reason that she was currently running in the other direction had nothing to do with what she had seen in the elevator.

when she finally disappeared around a corner, i awoke from the temporary trance that she had induced, and continued on my trek to the boss's office. the people i passed along the way seemed glazed-docile and distant, and most paid little attention to me, except to ask who i was and to please keep my hands off their sterling silver paperweights, which i noticed were not detaining any paper to speak of. when i finally arrived at the location of the interview, i was admitted with a wave of a hand (which was holding a nail polish brush), and not even a word or a glance in my direction.

the boss was talking on the phone when i entered his office, and motioned for me to sit down. i did so, and placed my resume on the desk in front of me. it was immediately snatched up and perused briefly. he then concluded his conversation and flippantly related to me that i was hired. i then returned to my car, and after noting that the elapsed time was less than a half an hour, i drove off in a stupor.

the following months were mostly similar. i quickly discovered that my coworkers' values were drastically different from mine, and i began to become an introvert, speaking only when spoken to. i missed my old job, my old friends, and my old life. living in abject poverty in my dilapidated ranch house was inexplicably better than my upscale two-story, which i had leased with my christmas bonus. at least then i had friends to relate to. now i had no one, and i became a hollow shell, losing my grip on life itself.

i could only retain what little life i had left in me because of her. i saw her infrequently, spoke to her rarely, and engaged in a real conversation with her so few times that i never even got to know her. she was an enigma, she was unreachable, and she tortured me with her distant nature, and that suffering was a strong link to reality.

what i knew of her i had pieced together from the various remarks i heard her make from time to time, and those offered by my coworkers, although theirs pertained mostly to her physical features, and not the intricacies of her personality. using what i did pick up on, i conjectured that she was not affected deeply by the men she dated and her personality was much like mine, though i must admit that the majority of these theories was based on my desire for them to be true.

my most prized piece of evidence was divulged at a cocktail party, at which she conveyed to me that she had never met anyone that she had liked more than me. it discomfits me to also remember how much of said cocktail she had consumed before relaying this to me. on

other occasions i found minute shards of evidence to corroborate with what she said, but again, i suspect that they may have only been wishful thinking.

i asked her once what the reason was for her running from me that fateful morning, to which she simply replied that she had forgotten her keys. this was consoling for a short time, but i later discovered her flair for duplicity. it became impossible for me to discern whether she was telling me the truth or just teasing me with her lies. and now the effects of her deviant nature were painfully apparent.

the boss had been pairing us up very frequently previous to my present situation. he was either trying to set us up or he just thought that we worked well together. either way, we had both been assigned to a recent project, and our research was getting nowhere as well as eating up a good deal of time. the deadline was coming at us like a freight train. she suggested that we venture to the location where we could find the source of the discourse into which we were currently delving. that location happened to be australia. my heart leaped. she stated candidly that we could write it off as a company expense, but the money wasn't what was on my mind. the trip was. and consequently, she was too.

but the higher one gets, the farther one falls, and it was a long time before i landed. we had arrived earlier that week, and had been working diligently for three days. i tentatively offered that we take a little break and head out to the beach, and she accepted in her usual manner, a barely noticeable nod. that was yesterday around noon. it got steadily better thereafter.

we each returned to our respective hotel rooms to get changed into suitable beach clothing, or as the case was, unclothing. i began to get worried when she didn't show up at my door within the first hour, but the key to a jet black ferrari dangling in my face ten minutes later explained the delay. what she wasn't wearing, however, would have been more than enough compensation by itself. we spent many hours racing the car along the coastline, and the sun was beginning to be swallowed up by the horizon before we found a decent beach. after a relaxing walk in the surf, we talked for many hours about nothing in particular, finally falling asleep in the pale sand.

and when i awoke, she was gone. and so was the car. the ocean which seemed so warm and inviting yesterday now seemed a barren wasteland, dreadfully gray. tonight, a car will finally pass, driven by a woman i would find to be incredibly attractive if in a different mood. i will flag her down and ask her to take me into town. she will casually assent, and after several attempts to strike up a conversation, the woman will finally give up.

i think mostly about what excuse she will probably give when i get back to the hotel room and thank the woman for her kindness, and how feasible that excuse will sound. like the ferrari had to be returned by 10 am and she didn't want to wake me because i was sleeping so peacefully. and i will be melted by her smile and forget the whole incident. i cannot disparage her, for it is foolish to cut off my only link with the world, even though it is more like a noose.