The Affair

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THE AFFAIR
by
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It happens more frequently now than before.  
Psychologists say I'm at my peak.  
At first I never want to get involved,  
But her attention  
And then the lack of it  
Prompts attraction  
And then attachment.  
One night isn't enough  
When I can have many,  
Especially if we don't grow tired  
Of each other.  
After a month or two  
And a couple of guilty confessions,  
We decide to become temporarily  
Exclusive.  
We seldom sleep alone;  
Separation hurts in only minutes.  
We giggle and get rug burns  
From wrestling on carpets.  
We steal flowers from public parks  
And borrow clunking automobiles  
To flee the city  
And seclude ourselves in silent muddy streams.  
We think we know each other  
And even use the word "love"  
Like we know what it means.  
Then summer comes.
I go home with her and meet her mother,  
Who makes us sleep in separate rooms  
And wakes us up for church on Sunday.  
My loneliness begins  
Before she drives me to the interstate,  
Where I hitchhike home.  
I feel the end  
As she turns her truck around.  
The on ramp up to the highway  
Looms like a flat elongated image of her face.  
It takes me home to a letter from her.  
Communication meekly replaces faces.  
After two weeks,  
Telephone calls and vogue stationery  
Trickle to a distant halt.  
I don't care;  
She doesn't care,  
And it's over.  
Next year we'll meet accidentally,  
Unexpectedly.  
She'll smile and remember me,  
Then ask me how I'm doing.  
I'll tell her.  
Then we'll quietly walk away,  
Restricting future conversations  
To sheepish shrugs  
And quiet disconcerted “Hi's.”