

I took her out to dinner and I bought her a drink and it was a fruity one because I thought that sounded fun and I let her order whatever she wanted off the menu and I even paid for it without making up some excuse that there was the cook's hair in it or too salty or some other old trick and after I took her shopping and I let her get that obscene and ridiculous pair of red shoes that she's been wanting because obscene and ridiculous is what I love about her and then she was really smitten with me so I took her on a walk and I held her close to me and whispered sweet nothings and on our way home I let her pick the station and I kind of loved that it was Dolly Parton because who doesn't love Dolly Parton and I sang with her with the windows down and when we got to the doorway I took her dancing to the bedroom and when I laid her down I did it gentle and when I touched her I did it with purpose and when I saw her in the mirror she smiled back for a second and that's how I knew that we made the portage. Sure we ran a bad rapid after that, another resurfacing from the depths of the water bed, that gifted scarf floating regretfully with litter and river weeds. Though we got away from it in no time. Smooth water. Then another impassable one. I say impassable yet we always make it past. I won't go into it. I won't go into how she cried all night in my arms. How she resorted to praying to a god she doesn't believe in. How she almost slipped down the shower drain. I love her too much for that. It rained at dark. She finally turned in for the night. While she was asleep I made a clean trail.