

# Deep Blue

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## Deep Blue

Deep Blue.

That's what the website says is the color of the vehicle that causes my mind to wander. Her SUV. The boxy shape rolls to a stop at the same time as I do at the fourway intersection. I will it to go the same direction that we are, if only to torture\ntantalize me. Blinker on, it pulls out in front of me. I follow along behind it, chasing after the memories that rise with the sight of it.

The vehicle is a Saturn Vue. The one I follow is late model edition from a few years ago, the same year that the woman in my memories owns. The simple sight of it causes a surge in my brain, jolting in recognition, unconsciously shouting out her name, the owner of who I will always associate with the sight of that blue SUV. Even though I know she's four thousand miles away.

Not that I'm in love with her – I'm not, let's make that perfectly clear - not in that romantic way, but it's the fact that she's one of those few people that showed a genuine interest in me – as me. Dickey said it best in *Liar's Game*: 'I thought I had chosen her, but she had chosen me. Women always choose. Men, we just live with the illusion that it was our idea.' She had chosen me and she'll always have a one up on every other woman that didn't.

I miss her scent, the fragrance that always lingered in the air behind her, around her, on her. You always knew when she had been around. These thoughts lead to more impressionable memories. Wet Dr. Pepper tasting lips on mine. Aggressive tongues entangled. The expression of concentration on her face while my cock is rocking within

her belly. The expectation. The anticipation. The nervousness that wracked my body before our joining. The reveling in the differences between her body and my wife's.

Was this just the result of the sex we had? The pheromones that mix into an addictive drug? Possibly. With the joining of our flesh, there will always be a link between us, a physical and psychological connection. But more than likely that isn't the cause of my misgivings, my subtle mourning of the loss of her.

I miss her banter with my wife, miss her banter with me. The way she looked at me like I was insane most of the time, the gentle dismissing of my misgivings, my questions of self. I miss her kids, who I love like my own. I miss her husband's unconcern – his ability to roll with anything – with my wife, me with his. I miss how she raised me up, literally and figuratively.

I miss the disagreements, the sharp tone of her voice, the tenseness she held in her face as she butted head to head, ram-like, with my wife. How they both refused to acknowledge the frailties of emotions, of consequence, of misunderstanding. Neither giving any ground until – simultaneously - both walked away from the disagreement as if nothing had happened. I love the love they held for each other. Sisters of the soul, if not blood.

I envy my wife because of their history together. Their late nights when they chatted aimlessly about this and that and whatever, while I lay oblivious at home asleep. I always wanted a friend like that, one who acted like a brother I never had. Another viewpoint unfettered and unquestioning.

Our conversations are like the printed word. This is how we speak to each other - words on a page. Email. She writes me often, leaving me allusions to us moving up to them - an illusion I'd entertain if it was best for us, but it's not. At least not right now. Those thoughts leave me like the color of the SUV.

My reverie is broken as Deep Blue pulls onto the highway, deviating from the path that is set for my wife and I. Just like her life with her children and husband. Perhaps someday, our paths will rejoin. Someday maybe, I'll be back inside that Vue, riding again with me in the passenger seat, her husband with my wife in the back. Who knows where we'll be going or what they'll be doing? I gun our car, sending it down the road and into our separate life.