

High Dive

It was following two years of celibacy
and two, two-month “relationships” that I met her.

She asked of me a hundred things on our first date
the pale ale and my nervous giddiness made my lips all loose and
revealing.

When she finally got around to ex-lovers and what about yours
I told her about my one love that lasted two years
and, unfortunately, took me four following it to really clean up.
I’m not quite so resilient, I told her,
as most would assume from the big bad ass attitude of me
and I guard so covertly
most can’t even tell.

So, does that mean you keep your walls intact
when starting something new, she asked
as if she were taking a poll and the answer would have absolutely no
relevance
to her or us

and for a minute I could hear this all from the outside in some weird
coy but obvious ritual like we were one of the players on The Fifth
Wheel

But, I came back from surreal TV land quick enough to give her my
buzzing babbling treatise on relationships
knowing full well that theory and practice
live on opposite ends of the spectrum.

She wanted to know if I was afraid
and in that moment I was too reeling and girly to feel anything except
the excitement of possibilities,
the reawakening of desires
and the pleasure of being in the present moment
(baring fifth wheel segments of course)

But, now I think
well, of course I'm afraid.
I'm afraid of feeling and feeling too much.
I'm afraid of another relationship gone wrong.
I'm afraid of losing myself in someone else
again.
I'm afraid that the more she sees me
the more she'll see lacking.
I'm afraid she'll deny me in front of her family,
I'm afraid she'll find my kinks disturbing
and won't be able to provide the rough I need.
I am afraid of more things
than I can possibly name in any one poem.
I'm even afraid
of being afraid.

But 90% of what is feared never actually occurs.
And fear,
Fear is just the high-dive
begging to be jumped.

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