

Twit Whipped

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THE MEET UP:

I'll probably say something ridiculous, like "You look way cuter than you're profile pic." I hate myself right now. I'm only here because she is. I've followed her for weeks.

PICK-UP LINE:

"Somebody broke into my place last night and replaced everything with a replica." She smiles and asks if I read Bukowski.

FIRST NIGHT:

This bookish broad in boy-cut jeans keeps me up until dawn. Boy Cow Ski? I lose interest *quick* and watch her mouth form inaudible syllables.

FIRST KISS:

Now, this is good. I wait all night, then grab her outside JP Licks. *Delicious* soft serve on her lips. She calls me *twitterpated*. Whatever the hell that means. I *dig* this chick.

DAY 7:

She sends a friend request. Her status says "in a relationship." I break into a sweat.

HER PLACE:

Cats know everything. I could've guessed he'd be named after a dead poet.

MORNING AFTER:

I muse, "**You've** done it, man. She's gonna expect things now, like flowers. Or worse, tenderness." But, she's naked beside me. I'm so turned on, it hurts. I bite her shoulder. She yawns and stirs.

DAY 10:

We hold hands on the T. I actually kinda like this shit.

PICTURE MAIL:

I snap a pic of our fave coffee spot and ask her to meet me. She responds in emoticons.

VAGABONDS:

We walk The Esplanade, with our tall, no-whip lattes. We play favorites: movie, band, dessert, season and color. This, I know, is in the girl's dating handbook. I'm prepared for the pop quiz.

SPONTANEOUS TEXT:

"Lasagna l8r?" She's never **made** me dinner before. I bring wine cuz I know it makes her giddy and uninhibited.

PET NAME:

Twit is her nickname for me. I ask why. She says to stop with the questions.

DAY 14:

I meet her friends at a cash-only cocktail lounge in The South End. I'm surly. I want a beer. The Sox are on. "Whipped," is what dad would say.

DILEMMA:

At my fave bar, I order a Harpoon Dark Ale. Unfiltered, chilled pint. I'm sold. Then, she orders a mojito. My numero uno dating rule, broken. She could've at least tried the wheat, for Christ's sake.

DRUNK ADVICE:

My buddy insists my rule is bogus. "No chick drinks real craft beer," he says. We're kicking it with Leviathans and IPAs. "Seriously, name one who knows what hops are." He's got me.

PROS:

She has pretty ankles. She smells of lemongrass and cloves. I like waking up next to her.

CONS:

She doesn't know one thing about beer. She carries **a** satchel covered in cat hair everywhere and thinks less of me for shopping at Salvation Army. "Why buy other people's pit stains? You're disgusting."

DAY 19:

We argue. She starts it. I'm boring and pedestrian. "Hey," I say, "I like to walk." She grinds her teeth. "*Where* is this even *going*?" Uh-oh.

BREAK UP:

"I need *my space*." She's pissed. "**Fool**," she scowls on her way out.

PARTING:

"*Read it*," she orders. In my hands, I unfold pen smears that look like tiny Rorschachs. "It's the only way I can talk to you." **Of** course.

BACKSLIDE:

I'm mad with the thought of our clothes strewn across the kitchen. I bring her purple tulips. She insists they're an apology. I don't correct her.

MORNING AFTER:

Tired eyes blink at **me** from a chipped bathroom mirror. She's asleep. I study shelves of literature, pressed together like a mountain range. Charles mews at my bare feet.

DAY 30:

She calls. Long hard pauses; I hate those. "I have something for you," she finally says. "What, another poem?"

LATER THAT DAY:

She comes over with arms crossed. She doesn't talk. Suddenly, I'm embarrassed. I stare at shag carpet. I don't hear her leave. On the couch sits a strip of paper with:

don't undress my love
you might find a mannequin:
don't undress the mannequin
you might find
my love.

she's long ago
forgotten me.

she's trying on a new
hat
and looks more the
coquette
than ever.

she is a
child
and a mannequin
and death.

I can't hate
that.

she didn't do
anything
unusual.

I only wanted her
to.

I pull a *match* from my pocket. I should've blocked that redhead from the start.