

An Insurrection  
by Cody Weathers

I've had a hard-on for Maren for an hour now. Well, I've had a hard-on for her for weeks in the one sense, but in the other, pharmaceutical sense, it's been an hour.

I wish she'd open the door, is what. "Maren," I say from the wrong side. I'm out of words, though. Still I try. "Let's talk about this. Open the door."

"Gee, this must not be working out the way you planned when you took that little purple pill." Betty Boop, I want to tap your ass.

Is she enjoying this? She's enjoying this. This part, anyway. "Point taken, but can you blame a guy for liking you?"

"Buddy, you'd hum any tune that'd charm your snake." Not the first cobra she's come into contact with, I speculate.

Rattle of chain. Bustle of locks. Open sesa-fuckin-me.

Chain on. Shit. Always that one last word they've gotta have.

Kimono open. Behold Shangri-la. And. "Go fuck yourself, Potter."  
Curtains.

Goddamnit.

Don't pull the ripcord before you jump. Don't count them chickens. Don't pencil in your erection. These are the maxims of wiser men.

What can I say? Maren gave me the meow, and I had it on reliable authority she could turn your dick into an animal balloon. So yes, in anticipation of high seas, I reinforced the hull. What of it? Mitchell in accounting has long let slip that he has an idle bottle of boner dust, prescribed to solve a trouble his wife --God love her-- was perhaps grown fond of having. His price was fittingly fair for a numbers man.

They bring you to the table with the promise of pie. Try our delicious pie. Homemade pie. You'll love the pie. And through the door waltz I. You have dangled this pie before me and damned if I am not hungry now for it. This is a drift that even my blockhead nephew can catch. Do not delay with your insistence on some meatloaf first, waitress. I do not need to chitchat about the catch of the day. Sweet merciful Jesus, give me some pie. We will have turkey a different time.

Alas, there is no more pie.

Now as carpenters go, there's Jesus, then way down the list there's me. Ordinarily, having smacked my thumb, I might retire with me suds for the evening, perhaps revisit how badly I wanted crown molding in the first place. And indeed, I might take such opportunity to fuck myself. But this is a different case. This woody is bought and paid for, and I'm not going to squander it on a junior-grade birdhouse or picture frame just to get some use out of it.

And so I am set to wander the night with a hammer in my pants, searching for any fine unpounded nail.

I've never understood those who can piss through a stiff prick. I believe the trick impossible. It's squeezed off. Can't be done. Who are these linguine-pissing assholes, anyway? I suspect them of other foul deeds. I resolve to stop drinking. At least until I can deflate.

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The Cricket's always been good to me. The secret, I find, to landing the right leggy gazelle is to put yourself in a leggy gazelle frame of mind with regards to the watering hole. If you want to eat gazelle, you must go where gazelles eat. And while the Cricket's pub fare is mediocre for a red-thirsty carnivore like myself, the southwest chicken salad is apparently to die for if you eat green. Or so says my gazelle on the inside.

Busted. Jodi smiles from her window table as I walk in. A salad-eating grin, it is. "Oh honey, did Maren turn you down and now you're trolling the salad bar?"

I may join her. "Just following your sage advice."

"And Maren?"

"You nailed it. I didn't."

"It's OK. She's kind of a tampon when you get right down to it, anyway. Not Miss Right for Mr. Potter."

"I heard she was just fine."

"You heard she was a dick mechanic."

"Everyone needs a good one from time to time."

"Gross." Munch, munch. "I regret telling you the salad thing, you know. Feels like I betrayed the sanctuary."

"I'd like to think it's because we care about each other."

"Have you even tried this salad?"

"No. For me, that's why burgers have lettuce."

"Try a bite."

"If you say so." She extends her fork and I feel myself wanting her. Hard. Everything strikes me in a little hornier light tonight, but damn. D-double-amm: why not Jodi?

Christ, that salad's good.

She reads me. "I knew you'd like it."

"So who is Miss Right for Mr. Potter?" I'm starting to fish. Put a line in the water to start --no use wishing 'em in the boat.

"I may be at the Cricket, and I may be eating salad with you, but I am no fool."

I wish her in the boat. I will have her in the boat yet.

Can I get another bite of that salad?

"Do you want another bite of this?" She's already got it out there, and I snap it up.

"Mmmmmmm." I give her the lustful eye.

"Potter, what's up? You a sex zombie?"

This is as clean as I come. "I'll admit I came here on a mindless mission."

She mocks my undead brethren. "Fuck... your... brains..."

"But."

"But."

"I don't want that anymore."

"Really."

"I don't want that anymore because I just realized that what I'd really like is to stop playing around and lay my cards on the table with you."

"Just now you fell in love with me."

"More or less."

"That's a show-stopper, all right."

"There it is in plain English."

"Can I ask you something?"

"Yes."

"How long until you spend that roll of quarters you walked in with?" Munch, munch.

I think it over.

She asks a practical question. "You want anything?"

"Just you." Shouldn't have said it.

"Don't be ridiculous." Munch. "Seriously, we're not mandrills. You come across as a terrorist rapist walking around with that thing. You might want to make it go away."

"I can't."

"Not to get all Yoda on you, but in my experience, those go away after they do their dirty business."

"I took a pill. It's been two hours. I can't pee."

"Too much --yet not enough-- information. You took a pill?"

"Right."

"For Maren?"

"Yes."

"Hm. You know what that does? That makes me want to fall in love with you." Munch, munch.

"Hold on. I know it sounds like a ploy."

"The ruse of a terrorist rapist."

"Given. But it isn't. Here's the thing. In the fresh light of my evening's dilemma, I see you in a new, splendid way. I realize that I have been looking for the wrong thing, pursuing the wrong thing, achieving the wrong thing all this time. As of this moment, I can't stand the thought of not being with you."

Munch, munch. "Let's say I ignore all the dumbass mistakes and insults of timing and treat this as a blank slate request --you're asking me out. You want to change our relationship from just friends to going out. Even then, I'm saying maybe at best. It's a big request. I might be open to testing the water, but I want a full line of retreat. There's no way I can leap into the sack with you tonight. I'll cuddle --I'll do that. I'll commit to the experiment, but the pace will be very slow. Are you going to jump at that chance or is this just passing lust brought on by chemicals?" Munch, munch. "Sounds like a litmus test to me, Potter. So what is it?"

"Jodi, I'm serious about this."

"An hour ago, you were ready to stick it in another wicket."

"Good thing I didn't. Ends up she's totally wrong for me."

"Come over, yank in my shower, and then let's watch a movie."

"What if that's not good enough?"

"Of course it's good enough."

"It's what we already do --hang out and don't have sex."

"Only this time, you'll be choosing hanging out with me over having sex with someone else. That's what would change."

"I want to choose to have sex with you, and also hang out."

"That's not what I offered." She gives me the last bite. But she gets the last word. While I'm chewing. Figures. "Guess it's not in the cards."

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I bid her adieu. We'll talk later. That stings. I'm not used to it stinging so much. Was I sincere? She seemed unmoved, but summing it up, she made an offer. Should I go back? I pissed her off. Can't go back now.

This boner has me woozy; oh, how I need a floozy.

It's time to break the glass.

I'll hit Sugar, get a lap dance, work it off and go home.

I feel a little guilty about this plan. I should've taken the shower.

What's wrong with me?

Blow a load and get back to thinking straight, that's what. And from now on, Mitchell can keep his bottled boners. Never again with this travesty.

She called her a dick mechanic. She called her a tampon. She read my mind about the salad. She regretted telling me about the salad.

Maybe I'm the boner.

I have a dick, and I like doing stuff with it. Am I missing something? That's not wrong. I just wanted to do that stuff with a better class of person. I meant that shit, right?

Of course I meant it.

Then go back.

I can't go back.

Can't you?

Fuck it. I'll try to catch her. I turn around.

She's left the Cricket. I worry about what she's hiding. Did I wound her? I'm just a guy with a hard-on; I can't read minds. I said what I wanted, and she said no. Is she hurt? Christ, now I've gone and fucked this up.

Calm the fuck down. Do you think she lives here? She already finished her salad. She's not wounded, just done with dinner, you filthy tool.

"Potter?"

I whip around.

Maren also ventures forth for salad. This place is catnip. "How did you know I'd be here?"

Christ, she's hot.

"Lucky guess."

She sidles up and brushes her hip against it. "Those pills don't fuck around, do they?"

"No they don't."

"All right. Come on."

The flesh, they say, is weak. My spirit nudges me. A gentle nag. Inefficient and tired of arguing. Didn't I already fuck that up? What's the point of trying to fix a broken egg? This deed will be easy if I just keep it sleazy.

She leads me on.

The things we do. The origin of regret.

Have you no shame?

I do, but this will be so good. Soft and warm and wet as the source of the Nile.

Is that splendid light now snuffed out? Was that light so splendid, or am I the animal most easily distracted? Eat, sleep, give the boys a swim. One day, just bones and bits of hair baking in the hot savannah.

We're in the alley. She kneels down for a look under the hood.

I can't even pick out a feeling from all this wanting.

Christ, I can't believe I'm doing this.

It's out. She's in control.

You're always in control. Always.

"Stop."

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I bang on the door. It's four hours then call a doctor, right? Getting close, now.

The initial elation of stopping gave way to the guilt of that gentle nag. I wandered a while like a pervert in the park. Flooded with lust. Flooded with rage. Confused by love.

Unable to piss.

Please be home.

"Potter?"

I whip around.

Jodi has been out for ice cream. She offers me a bite, and I remember that splendid light. No dark can swallow up this light so bright.

"I've been an asshole. I was an asshole before. I've been an asshole since. I never should've left the Cricket without you, and I'm sorry."

"Wanna watch a movie?" And that's the last word.

I am dizzy. I am scared about what happens next. But I am finally right where I need to be.