

## Superman

Audrey Rose decided to fall in love. It was either that, or inject herself with the Ebola virus and lock herself in a crate headed for Nicaragua. As much as she liked the safety of small dark spaces, the idea of fever, vomiting and diarrhea with the occasional internal or external bleeding wasn't sounding like so much fun, so love it was.

The funny thing was, she didn't find love in one of the usual places, she found it under a black baseball cap. The eyes were a drop of rain when the sun shines right through it, darkens it and excites the water all at the same time. Lips were full and, as she was to find out, so was the mouth, full of ideas, full of laughter.

He was at a party, had been at parties, both of them had been. Audrey Rose drank until her belly was full at which point the only words she was able to coherently utter were, "you're coming home with me." No matter, she didn't have a home, only a closet in a friend's house. He followed.

Audrey Rose made him follow her a long way, up Fish Creek Falls Road, left towards the hot springs before she veered off the road to a path that led to a tree in between two forks in the river. There she lay herself down and offered her love. Between them an electric spark flared, completely filled with light, energy. Opposites pulled and connected, then all was gone. They lay in the dark, silently.

Night abandoned their universe, soft hues of brighter blues washed the sky before words were spoken.

"You are a sexy woman."

"I am not a woman."

"How are you not a woman?"

"I decided not to be, yet. I'm still a girl."

"Then you are still sexy."

"You're crazy. I'm not sexy, I'm just me."

It was the combination of boldness and innocence that attracted him to her, the same way he was attracted to puppies and children. There was no shame, no embarrassment. There was something in that purity that he remembered from a long time ago. And that's what she liked about him. The something he was holding onto hadn't quite lost.

The winds began to pick up and sleet and snow pounded against their faces, marking them. He held Audrey Rose so tightly the snows couldn't reach her.

“I’ve decided you will be my Superman.” She looked up to him, but his face was turned into the storm. His arms squeezed tighter.

When the snow stopped, when the world stilled around them, they were still two strangers. Audrey Rose lifted the snow to her lips and drank. She licked and sucked at the snow and the baseball cap man did the same. They were consumed with it, made drunk from it. The snow became their addiction and their addiction became to each other and held them away from the world, held them in a place where loneliness no longer existed.

“What will we talk about when time takes away our words?” she asked him.

“We can use the same words we’ve already used. We’ll always have those.”

“But they won’t mean the same thing anymore. Eventually we’ll only be footprints in the snow, covered by winds or melted by sun. Footprints never hold their shape, they always disappear.”

The tree above them seemed less of a shelter than when they first arrived. In dark there was no gap between branch and sky, everything was bound by black. Now, there was time and space and color between them.

Audrey Rose climbed the tree. He scrambled up beside her. He was fast and agile, sat next to her in the crook of a branch and together they looked out over their world. They saw the edge of that world and wondered if they would fall off.

-Do not attempt to recreate the events of Audrey Rose’s life. They will result in internal and/or external death or at the very least a yeast infection.