

Fantasies & Lover's Remorse

She got bent out of shape about where my mind is.

by Neale Sournia

This is about fantasies. Sand'd smacked me, with sharp words and her small hand, which she hurt on my face, and then wanted no sympathy from me. The words are like her, she's a girl with a lot of words in her head and on her pretty tongue, but the slap wasn't her. She's physical with me, and I like that, a lot, but slapping me like an enraged B-actress in a melodramatic 1930s' black and white film is not her at all.

I left with her yelling at me, "Coward. Walk away, you coward."

Getting away from her.

I drove, got a beer, walked, then drove some more. No. I'm not staying gone, I'm not running or walking away, always and forever, and I'm no coward, no matter what she said in the heated moment. She knows I'm not, she'd never have stayed hooked up with me if I were.

Sand's the frigging love of my life, my love mate, my equal, the wife of my soul, with or without legal paper, but what I think are harmless fantasies, she believes and fears are wishes and desires to be acted upon. That and the stripper.

Where my head is.

Sand sometimes asks, "Where is your head, Kick?"

"Right here."

She and I are different, very different. I know my best friends on a closer level than she does, while she keeps hers at a slight distance. In her defense, she's highly sensitive and lets few in close because she feels their pain, not just academically, but actually and truly. She's done it with me, so I know her "psychic powers" are real, eerie and cool, but while she knows she receives, she's extremely cautious and uncertain if she sends; feeling afraid she's telegraphing her anguish to those she loves. Hurting them.

It happens among her family, so she's afraid for her friends, which makes her seem stand-offish and a bit of a flake, especially since even though they've known her longer and went to school with her or have worked years beside her, they don't know that about the real her, not like I know the real her.

This makes me lucky. She's not like other wives and girlfriends. The way she is makes her extremely sensitive to what's going on inside of me, knowing my thoughts without me saying, sensing my deepest, hidden feelings, too, despite my well-tooled camouflaging. She knows, really "knows" me, but asks anyway, "to be social" and "considerate" and "to double check in case" she's in error. Rarely.

Plus, double checking keeps people from assuming she knows when she doesn't or assuming she's reading and sensing their most intimate thoughts and feelings, both positive and negative.

"Besides," Sand says, "They used to burn people like me and my family at the stake."

True that.

So, my answer to her question is that my head is right with her, the exact same and safe place my damn, vulnerable heart is.

Famous or not famous.

It doesn't matter if you're a big fish in a small pond or a small fish in a big etcetera. I happen to be a rather big fish in a rather big world pond; millions know me, well, know of me. Only Sand and a few others really know me; and *she knows me best*. That's why I'm with her. I'm famous but I keep my distance from all the hungry fans wanting to "know me." *To know everything* about me. To devour me.

So, I don't read reviews, good or bad. I don't read tabloids, ever. It's all fantasy.

Sand, by the way, is not allowed to read any of that stuff about me, or about her with me. It makes her crazy; it makes her all Xena and Buffy feisty about defending me. Speaking of which, I'm told I'm a big fantasy lover or whatever of millions—an exhausting thought—which is more than I want to know. Xena and Buffy, not the women who play them, but the characters are great fantasy material.

Sand's great about that sort of thing with me, of separating the 2D character of the public business persona from the real, live person. And Sand is now, sort of, used to and amused by people making asses of themselves over me and being greedy with my time. My time that is hers, hers and mine.

About that butt in my lap.

Women are great with fantasy, until they feel you want it more than them or that it's becoming tangible, like a mostly naked, lap dancing stripper at a friend's bachelor fest. I didn't tell Sand because I forgot, really. It was fun but not as hot as Sand's lap dances, or as nice as her sitting her beautiful butt in my lap to kiss me.

Hell, the dance that made the tabloids and gossip was merely okay.

Lap dancing by a stripper is a real touchy matter, so I've heard. Some women seem to feel it's a step closer than whacking off to Xena reruns; *okay, that was crude but it puts it in perspective, doesn't it?* I suppose a woman could see a lap dance as a hand whack job without hands that might be encouraging their man to go even farther, a betrayal of his mind, soon to be followed by his body.

Now, that scenario would be in your unfamous world with your unfamous man and an unfamous stripper.

My lap dancer, the one that got me slapped, is also famous, or rather infamous, an infamous, nonactor, nonsinger with acting jobs and singing gigs simply because she is famously infamous. She saw a PR opp and came on to me.

I know. That's the statement all of us men use. Isn't it?

Sand.

Well, my Sand slapped me when she found out. I wasn't withholding. I forgot because my head had been there in my lap, under that stranger's butt, only for a moment, because a female butt was wiggling in my lap. So, I tried not to be rude and dump her on her ass because that would've made the news travel even faster.

Or I did dump Ms. Infamous on her ass and someone suppressed it to make my domestic life more entertaining. Which is true? It doesn't matter.

What does is that my Sand is normally secure, but if you think staving off one or two others can be daunting, imagine what my everywoman Sand goes through, daily, staving off millions and the infamous.

Plus, Sand forgets that I have jealous and envious streaks, too, because she can be a man magnet. She's lovely, has a lovely personality, and she's normally tolerant. All of which is important to me, but my large life sometimes makes her nervous. PMS or overheard gossip or, maybe, it's finally raging pregnancy hormones, or premature menopause, either way, facing it and taking it on the chin, I'll go home, like every other everyday guy, and see if its bed or couch for me.

What? You thought I'd not go home? Please, I always go home to where my head and heart are. Where Sand is.