

The Departure of Love
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On a cold November afternoon, I gathered my things to pack. I took out my old bathing suite and my most comfortable pair of shoes. Even though around this season it is hard to find a vacation spot, I decided to head towards Arizona. The Chicago hawk had given me enough. The popularized image of Arizona is almost too perfect and timeless for me to miss. Spectacular mountain scenery and a cozy adobe style house with window boxes spilling over with green cacti seemed ideal

After I packed I noticed my empty bottle of asthma medication. This was something that could not do without, so I planed to make an extra trip back out again. When I got to the CVS pharmacy I heard news that the original pharmacist died of a massive heart attack, leaving his son to replace him. The new pharmacist was named Greg. He was a little older than me, and EXTREMELY handsome. He was very attractive and looked nothing like his father. I had an instantaneous crush on Greg. His calves were like basketballs, bouncing up and down every time he walked. The white pharmacist coat seemed to fit him flawlessly around his tight physique. I would love the opportunity to get to know him better, but every time I began to ask, my lack of confidence took over and I did not utter a word.

As I stood at the counter waiting for the infamous white bag of medicine, I glanced at the front of the sales paper. This was my only device to

give me some time to figure out what I was going to say. Sweat beads started to slowly form under my arms. I knew this was pure attraction. Why did he have to be so cute?

He walked back to the counter and entered tons of information into the register and said, "Hello Ms. Arceneaux. Is that all I can get for you today?"

"Uh yeah, I replied tongue-tied. "Well I have been meaning to ask you something. What about dinner tonight?"

"Well, replied Greg, it would not be very professional of me to say yes while I am working, but if you just write your number down and I can give you a call.

"Really, I pathetically replied. Stunned I stood there waiting for him to initiate more of the conversation because I then felt as if I was under watchful eyes. Embarrassed? Yes. Relieved? Definitely.

After much of a pause, I regained myself stood aside to write my number down. I realized how stupid I must have seemed. I could have blown a chance of a life time. I headed back towards the house to gather the rest of my things. My plane was scheduled to leave at 9:30pm. I scurried in my house were I was met by my dad with the keys to the condo. While he drove me to the airport, the phone rang. I looked down and it was an unfamiliar 773 area code, so I answered. Of course, it was Greg. All I could think of was how uncomfortable I felt to have a conversation with a man I was casually flirting with in front of my father. This was not a good time to win Greg over with what I like to call my "sexy voice". So, I quickly made up an excuse of how I was running late and

this was not a good time to talk, but I have his number and would return the call. To my surprise he took the news well and agreed.

My plane landed on time at the Phoenix Sky Harbor. They did not serve any food on flight so I had to make a dash for some grub.

Instead of walking into the café dining area, I decided to head for the bathroom. Trying to hold my breathe I quickly passed through the door and headed to the sink next to an old lady. Through the corner of my eye, I saw her reach down in her purse and pulled out her make-up bag and a fine toothed comb. She combed her hair back into place, and smeared a burnt orange across her lips. Smacked her gums together and created a smooth surface. Turned and checked into the mirror for a last glimpse of her pale and once young face. Right then I wanted to bust out a rag and wipe off the make-up and make her start all over again. I hated when old ladies still thought the make-up helps cover the elderly visage. Helpless, the old woman placed her items back into the bag and took a last glance for reassurance. The deep scent of her perfume lingered as she passed by the stalls. I glanced back around to give myself a final check and I noticed that there was a wrinkle in my shirt from sitting in the cramped plane. While I tugged at the wrinkle, a tall skinny woman entered the washroom. I immediately noticed she took the very last stall because that seemed odd. She closed the stall door and I continued to fix my shirt. I had it all bundled up and needed to change my shirt, so I went into the stall closest to the door. That is when I heard the entrance door swing open again. I heard footsteps walk all the way to end. A stall door sounded aloud and locked

behind her. Then a shuffle of two pairs of feet began to rumble. This is where I became curious into why the bathroom was so quiet and began to recall if the first women who entered the last stall left the washroom. She then realized that two women were in the stall together.

“I can’t believe this. So I listened in with intrigue to hear lips smacked together. They must be kissing each other. I then decided that I should get a closer glimpse of this love action. What were these women up to?

My curiosity had peeked enough to the point that I had come out of my stall and was standing at the face bowl with my ears wide open. I did not want to make noise to interrupt the commotion. I glanced down under the stall and noticed they were two pairs of feet standing entangled. It was clear that they were engaged in a public washroom fantasy.

“What a way to take a lunch I thought to myself. I turned the water on in hopes that the two love birds would stop pecking on each other and washed my hands. When I couldn’t stand it any longer I dried my hands and walked out of the washroom. Still stunned I turned into the café area and ordered lunch.

Without hesitation I began to think about Greg. I wonder if I would be able to have passionate getaways. When will I be able to create secrets of regrets? I know that everyone has a dirty closet; its just mine is not so dirty. There are only a few dust bunnies that kick around every now and then. What a pathetic life.

So much on my mind, I decided to give Greg a call back. I wrestled for the phone in my purse and heard a silent beep and a vibrating motion. I forgot

to turn my ringer back on after I got off the plane. I looked down and the screen to see that same 773 area code. I knew it was Greg. Why is he calling me? That is not a good sign. This was supposed to be a jackpot, but he was already showing face. I hesitated to answer, but my inquisitive mind got the best of me. I answered.

“Hello”, Greg replied, “I know that you were supposed to return my phone call, but I have a question to ask you.”

I immediately knew that he was gearing me up for some bad news.

“I was wondering if you had a sister named Cheyenne.”

After that question I knew the whole story. I remembered him from when I was little. He used to date my big sister and I had a crush on him. I did not know that they went to school together. Greg was at least 5 years older than me, but I see age is nothing but a number after 21. My mind was telling me that when I approach a guy next time, stop and think for a while. Sometimes love gets the best of me. Now I believe that it was not coincidental that I saw the two love birds in the washroom early. They were just a reminder that love is overrated. Love needs to leave me, or it will have me hopelessly staring at others wishing I could be them. It seems like every man I meet has been used or abused. I have nothing more to wish for when it comes to love.