

Glory Hole

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It seemed like everyone at the diner was working on crossword puzzles, except for the fat woman cop who sat with her back against the wall and read a harlequin romance novel while glancing over at him every few pages.

At three in the morning on a Saturday, a seventeen year old girl from San Francisco sent him a text message and told him that there was a shooting at her school. Two weeks later, after she had turned eighteen, she sent him another text message that read “i need sex :(”.

When he was showering at the gym right before it closed on Friday night, the only other person there was a lonely-looking overweight man who was deliberately washing every square inch of his massive expanse of flesh in front of him.

The two people sitting on either side of him at the meeting were both wearing audibly ticking wristwatches, but they were out of sync, so when he tried to count the seconds and minutes until the meeting was over, he kept losing track.

He mysteriously broke up with his girlfriend of three years and started going to gay nightclubs to seek out anonymous sex through glory holes in the bathrooms.

After spending four years in college getting a degree in information systems, all he had been doing for the past fourteen months was work in a bland grey

cubicle and pretend that he was actually getting anything done.

The girl must have entered a wrong number into her phone book, because he didn't know anyone in San Francisco, but kept getting updates on her life.

He could put on headphones and turn the volume up so high that when the people around him talked, he could only see their lips move as if they were lip-syncing very badly to the music.

When his girlfriend moved her things out of his apartment, she left behind some panties and a bra, which he kept, washed, and started to wear to work under his clothes.

There were only five ashtrays at the diner, but nine of the twelve tables were occupied, so whenever someone wasn't paying attention, an ashtray would be swiped and used at another table. He never smoked, but let the stale tobacco smoke fill his clothes and hair while watching this ashtray version of musical chairs.

They sat in the sauna together, a deliberate silence blanketing the room, and he self-consciously folded the stiff white towel over his lap while the other man stared off over his shoulder.

He couldn't help but feel like he had done this all before.