Another Saturday

 The day began as many of her days do. She woke up alone, remembering far too little of the night before, and thankful she had managed against all odds to be waking up alone in her own bed. And as she does every morning, she automatically reached out for her connection to the world, catching up on anything she may have missed in the few hours she had managed to sleep. Unlike most mornings, she decided to greet the world with a trite, boring statement. Little did she know that short blurb about no longer being able to sleep late would lead to a day dreams are made of.

 No more than five minutes had passed when she heard that simple sound proclaiming someone’s interest in her otherwise boring life. Six simple words changed the course of her day.

 “Wanna go for a ride?”

 “Sure,” she replied, after which a quickly thrown together plan was made to meet with him an hour later.

 He was no stranger to her. They’d known one another many years ago but had only recently reconnected. And even then, it had been for only one brief evening, a night she assumed was completely forgettable in his eyes. Now she wondered.

 With little more than an hour to prepare, she pulled herself out of bed and forced herself in the shower, wondering the whole time what she was getting herself into. She expected a day consisting of nothing more than a few hours with her legs wrapped around him as they took off on his Harley.

 When he arrived, she walked out to greet him, uncharacteristically nervous at the prospect of spending the morning hours with him. She had forgotten how ruggedly sexy he was and drank in every detail from the black and white bandanna, the leather cut covering his chest wrapped in his brown Harley T-shirt, his ripped denims just enough to tease the eyes of anyone looking his way, all the way down to his black boots. He pulled out his Winstons, lit one up, and asked her if she was ready. Full of nervous anxiety and trepidation, she threw her leg over the seat behind him. She was acutely aware of every inch of her body. The way her fingers lay, the shape of her body, her face as it reflected in the mirror. She was terrified to touch him, never wanting to seem like the needy person she really was on the inside. The insanity of sober thoughts took over, robbing her of the sheer pleasure of the moment. With reassurances from him that he was a safe driver, they pulled out and began their venture. Little did he know, her thoughts and fears had nothing to do with his driving ability.

 She was thinking about their last encounter, wondering why he’d never called, never texted, shown no interest until this morning’s impromptu invitation. But she had learned her lesson many times over and knew better than to ask. She was very aware that men and women don’t see those matters in the same way. She didn’t want to inquire and was certain she didn’t want to know his answer.

 As they began down the road, she was grateful for the loud roar of the bike and the wind against her face. It assured her that conversation wouldn’t be a major part of the day. When she was sober, she knew she wasn’t really very interesting.

 Going ninety down the interstate, she was constantly aware of the closeness – not only of him, but to everything around them. It’s a feeling one cannot have in a car or on a bus. Only on the back of the bike, the overwhelming sensation, as though you are not merely travelling through, instead becoming a part of nature. Only after many miles did she begin to loosen up and feel that sense of freedom that comes along with being part of the great outdoors. He told her it was nice to have someone on the back of his bike that knew how to ride.

 “It’s been a long time,” she blubbered idiotically, her face turning crimson with what she perceived as a compliment. She knew it probably meant nothing to him, but she carried with her that small pleasure in the back of her mind. She had done something right. It felt good. No, better than good. It felt sensational.

 The morning continued much in the same manner; she constantly questioned every thought that crossed her mind. They soon arrived at their first destination and she was even more nervous than before. These were not her people – not her friends. She was an outsider and didn’t know her place. She watched him as he talked, laughed and traded stories, all the while remaining silent and feeling very at of place in her surroundings. As she took everything in – from the sounds of the birds, the view of the green fields, the leather clad men and women – she wondered what the day would entail. Not only that, she wondered how in the hell she let herself get pulled into yet another situation where she was unfamiliar and uncomfortable. It was quickly becoming overwhelming. She was very much ready to leave.

 Within the hour, a small group had assembled, ready to take off to their final destination. She had never been so glad to get away from everyone, into her isolation on the back of his bike. The questioning glances and looks had pushed her even further into her complex, irrational thoughts as she wondered why she ever thought it would be a good idea to leave the quiet sanctuary of her bedroom. But she was there with no escape possible now. She remembered the old adage, “fake it ‘til you make it”, and put on a smile pretending everything was OK.