



Adore!

It starts with a rendez-vous in the desert. He said he had an offer that was too good not to be heard. Arriving in a cloud of dust and a retinue that vanished into thin air, he was suddenly standing next to me in the wilderness, beaming an unholy smile. I listened, I always listen. I actually rather enjoyed his patter, the way the words rolled out of his mouth tripping into each other like dominoes, a cumulative effect of what I can only describe as grandiosity. Nothing stuck. Nothing sunk in... but I did admire the sounds, the cadences, the rhythms. It was impressive. I stepped out of



myself and saw its seductiveness. I am only myself. But I am always stepping out. The two are not mutually exclusive states where I am concerned. I hadn't told him about this. I don't really think he wanted to know. I don't think he could know... he wouldn't understand. Or maybe he did understand, but faced with such futility in the event of that understanding, just preferred to feign ignorance so that he could still believe. Still cherish the dreams of opportunities. He swayed from side to side as he spoke and I could hear the music that he heard in his head... and it was good. Seductive, swaggering. Ambitious. But that was where his pitch fell flat. I'd heard it all before. I'd conceived everything he could ever possibly have to say. He talked about what I *could* be, what I *could* achieve if I let him on board. His appearance was so naïve I almost felt pity for him. (I did feel pity for him.) Adored? What did he know about being adored? Everything I have done (and I have done everything) is to be adored... also to be hated, spurned, desired, needed, worshipped, cursed, denied, affirmed... but above all to be adored. Anything but be alone. The way he spoke to me though, slick, slippery and smooth, I felt that he felt he could accomplish something, it was like he really thought he was talking to a fellow creation.

And so I fully immersed myself in my creation, my humanity, and I felt how vulnerable a man could be. I concentrated on my flesh, clenched and unclenched my fists, felt the blood rushing round my veins, the sun on my skin, the sand and salt encrusted in my matted hair and between my toes. I felt so alive and headstrong. I started to speak, a hushed cracked whisper as I got used to working my voice: 'I don't have to sell my soul, He's already in me.' He took a step backwards, slightly flustered, as if he hadn't expected me to speak, perhaps he hadn't even thought me capable of it. 'I don't need to sell my soul, He's already in me,' I repeated, bolder this time, my voice finding its range. 'I wanna be adored' I whispered and then I spoke it, I bellowed, and my humanity left me as the refrain grew ever louder. 'You adore me,' I gesticulated, 'You adore me.' And when I next looked around he had gone and the dust had settled and I knew that I could begin again.

