

The Passion of Departure

Bill and Linda held each other through the dazzling show, adding to the warmth of the sweltering evening. The season of celebration began to overtake their animosities towards each other. Suddenly they were cast together in the same manner that joined their souls in an intimate union those long decades ago, lasting through run-down city apartments of barricading brick and mortar shelter.

Just as Bill joined a huge swarm of people that past New Year's Eve, the five soon found themselves ensnared in the packed crowd leaving the park. Finally, they reached their awaiting vehicle in one of the city's musty underground garages. Piling rapidly into the idle transport, they found themselves stalled in a long procession of animated fiesta evacuees and had to wait. Bill and Linda turned to each other and drew together, and immediately the three lively children thumping about in the back seat loudly chanted, "Stop kissing!" The two would have to withdraw their emotions so that the stop-and-go drive could continue.

They belonged to one another that night, pulling away shielding clothing to find their passions, kissing each other gently as they lay down together, fervent, strong, with the intimate virility they had known in their early years together. His tenacity, built up over meticulous hours at the gym, was paying off; his strength was unyielding, yet tender enough to hold her through one reach of ecstasy, then two, and then a third. Finally, they stopped counting, his climactic peaks occurring in minutes, then a half hour, and then hours later.

They fell away from each other and drifted into a restful sleep, awed by the power and control they seemed to be unleashing upon each other in their secluded bedroom. There was nothing that could stand between them now: not alcohol, the lawyers or inefficient courts, or even the evil specter of violence and domestic abuse. Satan was expelled from their minds, and the ultimate splendor of matrimonial pleasure took hold.

Bill awoke three hours later, feeling the desperate need inside his body for more. He reached for his wife and aroused her, and the two rolled together in each other's arms for at least another hour and a half, as their hearts pumped blood through their veins and their minds exploded, repeatedly. Once more, they fell away, spent and exhausted, into further blissful deep sleep.

Twice more that morning they held each other: once as the sun began to invade through their bedroom window, and then shortly after a two-hour rest. At last, they withdrew from the enclosing sheets, the heat from their July Fourth morning drenching them in their aftermath.