

Colfax With The Sound Off

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Pushing his head out of her lap, she stands. And he lies on the couch, the smoke moving slowly out of his mouth. She walks over to the television, turns it to MTV and sits back down. He pulls the guitar out of the corner and pushes mute on the remote. A few chords, then nothing. With his eyes on the TV, he plays, his long brown fingers moving carefully over the strings. She sighs and sits back down. Her eyes drift and then focus on his face. She watches from below, his mouth silently working, her hands still. She is tired, wants to put her head in his lap, or maybe to be the guitar, to feel the drag of his fingers on her skin. The house smells vaguely of something she can't put her finger on. *Spoiled fruit?* The TV flashes. A Nirvana Video. He's playing Led Zeppelin. He stops to light another cigarette and drink out of the empty Bud can. Her head rolls back and he hucks the can into the trash. No . . . that's not it. She looks up into his face again. His mouth is strained, sensual. She knows she should get up, run to the store, but her feet just don't move. She watches. His hands move over the guitar in long, arching lines. *Beautiful, he's just beautiful. We must be the most beautiful Indian couple in the world.* She laughs a little and he stops and puts the guitar down. He looks down at her and smiles. He reaches for her face with his hand and she closes her eyes, but his hand doesn't quite make it. He looks down. "I'm going to go to the store for a minute." "OK," she says as he moves towards the door. *Perfume . . . it's perfume.* The door closes. She looks towards the TV and waits.