

19 South

The key shines on the windowsill

Skolkov Sunny day

We have long been lovers,

Eileen, marry me!

Come on, that's annoying...

This key is not for you

he still left! [77]

Allen Ginsberg

The next day, taking a travel bag, I got in a taxi, got to the airport and bought a ticket on the next flight to Haikou. And then suddenly realized that I need to make some phone calls. In the hotel room of Tian-Tian, no one answered, so I called the administration and asked them to tell him when I get there. Flipping through the notebook, was brooding about that now, when I was faced with a serious, intractable problem, it turns out that I have no one to share their experiences.

Madonna had a disconnected cell phone. From Zhushi constantly busy and professional cell: God knows how many people she had to talk at the same time. The spider left Shanghai on business. His colleague asked him to convey, but I thanked him and said nothing. It only remained my publisher, Dan, my therapist David, my lover mark, parents and some former friends.

Woebegone, absently, as usual, inserted a magnetic card into the slot in the pay phone and pulled it out. Turning his head, saw the racing on the runway, the aircraft McDonnell Douglas. Speeding, he elegantly lifted into the sky like a huge silver bird, and disappeared from view.

I went into the Smoking room and sat down in front of some men. He sat, leaning forward slightly. I could see a graceful goatee a La Agassi, he started to grow recently, and long leather skirt. I had no idea that the beard in this style can go to a Chinese appearance. In addition, I have never in my life have seen that the man boarded the plane in a leather skirt. He smoked cigarettes "555", I felt their strong tart flavor, like the language of rolled grains flour. The stranger held a Smoking cigarette in slim, like chilled fingers.

He turned and looked right at me. His eyes were barely visible shadow, but a clear, harsh and gentle at the same time the look seemed to combine the Ying and the Yang in inexplicable and contradictory harmony.

Smiling, he stood up and opened his arms.

Coco, is that you?!

It was none other than Flyer, the famous stylist, whom I met in Beijing.

We hugged and sat down side by side, lit a cigarette. Exchanged a few words. It turned out that we were flying the same flight in the same place. The light in the Smoking room got on my nerves, his head pounding from the dull, aching pain.

- You don't look good. Did something happen? - He moved closer to him and put a sympathetic hand on my shoulder.

- I'm not quite healthy... Long story. Going to a friend. His life is falling apart, and I... I just have no strength, ' muttered I, getting up and throwing the cigarette. - There is absolutely nothing to breathe, - I said, heading towards the door.

He went after me.

- Wait a minute! What is lying there on the floor?

My head was buzzing, and I couldn't wait as soon as possible to get on the air.

Coco, this isn't you lost an earring?

I touched the earlobe, sighed and took his hand tiny cobalt earring the size of a grain of rice. Depending on the lighting it shimmered with all the colors of the rainbow and like changed shape. At the moment it was the only bright straw engulfed me in a sea of sorrow. I thanked the Flier and sadly thought: "the Trouble never comes alone: it is necessary for something to happen, and everything goes wrong. Even it is impossible to smoke without losing the earring".

Before boarding the plane I called him. Judging by his voice, he was very busy.

Hey! his voice sounded aloof, my response was icy. Out of a sense of self-defense in the face of indifference is always better to appear indifferent.

- I'm at the airport, ' I said. - You will not be able to come to you for lunch on the weekend. So apologize to wife.

- Where are you going? Finally he showed at least some attention.

- To his friend.

- How long are you staying? His voice sounded alert. He might even put down the pen and closed the folder, which probably lay before him on the table.

- And if so, what, you will be sorry? I asked, still mercilessly cold tone. At the moment even the ability to hook it could not deliver me any pleasure. I guess I looked pale and severe. All annoyed. Piled a lot of problems.

Coco! reproachfully he sighed. - You know I will be sorry. Please, stop to scoff. Will you come back?

I paused. Of course, he was right. I'll bring Tian-Tian home, and everything will work out. But will life continue? If I can, as before, torn between two men, one of whom is a drug addict depressed, and with a clear conscience continue to write the novel?

I burst into tears. In Mark's voice sounded through the phone, he heard a commotion:

- What happened? Baby, talk to me!

- Nothing special. Wait for my return, I'll call you, ' I replied and hung up.

I was aware that my foul mood passed around like a contagion. Now mark, probably, goes from one corner office to another, toiling from anxiety. Poor guy! And I also do not envy!

Once David Have said to me, "feeling Sorry for myself – obscene lesson". He spoke it with the unquestioned view of the sage, like a divine revelation. His face was glowing from inside. But I never paid much attention to his advice. I'm always happy to indulged in pity for his own person. Perhaps narcissism is the strongest of my vices.

The plane climbed to heights beyond the clouds. Next to me were sitting in the car Flyer. He incessantly talked, and I managed to read a magazine, throw and again to remove his coat, again flick through the magazine. Then he closed his eyes, resting his chin with his left hand and his right pressed to his chest, cleared his throat, opened his eyes and straightened his chair.

The flight attendant brought drinks and snacks. Omitting the folding table, I accidentally spilled coke Flyers on his knees.

Oh, I'm sorry, ' I blurted out.

We struck up a conversation – me and this handsome man with a burning fiery gaze, his irrepressible energy is able to conquer a whole crowd of women, but so sad, like me.

Flier said that Japan was studying the latest trends in fashion and now encourages all of its customers to improve the image to use makeup pink, sky blue and silver tones. Several rows of seats behind us were occupied by his colleagues: some sort of starlet, who starred in the video, two photographers, three assistants, stylist, and the three men around in the same clothes as the Flyer. All of them were sent to Hainan for a photo shoot – prepared portfolio of this starlet. I think I saw her once in a play. She had an unremarkable appearance and expressionless face – no grace, no dignity. The only outstanding trait of her personality was a big bust.

Flier all the time, something mumbled, sitting down beside me, his chatter scattering my already distant thoughts. I absently listened, thinking to himself that men who dare to wear skirts, must be either smart or idiots. He told me that last month he pulled out the aching tooth, his parents were constantly fighting among themselves, that his girlfriend was tortured by his jealousy of his friends.

I took a NAP. Waking, I saw that he, too, nodded off. Suddenly he opened his eyes and asked:

– Well, we're getting close? – Pulled the curtain back and looked down out the window. – No, still going, and that you never smile?

What? No. I just not to fun.

Is it me?

– No, my friend.

He touched my arm and slightly shook it.

– Do not be afraid of trouble. Sooner or later, big or small, but trouble happens to everyone. I, for instance, all the while shifting from one scrape to another. I don't even know who I like more – men or women.

– To love, to be loved equally well, – I said with a sad smile.

All around just talk about love. Even if neither me, nor my love will no longer be in the world,

romance of others is not interrupted, and the word "love" will not disappear from their lives; this feeling will always be in the center of the tragic events, bereft soul and causing pain.

On the approach to the airport of Hainan, we hit turbulence. The plane mercilessly shook from side to side. When the flight attendant tried to check passengers seat belts, then lost his balance and fell right on the carpet in the aisle.

Among the passengers began to panic. We heard heart-rending cries startle: "I didn't want to fly this flight," she shook a finger in front of the nose of a man who, apparently, was her agent. "And now I'm gonna pay for this!" Her scream made a strange impression began to seem that the movies, we are all on the set, and that in fact, nothing terrible happens.

The flyer was white as chalk, and feverishly grabbed my hand:

You know, if we crash, I will be a little easier if I hold your hand.

- Nothing to worry about, assured me, with an effort of will, suppressing the rising nausea. - My fortune-teller never said that I was going to crash, so no crash will not. Actually, flying is much safer than using other modes of transport.

- I'm insured. Accident insurance plus General insurance life - circle will be a decent amount. Not sure how parents will react to my death - happy or upset - he mumbled under his breath.

And just at that moment the turbulence stopped, and everything returned to normal.

Airport Flyer and I hastily kissed each other good-bye on my lips left a wet trail from his kiss. Many homosexuals and bisexuals special features, childishly clumsy tenderness as furry little animals. But I will always remember about the threat of AIDS. As said Alanis Morissette [78]: "I May be sick, but I'm beautiful, baby."

Outside the taxi was blue sky, the house stood in the bright sunlight. I had no idea where they are. After some time the taxi reached the small building of the hotel, where Tian-Tian.

Downstairs in the lobby I asked the attendant passed my message to the occupant in room B405. She said no. Her lips were thickly painted red lipstick, so even on the teeth could be seen the scarlet streak. I asked her to call upstairs to the room, but there was no answer. Tian-Tian was not. I had no choice as to sit on the sofa in the corner of the lobby and to wait for his arrival.

Outside the window the afternoon sun brightly lit the street, came the hum of human voices and vehicles. Unlike Shanghai, he wasn't so intense, but this city life was completely devoid of sophistication and foreign taste. All the passers-by were similar to each other, only occasionally flashed a beautiful feminine face and slim figure, most likely, immigrants from the North. Severiano, unlike the inhabitants of Shanghai, a special beauty and cheerful frankness in his eyes, but they lack our elegant restraint.

I was starving. Took the bag and left the hotel. Opposite was a fast-food restaurant, I sat at a table by the window to see everyone outside the hotel and out there.

In the restaurant there were a few cranky kids, debatably something in an incomprehensible dialect. On the radio it is English, then Cantonese songs. Included two police officers, each of them in turn meticulously looked at me from head to toe. They bought Coca-Cola and at the exit he turned back

and looked at me. I touched the face, to the touch it didn't look like smeared makeup. Black fitted top had no holes, and the straps did not stick, "lightning" on the pants were buttoned, belly elastic and fit. So, I looked either very attractive or overly suspicious.

Suddenly I lost my appetite. I couldn't bring myself to swallow another bite, only a couple of times, sipped coffee, had a strange chemical taste of furniture Polish.

I went to the bathroom, looked at myself in the mirror: pale, like a shadow. Went into the stall and peed standing up like a man. (I always do in public restrooms: how many people are using them as secretions, bacteria, miasma of memories and different stories have seen these walls, and the seats even more so.) The toilet resembled one big, fat, white fly, sad, but resilient, uncomplaining with thick rounded sides below countless women's thigh.

My stomach aches with a dull pain. I noticed on underwear a tiny red spot. Damn the bad luck! Every time I had to leave Shanghai as the beginning period. And now, when I was in a situation between life and death, my treacherous body, as always, reacted with discomfort.

The pain rolled in waves, from snidavka me anxiety uterine cramps became stronger and sharper. I imagined that at the last meeting with Mark was pregnant and have even started thinking about how to confess everything to Tian-Tian, and then have a baby. Did not care from whom this child, as long as in his veins flowed the blood-soaked love that his smile lit up the sky, dispelling darkness and sorrow.

Unbearable pain I started to shiver. I did a long flag of toilet paper from hanging in the booth roll up and put in panties, deep down hoping that the paper was clean. Now I needed a glass of hot water and a warm water bottle on your stomach.

At the time my mother told me that after childbirth is not pain during menstruation because the uterus relaxes. This means that if I don't have children, I'm doomed to a lifetime of torment. Assume that menopause will come in fifty-five years. That is, I have to suffer another thirty years, every month writhing in pain as much as twelve times a year. In my head raged the boiling water. In this state, I become crazier than a mad cat.

Zhushi have had the same problem, but not in such a painful form. With Madonna it was much worse. Men dropped one after the other. Of course, there were many reasons but the main one was her absolute inability to cope with their emotional outbursts and mood swings for seven days each month when she absolutely couldn't control himself.

Violent incidents and neurasthenia exhausted not only her, but them. For example, she sent her lover to the supermarket for painkillers and sanitary pads, but when he returned, accusing him that he is either a very long walk, or bought tampons is not the same brand. She arranged terrible tantrums, throwing things and decorations throughout the apartment. She had memory lapses, she herself contradicted, canceled date, party. In her presence it was impossible to sit still, to laugh, or silent. If her boyfriend was behind her, she trembled and screamed.

At night she had nightmares. Once she dreamed that the gangsters, whom she knew in Guangzhou, ripped out her uterus with his bare hands and pulled out something priceless, and she sobbed in despair. Waking up, she saw that the blood soaked through a tampon leaked on the bed, wet the mattress and even soiled pajamas sleeping next lover. She went to the bathroom to wash up and change your tampon. But it was too much for her boyfriend, who was not ready to make such challenges.

Monthly not only affect physical health, but also on the state of mind and mood of women. In the

media so comprehensively covered the issue, that already stuffed mouth. In all the movies and novels, once the heroine stops menstruating, her fate somehow turns for the worst. And although it looks ridiculously, but it gives feminists reason to inquire of the men: "Is that a realistic reflection of reality? When, finally, women will gain true freedom?"

Stuffed with toilet paper, I awkwardly waddled like a baby in a diaper. By this time I already lost control over what's happening. I immediately wanted to see my baby. In reality, I almost felt a pervasive warmth of our embrace and unity, warmth, flowing from one heart to another. This passion had nothing to do with sexual attraction, it was more crazy – the fruit of love, kinship and irrational divine curse.

Pressing a left to the stomach, I eagerly drank one glass of scalding hot coffee after another, until he noticed outside the window a familiar figure.

I got up and hurried to the exit. Crossing the road, I called loudly Tian-Tian name. He stopped, looked back and we smiled at each other. For us there was no other outcome, we are overwhelmed by compassion and sorrow, born of our love, we regained himself and disappeared in each other. From the beginning we were doomed to love, as well as her confrontation with death. He sheepishly tried to clear his throat. The womb was so warm, the pain subsided, and I realized that we are forever fated together to be exhausted from hunger, drinking the last drop of joy, like the bees that gathered nectar.

We simply had no choice.

That night I went with Tian-Tian in the dental clinic, where he worked Lee-Le. The inside was terribly dirty, walls were cast matte sheen, as the folds of the metal shell, and it smelled sugary-tart. Li-Le was the same strepenne, thin and frail, as always. I kept my mouth shut. I admit, I was afraid, but I promised Tian-Tian to go with him on the school Playground, where was to be held illegal deal to buy the drugs. And in return, he gave me his word that the next day will come back with me to Shanghai and held a course of detoxification treatment in a special centre for drug addicts at the public security Bureau. I convinced him that this is our only chance. I want him alive and healthy so we could live together for many more years. With one hand I clutched his hand, the other shoved in his pocket, where lay the money. Stomach churned, aching pain, a tampon o.b. was tightly trapped inside, holding moisture, such as sluice gates.

We passed the unguarded entrance. I saw a sports field, oval running track, shells beams, rings and steps for kids, tennis court and basketball Hoop. We took refuge in the shade, leaning against the wall of the building.

Tian-Tian encouragingly hugged me and filthy handkerchief and wiped the beads of sweat from my brow. However bad things were wherever he was, Tian-Tian always had a handkerchief ready, as indicative of a boy or an aristocrat.

- Very painful? he asked carefully. I nodded and laid my head on his shoulder. In the moonlight his gaunt figure cast a thick black shadow. He was very thin, around the eyes appeared a dark-red circles. It was unbearably painful to look at his face, and I tried not to stare, because the tears were welling up in her eyes and wanted to howl in frustration.

Seemed two, in jeans and dark glasses. Our clasped hands grew cold.

They were approached by Lee-Lai and something said quietly. They began to approach us. I've hit some knees in the corner of the wall and froze, trying to breathe evenly and steadily. Tian-Tian got up, holding in his hands the money he took from me.

One of the men threw me a glance and asked, "where's the money?"

Tian-Tian stretched them out on the palm of her hand, the man counted it and smiled.

- Order! Minus your debt from the last time I get this, he quickly shoved a small bag in the hand of Tian-Tian. He hastily hid it in his left Shoe.

- Thank you - thanked him quietly, then helped me up: - come on.

We hurriedly left the area. Li-Lo was still talking to the vendors and Tian-Tian has brought me on a crowded main street. We stood on the sidewalk and waited, not whether there will be a taxi. Passed company untidy youths, sideways throwing me dirty looks. One of them said something, I didn't catch what, but likely something squaretest. His friends smug and deafening burst out laughing. One of them kicked an empty plastic Cup from Coca-Cola, and the backlog of Tian-Tian on the leg. The hand of Tian-Tian, holding my sweating. I quietly reassured him:

- Do not pay attention. This is nonsense! Seemed taxi. We stopped him and climbed inside. In the cabin tightly embraced. Tian-Tian covering my mouth with a kiss so long that I have lost the power of speech and only in exhaustion clung to his face. From his hands, lying on my stomach, came the healing heat, it melted the pain in my belly and calmed the fever in the blood.

I love you, ' said Tian-Tian almost inaudibly. - Don't leave me, don't leave one! You're the most beautiful girl in the world. My only love.

Later that night, I heard the subtle cat's meow, weak and delicate as the flutter of silk in the wind. Turning on the light, saw nothing. I jumped out of bed and put on the floor a plate with the remnants of the spicy pork. She approached, bowed his head and, gasping, ate everything in an instant. Poor guy was exhausted and so dirty that it was impossible to tell what color her fur is. Her face sharpened, and she looked like a predatory animal.

I smoked, sitting on the bed and watched her eat. Even wonder how she found her way back? Maybe smelled or noticed me from the corner of the street and went for me like a guiding star that will lead her home in Shanghai. At this thought I got emotional, jumped out of bed, grabbed a Feather in his arms and rushed to the bathroom. There I bathed her in warm water with shower gel. When I fingered the matted hair, the Feather sat obediently and quietly, like a child. I dried it with a towel and laid it on the bed. Tian-Tian slept, and the Feather was perched at his feet.

We were woken by the morning sun and the Feather, vylizyvaya our legs rough tongue. Feet slightly itched, completely covered in her saliva.

We looked at each other just for a moment, and then he started unbuttoning my pajamas. My eyes flew open to meet a bright morning. Warm air washed naked body. Pink nipples gradually raised to the beat of the breath as a graceful buoys on the tide. And the lips of my beloved, gliding over the skin quivering fish with bliss and delight playing in the water. I closed my eyes and surrendered to the power of his hands. Its slim and sensitive fingers caressed my bleeding wound. And in the final ecstatic chord I felt a huge sense of happiness, mixed with blood. As if from an obscure and distant came the sound of meowing Fluff, and her rough tongue rubbed my feet.

That morning a passionate scene with my lover and a cat at the feet etched in the memory forever. It was a little madness. The rest of my life I will chase the poison-sweet, alluring smell of its danger of the drug, which was soaked hotel room. No meetings with other men or shopping with friends, or working on a book in solitude or stroll through the streets of Berlin will not rid of the memories of that morning on the brink of love and death and ingrained in the nostrils of the sickly-sweet,

disgusting smell.

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