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Ten Minutes to Contemplation

By Byron H. Wilde

The accents never reveal the inner spectacle upon which so many wish to intrude. Never can one reveal the innermost ponderings to another. The odds of that supposed "kindred one" continuing to follow or lead, slide with every passing moment.

She is a sprinter; can she endure past the six-mile mark? Huh, my bets are against this possibility. Too bad the girl at the corner table smokes. Never mind that though. Mara doesn't smoke, she never smoked. She doesn't even desire marriage at any time--how do I know she thinks of me? Does she ever think of me? Ethics have faded to a nonexistent level, just like my bank account drops to nothingness, just as this country drops off into a clichesque pit of despair, unlike my hopes for the future. Can I move past the diversion that drive me into a frenzied existence?

"Coffee, sir?"

"No, just another double mocha."

This Project-- a Renaissance-- provides a haven for my sorrows, interrupts the doledrumatic drain of disdain, which Connelly suggests will never lead me home again. Huh.

The sky continues to be black, Dutch black, echoing the mood of the dismal "problem de jour." Should I pursue? We leave Sunday, but the exczema called "our agreement" dwindles. Can events change the direction of where we are turning towards? Growing old with her would be an interesting proposition, but her faithful nature (right) fails to match the Gardin. I ride that day in and day out, unlike her (Not that I'd really like to do so). Can anyone ever match the loyalty of my expectations, or are they too much to ask for? Maybe my satisfaction with one woman will have to remain superficial until one can come along and change my predicament.

"Here's your mocha. Anything else?"

"Sure; could you bring a slice of Belgian Choco-

late Cheescake?"

Roses, dinner, compliments, empty promises can only be the essence of my relationships. But what if I find one who truly means something? In any case, that someone must win me over to the other side of life--the other side which I desire far too much. Maybe that is the problem--I desire loyalty, faith, love, romance far too much--expecting close to perfection in this sense while never receiving the same thing in return. A shirt, a tie, wow, can I contain my excitement? Emptiness does not satisfy me, which really is the ultimate embodiment in my split between Romanticism and Classicism. Is Quality what Robert Pirsig suggests it is? The moment where perception and awareness collide?

Quality is hardly recognizable in this era--facades and disdain rule the terrain--which ties into my problem with Mara.

"Enjoy your cheescake. Anything else?"

"No thank you. My compliments on the mocha though."

Nice smile. Back to Mara. She is Classical, Unbending, Bitter--wait--how can I digress into descriptions? It goes contrary to the non-judgmental nature. Yes, I enjoy her, sometimes, but what does this exactly mean? Nothing. She does not exhibit the appreciation that I exhibit for her. Once again, I am a yo-yo, moving up and down on her terms. Not anymore. One cannot continually do me wrong for a week and when a vacation comes, expect everything to fly as if a crash never occurred. Crap, in my reverie that smoker left. What a waste. Cancer, just like love. My ears wander around towards the gentleman at the counter. He'd rather have loved than never. Spare me the cliché-riddled diatribe which rots out all superficial events and people. Love does not exist. If love does exist, it only takes place in tragic form. After

her--I swear-- I shall never have "love" again.

To have love is to be in despair and turmoil. To never have love is also to be in turmoil and despair. One cannot win. A loner confined to my thoughts forever is what I am, grappling with too much awareness, too much criticism of Quality, and too much cynicism. To live without love eliminates and allows life with freedom, despite oppression at the government level and the business level. Empty rhetoric does no good--it gives me a sense of contempt for others.

"How is the cheesecake?"

"Wonderful as always. Thank you Sandi."

Where is genuine love--bad choice of words--rather, where is the genuine zest for a particular pursuit? Why should the clinking of coins be the only motivation for one's life?

The discussion across from me seems to spiral downward over the loss of a theatre. Why? Friday night will answer my questions. Maybe I will have more control over that than the events that occur

while I sleep, despite the fact that we probably sleep all the time anyhow, literally and figuratively. I wish someone would come along and make me realize my errors and wake me from my endless circle of exploitation. If only I could handle money as well as I handle women. I would probably wouldn't have to scrape to pay for this bill. Nothing like burnout. Wish I could just fade away.

I get up slowly. Nothing like a caffeine rush.

"Everything okay today, Mr. Joyce?"

"Yes, it was great. Matthew, please call me Matthew."

"Well, Matthew, we never see much of you anymore. You're in quick for a slice of dessert and coffee, and 10 minutes later your gone."

"Believe me, Sandi, I'd love to stay here much longer, but it's time to take care of business."

"And why would you like to stay longer?"

I laugh, nothing like flirtation.

"I like the ... decor."

Time to head back out into the rain.