

Road Warrior Blues

Lord, can you spare an angel—or maybe a dozen? Please help me!

I came down to this smoky den of iniquity to wash away the strain of life in the fast lane—just a drink or two to help put my mind at ease and let me sleep in fleeting peace.

You know I'm trying to be good—to live right—and you know I love my wife; *but look at the wonder of your handiwork!*

The dense cloud of smoke seems to magically part before her like the dawn sun melting the morning ocean mist, and lightening flashes from her turquoise eyes making my boiling blood thunder in my ears.

I can't take my eyes off her reflection in the bottle lined mirror—physical perfection personified—silky blonde hair, pouty ruby lips, blood red manicured nails; she's dressed to thrill—and working every inch of it—in a tight black-leather skirt with a matching halter top that's doing nothing to conceal the outline of her erect nipples. She's wearing impossibly high spike-heeled shoes with open toes and straps cut to perfectly accentuate her petite ankles and shapely tanned calves.

The din of the room fades in the distance and everyone, everything, is moving in slow motion.

Please let her find a table across the room—far, far away—please God, I'm just a man—no match for this devil incarnate.

No!

She's so close now, I can smell the intoxicating essence of her—jasmine and honey—my world is spinning out of control and I can feel my blood—and inhibitions—rushing south.

Maybe if I just ignore her she'll walk away—I can do it, I know I can, I know I can.

No, please no!

Her sweet voice is washing over the bulwarks of my defenses, buoyed by the rising tide of my raging lust. I've danced with the devil and his minions far too often to not be tempted by this siren's call—luring me into the soul scalding waters of her lasciviousness.

“No, that chair's not taken,” I hear myself saying, with a casual smile that belies the storm ravaging my very being.

I'm not sure what she just said—I can't take my eyes off her wet luscious lips—but she's laughing now, a soft casual chuckle that sounds like water flowing over smooth stones.

Damnit!

She's touching me—just a light touch of her soft hand on my arm—and it's burning me to my core. My resistance and best intentions are going up in smoke, wafting away to the netherworld, consumed by her torrid fire. My head is throbbing—both of them—and a dull deafening roar fills my ears.

“Can I buy you a drink?” I ask, and I realize—too late—that the hunter has become the prey. Maybe I can still escape—I can run back to the sanctuary of my lonely room and seek comfort in my wife's loving voice over the phone.

Instead, I stay, and in mere seconds the hours until closing time evaporate in the sweltering heat of our dance with lust. We touch glasses to toast the serendipity of our meeting, and I feel the touch of her nails sear the flesh on my thigh.

“Of course I’ll walk you to your room,” I hear a voice say, and then I realize it’s mine. “No, no one’s waiting up for my call,” I add—the practiced lie slips off my tongue as easily my ring did before I left my room, and then my lips are inflamed with the hot sweetness of hers.

The frantic sounds of buttons popping and fabric ripping compete with sighs and moans of pleasure before the door even clicks shut.

I’m drunk with her desire and lost in my own lust—we climb higher and higher until we’re soaring above the clouds of mortality and reality. The lines of love, lust and infatuation blur, and then merge to become a blazing inferno that leaves my soul in ashes.

Finally spent, I hold her close with the contours of her perfect body molded to mine, and my hand cupping her firm breast—the primal source of sustenance, and my damnation.

When we awaken a few short hours later, I again drink deep from the well of her passion until we are at long last completely satiated; but try as I might, I can’t recall her name.

Slumber wraps my mind in warm denial until the morning sun filtering through the cracked curtain jolts me back to harsh reality. I quietly dress and leave a note with my cell-phone number on the pillow, knowing that when she calls, I probably won’t answer.

The morning glare has stolen the perfection from her recently angelic face, revealing more of a hardened beauty that fails to rekindle the flames of desire—or maybe the fire has been doused with the frigid shower of my guilt.

I silently pass a maid on the journey to my room, and I’d swear she glared at me with contempt reserved only for murderers—and adulterers.

I slip the card key into the lock, and then cautiously make my way to the still made bed. My eye is drawn to the flashing light on the nightstand phone and I sit on the bed with my head in my hands. I need a few moments to come up with another lie before I can listen to, let alone answer, the message on my phone—the message I know can only be from my longsuffering wife.

With the resignation of a condemned man facing the gallows, I lift the receiver and punch the numbers for my waiting voicemail. Cool relief washes over me like a spring shower as I hear the voice on the line—it’s just the hotel manager asking me to call him if I have any problems with my room or stay.

Remorse soon devours relief, and I remove my cigarette and perfume tainted clothes before I step into the shower to hopefully wash away the lingering aroma of lust that still clings to my body.

But I know full well that the stench has permeated my very soul, and the best I can hope for is a temporary respite from the pangs of guilt coursing through my veins. My skin is still wet from the cleansing water of the shower as I let my fingers do the walking, and the sincere words come easy off my lying tongue—though they leave a rancid taste, “Hi babe, I miss you too.”