

The Body Politic
January 21st 2004
Peter

Can you remember how we got here?

On two plastic garden chairs we sat on the balcony, overlooking a view of the beach and empty roads.

We talked through the night, years ago.

Through the car alarms and barking dogs and calm drift of the wind, through the looking up to the sky, to the stars, and turning my head to see her there, her hair tied back maybe, in a bun maybe, or maybe a strand fell down over her face. And in that arc of my vision, from the stars to her hair, listening to her, everything fell into place.

A time in my life full of electric excitement, in which it seemed possible that all elements could bend to my will. That my learning, drinking, talking, walking, dancing life would continue, nurtured in the nest of my friends. That time itself could bend to our rhythm.

And her. No other could be the author of this passage. She seemed to me to embody that which I wanted to become; strong, funny, independent, popular, educated, secure.

A night infused with the deep contentment that can only be found in the company of those we love. Even the horrors of the world, funneled through talking in low voices, had about them a gilt-edged sense of optimism. This was other people responsible for the world we look upon. It is not us. We know who we are.

And her.

That change was possible. Any change.

The two of us falling in love, drinking, waiting for the sun. And silently, in the arc of my vision, the world forged itself around us.

To show. To reveal.

And the President says having come this far, we sense that we live in a time set apart.

And the radio says its raining tonight, but I look out the window and its raining now.

I contemplate calling her, 10 years later. I 'm writing about you! Do you remember? Can you remember how we got here?

Years ago. We talked through the night.