

I felt free to go anywhere I wanted in my protective rain suit. We walked up to the counter. Blue, stoic and not tipping for the betterment of society, but before he could say anything the girl laughed and said, "See, now you're a smart one," referring, of course, to his rain suit. After exchanging our tickets for beer, he tipped her a dollar. "She gave me a compliment," he explained. "You mean she worked you?" I suggested. He put his weather-shielded arm around my weather-shielded shoulder. "She earned it." Blue smiled down at me like I had never done anything wrong in my life. Peering out from my hood I felt like I needed to keep one eye closed. That I could not wholly look at him for shame. I made him out to be a terrorist, as if he was patiently playing the game all the while waiting for the right moment to strike. I made a villain of Blue. I made a villain out of the man I wanted just as much as I didn't want to leave someone's grandmother laying cold and alone in a basement cellar. I felt I was that cold and alone body unable to transmit all the things rippling so fervently under my skin. It was impossible to admit that I flat-out loved someone so much that instead of feeling untouchable I felt like some hopeless beggar standing with these empty paws going this is it, this is all I have. Blue kissed my forehead and I realized I could stop whispering "transmission" like a chant.

