

St. David

Time: March 24, 1976.

Thirty-three minutes before the estimated hour of vernal equinox.

-----Prologue-----

David. David. David. David. David. David. David. David. David.

They say when you repeat a word it becomes meaningless after a while. But no matter how much I tried I couldn't make the picture of David in my head disappear...

I'm lying comfortably on the couch of my ex's flat away from the unbearable calm of the country. Surprising even myself I have found myself stranded to David's flat. Yet again.

The idea came yesterday morning when the environment in which I live divulged itself to me in all its emptiness and lack of authenticity. It was one of those moments when you question your very existence and say 'what the fuck am I doing here anyway?'

I could no longer take the joyless and dishonest morning greetings of my supposed friends who in all their enlightenment had elevated themselves above me.

I should've by all means followed them in the spiritual transformation that was supposed to keep the community together as a spiritual whole. Instead, it breached a gap between me – the failed specimen – and the rest, who all had turned into self-appointed gurus. They didn't say anything, but the all three of them 'knew' as well as I did that it wasn't working for me.

They didn't even bother looking at me when I told them I would be off for a few weeks. All I got was an inhumanely calm 'take care' from Brad and Hank, and one warm smile from Lucy - who had after all 'got me involved' in the first place.

At least she was still human.

But the rest - fucking arrogant twats they'd become.

My journey from the community to the city took 2 hours as I had to wait for a bus. It took more than an hour for the bus to arrive. I had an obsolete schedule book but I made a lucky guess one would appear sooner or later. In any case I was also out of viable and morally sound alternatives as I do not have a driving license - let alone a car – for *self-evident* ethical reasons, and I also decided against riding one of our oxen. I don't like animals anyhow. I don't even eat them.

Except for the ones that live in the sea and carry the title of 'fish'.

While waiting for the bus to arrive to its destination – the final destination, now that I was safely seated – I began thinking over what's up with David and me. I knew he would not be visibly pleased upon seeing me. That was all that was on my mind. A harsh welcome. That was the last thing I needed. I needed a hug. But even Dave wouldn't be that easily manipulated into giving one away for nothing. I had to come up with ways of winning his trust again.

At the door he had said nothing. He merely nodded and let me in.

And here I am sitting on his couch. The helplessness that arose from the aloofness of my dearest friends - who were always so close yet never present - drove me here. I would have to find a way of turning this visit into a fruitful occasion. What on Earth would I say to my *only* true and eternal friend? My Dave is the only person to truly love me. And he hates me even more.

Luckily I know he loves me even *even* more.

David is as incomprehensible to me as are the series of events that led me to him. His firmness and feverish left-leaning political agendas and his whole network of similar-minded college student acquaintances seemed to me so impressive and exciting when I first met him that I couldn't resist the temptation of entering his rebellious world. I was, after all, fresh out of high school and looking for a rising star, a comet that would show me where the Truth is. I was sure David was the man I needed. The man *the world* needed.

That was when I made my first big mistake.

I postponed my studies in the university to join him in his crusade against the Evil, the Rich and the Powerful, which to him were the one and the same. I was actually hoping I would be back in studies once David earned a more stable income. I was expecting for him to notice my needs too. He just didn't realise I couldn't forever put up with his eternal and tragically *theatrical* class struggle that just wouldn't catch fire. This stagnancy devoured his whole existence and nearly overpowered me. It was in the essence of our relationship and would corrode it like sulphuric acid.

He saw me as some sort of an ideal caricature of a Marxist female. He often placed me in his futuristic visions which he preached in his speeches as the chairman and the visionary of this political group of his. Even when 'his house' turned into 'our house' he didn't give up inviting his comrades-in-arms to his flat frequently without asking anything from me.

Of course not. I was only his Lady Support.

He always talked of a new era of man, an era when people like David and me would 'dwell like innocent lambs' – his words exactly – in a world free of grief and shame and have wild, endless sex in nature's embrace and as a part of the Big System of Things, which I little by little began seeing as an excuse to humiliate me in front of his friends by talking about me and even about our private sex life openly and immodestly as if I weren't there at all.

I could've perhaps put up with his extreme liberalism and idealism if only he had managed to shake things up a bit like he promised to do in his nightly whispers:

'I'll make the world into a paradise... Just for you and me and you and *you* and...'

After saying that with the most tender voice I ever heard he would embrace me and caress my thighs and make love to me like no one else ever did – not before, not after. Oh, if I could've lived only for the nights! He definitely knew what strings to pull...

I was all his. And did I enjoy *every* second of it!

Every movement brought me closer to ecstasy. But... it never lasted long enough!

I was yearning for more.

So I bit my lips, closed my eyes and in my dreams continued the act incessantly and in every position without physical restraints. In my dreams the man looked like David but there was something different about him... As if he had a powerful... *aura* that made him even more desirable.

I self-consciously ventured deeper and deeper into fantasies of the most lustful and immoral kind until the first sun rays of the morning engulfed the darkness and shattered my bliss.

Consequently, I started to feel more and more that we had reached a point where there was only sex between us two. And that wouldn't satisfy me for long - not with his physical fatigue that left me cold night after night. Sex was of course just a pretext for sticking up with him unnecessarily long. But once you pop you can't stop.

I was hooked on his meat.

The fact was that we were irreconcilable to begin with. Don't get me wrong, there was no ideological gap as such. It was just that he, in our daily life, would never treat me as his equal. Sure, there was lots of talk of equality – not only between man and woman, but between black and

white and young and old and all the usual. But in *real* life he had firmly settled that it was a man's job to bring equality into the world. That placed me - naturally and unquestionably - in a secondary, complementary position.

All I could do was wait and hope that his Humane Mission, as he sometimes called it, would soon end happily for us. I prayed God for a decisive victory for Dave and his comrades. Had David known I had turned from an agnostic into a Gnostic he would've been scared shitless. That would've really shocked his utopia and perhaps shattered a major portion of his dreams. At least it would've ended our relationship.

If only I had realised early enough that our relationship was not going to work I would've come out and told him exactly what I thought of some of his quite... *brutal* views on God and religion which I surprisingly – considering I was under his influence - never learnt to hate. I guess you could call that a deficiency, but to me it was open-mindedness.

Something a sceptic like him would never understand.

-----II-----

The whole relationship was about *him*. My life depended upon him.

He was my Saviour, my Redeemer.

He was my prophet, who together with God was in the ranks of the infallible.

But little by little I started seeing the same patterns repeated over and over. All those big words when put into action somehow lost their credibility. He was an insightful visionary and a brilliant speaker, but he never put his money where his mouth was, so to speak.

I just couldn't take it any longer.

I quit pretending to be interested in what went on with him and his comrades and their brave underground resistance operations after six years of no results. All he did was get arrested more than I could keep count of for civil disobedience. No political prisoners were freed – at least not because of him - and no 'inevitable' upsurge in the population's class consciousness ever occurred – if you don't count a couple of noisy and rude alcoholics from downstairs joining Dave's little resistance group.

His friends just proved me what I had increasingly begun suspecting: it was more about having a good time and having great parties than actually organising and recruiting people and making lucid dreams into lucid reality. Instead, everything became fragmented and hazed, and this truth carved a hole in my soul. It was a real *emperor's-new-bloody-clothes* experience.

My Redeemer had chickened out.

I no longer saw in him an Apollonian figure of historical proportions. I banalised his life's work. The disillusionment that had crept up on me was irrefutably and irrevocably a part of me. I searched for ways to adapt the situation to my new needs, but Dave was out of reach. I tried to reason with him. It soon became blatantly clear, however, that he hadn't changed one bit in six years. If anything, he was more and more resolute or - as I would say - *rigid* in his views.

Sometimes I wanted to shout out curses at him. But words would not suffice.

After a year or so of grief and self-pity I realised the fault was not Dave's per se but that it was more my fault. My aspirations and spiritual views were incompatible with David's.

I did the necessary thing and left him.

I regrouped with three of my old high school friends who shared visions akin to David but lacked the militant will to power - to use Nietzschean terminology – that my dear Dave never

was short of. Consequently, this made them the rational choice and a better alternative than the perfectionism of my dear David which I now saw as nothing more than a sham.

I loved my Dave.

But my friends offered me shelter, compassion and understanding of the very mundane kind. In our six years of coexistence, the two of us, me and David, had not ever really communicated. Dave transmitted his thoughts through prophetic messages, soothing promises and vague self-conscious pleads for more and more time with himself when he already was evading me full-time. He was to me nothing more than a man who lives in my house, eats my food and fucks my brains out every once in a while.

A cat would've been a better companion and a husband. And a lot cleaner.

Sometimes I just wanted to hold him tight through the night so that he wouldn't go away or disappear or explode when I fall asleep or something nasty like that. But I also realised that *I myself* was shunning a final solution. I foresaw the inevitability of my departure.

I had two options: to jump down from the rooftop or to leave David for good in mere material terms. I planned suicide a lot. Did you know that the window slopes in three segments so that the angle of the slopes deepens with 25 degrees with every new segment of the roof if you count them from the topmost segment down to any of the four directions? Well I do.

I can show it to you one day.

But somehow I always lacked any courage and ability to reason with death so nothing came of this. I also thought I could use for a few extra years if only they were a tiny bit more meaningful than my existence so far.

I also 'knew' that killing myself would only postpone the problem and create a lot of extra trouble for me later on. I didn't want to die when I thought of the consequences: I would be born in either the past, the present or the future. As I well knew, the past was full of ignorance and hostilities and pestilence all tied up to one complex mesh of stupidity. The future, too, was nothing but a big question mark so I decided *the present is indeed the safest place to be* for now.

So I decided that the Divine Laws of Transmigration had set me in the best and the most fruitful position I could imagine. This gave me my life new meaning. Now my life was so meaningful I could think of dozens of reason why I should dump David.

And most importantly: all of them included me on the highest pedestal.

I reckoned I was lucky to have been able to reach a point where I could tell the difference between irony and sarcasm. That made me superior to David.

If you asked him he had no idea.

I knew Lucy and his mates were wonderful and playful beings, so I answered their call and ran off with them. Or rather: *I took the bus* with them. I had actually snatched a schedule book from our house days earlier when David had no idea what my plans were.

I felt sorry for doing this.

But I knew I had picked up the call of my conscience and replied to it.

On my very own.

On our first night in the commune Lucy gave me a hit and that was it.

Point of no bloody return.

I was dancing with galaxies and visiting magic fields which David had failed to give me - though Lord knows he had tried! Somehow... I felt sorry for him.

I'm not an idiot. I give credit where credit is due.

He tried his best and really attempted to improve our living, and change the fate of humanity while at it. He was truly heart-broken when I told him I would be moving out. He has never forgiven me for leaving him, not ever. Not completely. I can see it in his eyes.

I must confess: that stubbornness is part of his appeal too...

The last thing he said:

‘This is no way to end a relationship!’
Oh Dave, darling, that was *exactly* the way...

Like a boy who gets dumped for the first time, David fell into deep depression for months, if I believe the accounts of the friends we still share, and why shouldn't I? These were all wonderful people, all doing their best to fight the system and save the world.

Yet I never regretted the transgression of old limits I achieved. I knew I couldn't have done it without my friends nor could I have done it by sticking with David as my sole companion. And moreover I knew that David would not approve of any spirituality. I, on the other hand, desperately *needed* more of it in my life.

The point with Lucy, Hank, Brad and myself was that none of us were ignorant. We all shared same dreams and believed in the Great Truth that is eternal. The difference between David and the four of us who had left the city for a community in the countryside was not theoretical but showed itself in how we put words into practice - we knew there were other, more fruitful ways of self-discovery than those adopted by David.

He spent days and weeks and months and, yes, *years* perusing his theoretical ‘opera’, as he, in a poetically appropriate but hugely annoying and confusing way, called the works of Karl Marx, Noam Chomsky and Rosa Luxemburg amongst many (to me anonymous) ‘*lesser geniuses*’.

Whenever he mentioned any of the aforementioned authors he did so with a pensive, solemn and a bit freakily calm look on his face. It sent shivers through my spine in a not altogether unpleasant fashion. He really *did* look like a communist from J. Edgar Hoover's worst nightmares...

I have to give him *that*.

So, the four of us seriously thought we had outwitted the academia in practical matters. And my three friends (oh Lucy I hope you do well) still continue believing in their dreams. They *believe in* and *think about* life incessantly. They have become something incomprehensibly distant. I never became one of them. It was like witnessing the Resurrection of Christ and then realising you yourself are going to Hell. I was meek and mild, yet I never became a little child.

I tried and failed.

I saw the light but I pushed it away. This is why I am now here.

A failure crawls back to find solace in another failed specimen. A reunion of two different yet mutually experienced beings who flew too close to the sun and burnt their wings.

I really have no idea what the hell *is* to follow. Will I regress into being Dave's Ideal Girl Figure yet again? Hardly. He's disillusioned - just like *I* am. All because of me.

I doubt he loves me anymore. But who knows...

Perhaps we *are* after all destined to live our lives together.

I wonder if his buttocks are still as well-shaped as they used to be?

-----III-----

And now here I am at his place, solemnly staring at the wall above the TV adjacently about 2 metres across the living room where the two of us are. Dave's lying on the mattress as I occupy the whole couch.

He always endured my doing that.

I wonder if all this emptiness in the room somehow subconsciously reflects the spiritual lacking in David's own life. I look at him. He appears fixed in his thoughts. He does not notice me. He, after all, is on television.

I'm not sure on which side of the screen the real David is...

Yes, this is one of his big fucking moments. He's actually gained some reputation lately, at least anonymously, since he's been arrested in public events with increased rapidity.

And here it comes.

The newflash on TV shows a couple of trees on a field and cars in park next to it, and from these big black limousines a herd of diplomats appears with an even bigger herd of security guards with piercing eyes (even though you can't see them – as I'm sure they'd wear sunglasses at *night* if necessary - you *know* those fierce eyes are *in there...*) checking and guarding the environs.

But - *oh* - the panic!

Here from within the shadows my very own David leaps and enters spotlight in front of panicking security guards and apprehended diplomats and a group of reporters trying to get a grasp of what's happening and *yes* he has a flower bouquet on his hands and *yes* he nearly manages to personally give it to the Big Boss who in the last moment is 'rescued' by his bodyguards who knock David back – or give him a gentle push, really. David looks brave enough but cannot do much. At least he created some hassle. Dozens of hippies are clapping their hands and they appear to make an attempt to start a riot but 'the situation' (double-talk for '*brave civil disobedience*', my David would say) ends almost as soon as it started.

Who the Big Boss in question in the clip was I have no idea.

I'm not even sure if David could answer that. I'm sure he couldn't remember the 'poor' man's name. All it matters to him is the symbolical significance of the man in a suit.

Whatever that was.

He seemed pleased at what he saw and this huge, ugly grin of his widened until by the end of the clip he looked mischievously complacent with a huge smile on his face that he barely managed to suppress once he remembered he shouldn't look *too* happy about it since *I* was there. He glanced at me and laughed quietly. Perhaps he thought he had proven himself to me – finally after all these years! No wait, that was just me talking... I think I subconsciously *wanted* to be seduced by his charm. At least there would be a happy ending to our story. He finally said:

'Who says individuals can't make a difference, eh? Damn swine served them good...'

I emotionlessly lift the upper-right corner of my mouth to make a gesture to nobody especially that I can still communicate if I deem it necessary.

I look at David again... He never blinks. He seems unstoppable now. He is at his best at moments like this. He has pissed in the all-seeing eye of the System. Or something.

He also more and more seems like a lifeless figure, a thing among things in the room. I wonder if he understands it himself, but I honestly fear he's losing his soul to the anonymity of the literature he so worships. I thought of explaining that to him but he would not believe me anyhow.

No, I need distractions. I will *NOT* relate all my existence to him any more.

I move my eyes over the furniture. A shadow of myself forms a creepy picture on top of the mosaic palette on the wall above the telly. I move my hand and I wave to my shadow. It

responds. David sees the silhouette making its transformation as in slow motion as I see his head turn. But he does not respond. He seems uninterested and even confused.

David himself casts no shadow.

I start to ponder: what is life?

Something in the bushes waiting for a hapless human being to throw back her guard?

The nature does not tolerate amnesia nor does it offer a second chance.

Man has slumbered in his own vomit.

This old boyfriend of mine in whose apartment I reside and on whose leather couch I suffer from these blasted demons of mine does not cope with my metaphors. He never did.

He very well knew there was something going on in my little head. He saw my discomfort but couldn't seemingly find the right words that would create a bridge from his mind to mine. I understood this, and gave him an encouraging look.

He turned off the television.

He looked at the floor for a moment with the remote in his hand.

Then, without blinking, he turned to me and said:

'Listen, it's not that bad, you're imagining things. Keep on acting like that and you'll turn into the very beast that you claim haunts you. It's like psychotic self-delusion. I'm telling you, it's just one of your bad tempers again. You always have them and you know that and you always say '*yea I know I was stupid at the time*' afterwards. That's the bloody reason you can be so bloody difficult at times, you know?'

He did one of his characteristic pauses. I was waiting for something nasty and got it:

'Hey, I'm just saying living in a commune doesn't do you good. I think all those people are driving you fucking out of your mind. No offence but you seem a bit... edgy... Seems like you're a bit out of touch with reality and quite frankly...'

Out of touch with reality! What would he know anyway? He's so mundane. Never seen light. Never embraced the sun. How could I even take him seriously?

Yet I find him cute. Like a puppy.

I don't know why I think he looks like a puppy since I was always what you'd call a 'cat person'. I guess cats are too feminine and too much like myself. They are good friends but bad lovers. David, on the other hand, was wonderful in bed. He continued:

'...and quite frankly those *friends* [he stretched the word 'friends' and the introverted and disgusted look on his face told me he was serious] of yours are nothing but trouble, you hear?'

'But dear Dave', I started my plead, 'You don't seriously say that you, during our time of separation, have reached conclusions just the opposite of what you told me when we talked for the very last time before I left you. If I recall, you said something among the lines of '*wh...*'

'Nah...', he responded and waved his hands in the air, as if trying to silence me.

'Don't interrupt me! You said: '*Where friends never go wrong is in giving guidance*'. That's what you said about Lucy. You seemed to have no trouble with my going with *them*. Obviously you're just trying to win me back by resorting to *ad hominem*.'

(I knew I had made it sound less convincing with my horrible pronunciation, but I wanted to give an impression of untarnished wit – I wanted to show I had a good case here)

'ad *what*? My Latin's a bit rusty'

'yea you wouldn't know would you? You always hated people if they fell under certain criteria. I bet you hate Lucy now bec...'

'I don't hate anyone!'

During all this time he had been pacing up and down the hallway that leads to the kitchen. He looked nervous, and he kept on chewing his lower lip. He looked at the ceiling, at me, at the TV... but all the time he had looked as if the police were at the door. He was holding two empty wine glasses and was waiting to have them refilled but listened to me uncomfortably.

He had already disappeared for a second into the kitchen but then plunged back to the hallway when I had brought the subject of '*hate*' up. He can't stand being accused of hatred.

He, after all, thought he was perfect.

When he declared his innocence before my charges he had an honest look on his face. I knew he meant what he said. He was so transparent - like an innocent child...

I smiled and stayed motionless while looking at the TV without paying any attention to what was happening on the screen. I was counting the seconds for David's defence attack:

'Uhm... *think* - reasonably enough, in my opinion... that whatever you say of Lucy, it's *her friends* that cause the trouble. They always were quite... eccentric. But seems like they've recently gone totally crazy... Brad sent me this postcard in which he explained the BS doctrines of this religious commune of yours and *you know what eight letters were in my mind* after reading it? R-T-F... eh no, wait: R-O-T-F-L-M-A-O [I had no idea what he was talking about but I thought that he just wanted to sound smart] ... Yea, that's what I thought of your doctrines to be frank! I was quite surprised to see *you* getting involved with people like *that*...'

'They're *my* friends too you know'

Of course I hated them. They had betrayed me. So I felt. But I felt disagreeing with David was more important. I didn't even feel like I was lying to him. Only after I said the words I got the feeling I hadn't said enough. Besides, I needed to shoot down his argument so I continued:

'Moreover, Lucy is a wonderful person and you know that. Her friends are... well they *were* bearable, okay? In fact, they knew more of all things than you could imagine. It's just that... well, we never talked much. We never communicated, I guess.'

Saying that made me feel surprisingly uncomfortable. I guess I was waiting for a mad astral being to enter the room and take away my soul. Brad was always really talented in telepathy. I knew he could read my thoughts without my volition. But I figured I was quite out of his reach here. Besides, I was wearing a pentacle so I needn't worry. I continued:

'Listen, I don't have much faith in *anything* at the moment.'

'That's okay.'

'No, it's *not*!'

(I reacted as if everything right now depended on not yielding to his opinion.)

'Listen, everybody needs to believe in something, and I'm no exception. Quite frankly, I'm just an ordinary girl and all I need is a bit of happiness in my life. You have your stuff but I don't want you... I want *me*... I want a divinity that sees me as myself.'

David looked at me like I was a freak. Absurdly, that gave me more confidence:

'As you said, I *am* changed. But so are you. Where's that sparkle from your eyes gone? It's turned into rage, I can feel it. You're no longer in control of it - it dominates you, it's become your master and *you* its slave. Like that Orson lady from downstairs - she always comes home at the same time every day and greets the same people... but you can see it in her eyes... she's sad. You are sad too. I wish I could comfort you but I'm not sure if you want me to.'

I decided I had said enough so I closed my eyes and retreated back to a foetus position. I was still listening to David, though, who was well aware of that fact:

'Orson? What's that cow got to do with anything? You're telling me there's something in common between me and that... *bourgeois robot*? Listen, I could easily start making disparaging comments on your little precious commune, and tell you my opinions on how those who want to take no responsibility of the future of humanity should be dealt with! Political cowardice like that is a bastard offspring of the Western bourgeois liberal tradition that is blind to

its own mistakes - and you, dear girl, are such a *bleeding obvious* example of a product of our corrupt educational system!

I had to admit, that had taken me off my guard a bit. That was a bit too much.

'Oh, David - listen to yourself. We had no cult. We were not secluded from the outside world. We did not refuse to accept visitors. We were just living a happy life in a beautiful place out in the country. We even had guns to protect us...'

'Well, guns *is* good...'

'Yea we thought so too. So there was nothing wrong with the way we lived. We had some animals, sure, which gave us milk and eggs and so forth. In addition there were all these plants growing, and the fields were beautiful and abundant with fruits and vegetables... It was really nice, you would've loved it there.'

I thought I sounded like a pretty good advocate of commune living. I observed David's reactions. I knew he couldn't resist my persuasion skills. He adored my voice.

Enter doubt.

He glanced at me pensively. Finally, he muttered with a low voice:

'I'm sure I would have...' (he was gritting his teeth like a madman)

'Let's not fight over that, okay?'

'But the doctrines, that's the whole bleeding issue here!'

'What about the doctrines? It was actually Hank's idea. Brad was always reading these old hermetic texts from the Renaissance. He also brought Crowley's Book of the Law with him where ever he went. It was hilarious, you should've seen them together - Lucy and the boys, I mean... Lucy and her Bible fit oh-so-nicely with the heretic mysticism of Brad and Hank. (*I couldn't help smiling anymore - I knew David was more benevolent already. The beast had been tempered.*) So anyway, it was Hank's idea to write down our *own* scriptures.'

'Why would you want to do that? Wasn't reality enough for you? Why resort to mystical rants? It's a sign of *weakness* in man to do that in my opinion.'

I couldn't help but to comment on the obviously patriarchal tone of his speech.

'Weakness *'in humans'*, David.'

'Sorry.'

'What's real anyway? Look, we did it mainly just for the fun of it.'

David didn't look amused. I stood up and faced him. I just stood there for a few seconds without saying a word. Then I walked slowly towards him, took the glasses from his hands and moved them to the kitchen. Meanwhile, David said nothing.

When I came back to the living room David was sitting on the couch with his legs crossed. He tapped the pillow next to him. I knew it was a gesture for me to sit down next to him.

I bit my lips and sat down. He said, now with a more gentle voice:

'I thought you understood already. God is dead. In fact: he never existed.'

'Wrong. God is eternal. Marx may know a thing or do about material things, but he certainly was no scholar of theology!'

I really had no idea but that was my lucky guess. He looked exasperated and said:

'How could I make you see that..?'

I stopped him by putting my hand on his left shoulder. I said:

'Whatever we wrote down in those pages was but a symbolic representation of our world views at the time. Look, I knew very well they were just guidelines, not eternal Truths with a capital 'T'. Listen, I don't have *any* will to go back there again. Somehow...'

I went silent for a few seconds. I needed to focus my thoughts. I rose up and turned on the lights without saying a word. I walked next to David who remained motionless and in his thoughts. I crouched so I could whisper directly into his ear:

'*I guess... Lucy and the rest lost faith in themselves.*'

He glanced at me for a fraction of a second but his countenance remained unaltered.

I stood up again, turned 180 degrees away from him and faced the windowless wall which carried loads of photos from the heydays of his revolutionary movement, together with shabby posters of Dylan, Che and a number of other faces that, I'm sure, gave my David comfort in his hours of despair. I felt good about this realisation that *even David* needed his Immortal Men.

I said to myself: I am lucky.

I need no collage of posters to remind me of *my* God.

I defocused my eyes and stared directly through the wall (figuratively or literally? - I'm not even sure myself) and said with a loud confident voice:

'They started worshipping a book they had written for their own pleasure. They became overconfident and lost grip of reality. That's the reason I'm here today. Back to my search for a meaning of it all, I guess... You know, I think I could use a drink or two...'

That was all I needed to say. I knew David was all mine.

I felt *really* good.

I knew David was full of shit.

But so was I.

-----IV-----

I closed my eyes and, like I suspected, I had David in no time rubbing my shoulders. He seemed pleased, but remained silent. He gave me a kiss on my cheek and disappeared.

I turned around and saw him walking towards the kitchen, slowly but proudly.

I was sure he would never accept of my spiritualism but at least he now saw I could be reasoned with. Or so he thought anyhow. Of course I had only faked all along.

He had no idea.

I focused my attention on the soundscape around me. I heard the steps of my boyfriend in the kitchen - yes, I could finally say 'boyfriend' again!

David is a part of me again.

David. David. David. David. Oh David.

Oh how good it feels to be able to say *that* again.

I focused my ears and heard the barely audible high-pitched noise the TV made. It seemed disturbing and even violent. I gave it a menacing look. It went silent.

David returns. He has a bottle of vintage red wine from Burgundy. He licks the sides of the bottle and winks at me. It arouses me somehow in a very primal way. He has in his other hand the same two glasses that have witnessed our entire discourse and that have been dragged from one room to another by the both of us during the last 15 minutes.

He places the glasses on the living room bookshelf and begins uncorking the bottle.

I leave the dusty room and enter the balcony which opens westward over the pitiless urban night. The discotheque across the street reminds me of the continuing search for extra-terrestrial intelligence. Nothing out there, they say. I feel like shouting to the whole populace: '*Fools! You impudent fools, if you only knew! God is inside all of you!*'

So I do it. Why not? I close my eyes and shout from the bottom of my lungs:

'There is a God!'

Everything starts buzzing around me... I hear the words '*vernal equinox*' repeatedly in my head, but I can't relate them to anything so I open my eyes and glance upwards.

Ad adstra.

We are children of cosmic stardust. God wanted us on this planet so here we are.

I go back inside, and everything looks much more beautiful than a while ago. The colourful patterns on the mattress feel vibrant and lush, and the room even *smells* good.

David walks towards me and clumsily offers me a glass with a smile.

I empty the glass in one monstrous gulp.

He laughs at me and does the same to *his* glass.

He looks exactly how I feel – horny.

In five minutes we are in bed – finally, after months of carnal denial!

His movements inside of me give me more than mere pleasure. Every exertion he makes creates a unique celestial image in my mind. He is a tornado that extirpates every weed from my garden until there is nothing left but blooming ecstasy... His sweat nourishes my flowers...

The closer we are to a joint orgasm, the less aware I am of his existence. Everything turns into nothingness, and my world simply ceases to exist... Flashbacks from my past arise with crystal clarity and I relive all those moments with preternatural intensity until I reach the present, and I can both see and indeed *be* this very moment that shapes the future... The future itself is no longer a shadow, a vague image in my mind but *reality!* Oh God!

I AM the future. God sees me, I see God!

GOD!

Just when I'm about to reach the culmination of my existence I scream:

'The ecliptic intersects the celestial equator! SPRING is here!'

I can faintly hear this mortal man inside of me say '*what did you say?*', but that I barely notice... My whole body emerges with this man, and I am satisfied.

Dreams are my reality, I thought, when I open my eyes.

David looks at me, bewildered. He says:

'The hell did you do that for?!'

Then I realise I had scratched pretty impressive marks on Dave's back. He is bleeding. Lines of blood are running down his naked back and onto the sheets.

He rushes into the bathroom looking really confused.

I close my eyes and calm my breath. I must've really exhausted myself.

'Well,' I heard a voice say, '*he is yours now. His political dogmas notwithstanding, it shouldn't be a problem making him one of us.*'

'Yes', I reply loudly. David didn't seem to hear me.

David Koresh, you shall be illuminated. One day you will show the world what it means to defy the system. And you shall do it with God at your side.

It has been foreseen.

At the moment I finish that thought, he enters the room with a towel around his waist. He stares at me looking a bit afraid and confused at the same time.

Yet I could see there was a tiny bit of arousal and affection in his voice when he says:

'That was a bit rough, you know? But I guess that's what it does to you to when you live separated from *real* men for too long. Well, I'm here now. I hope you're satisfied.'

I smile at him, and for the first time in years I can feel an amount of *love*, pure asexual love between us two. I rise up and snatch his towel and throw it away. I touch his chest. Without removing my hands from his body I position myself behind him. Carefully, I lick his wounds. I lick them clean of blood and kiss them gently. I turn him around and smile directly in his eyes.

Confidently and piously I embrace him and say:

'I will follow you, David, to wherever your true destiny lies.'

THE END © Otto Lehto 7/2002