

Celebrity Dreams (II)

"Can I buy you a drink?" A familiar voice broke through the drunken din. It was Michael, dressed in his Crossfire outfit: a poorly fitted blue suit, awkwardly knotted tie, mussed hair framing a goofy grin and, of course, the glasses. I'm not sure what was more jarring: his presence in the Talon, or his inappropriate attire. I'm a conservative dresser, at least by Talon standards, and I was wearing a leather vest, pants, and boots, with a half-inch link steel chain around my waist.

"Aren't you—"

Before I could complete the question he looked away in embarrassment and answered, "Yes."

His reaction surprised me. Did he really expect not to be recognized? An awkward moment passed; then, regaining the composure displayed during so many dust-ups with conservatives, he asked, "Well, can I buy you a drink?"

"I'd love it. A Cosmo, please." He went to place an order, and I marveled at my luck. After a time he returned with our drinks—he had a Coors—and we raised a toast to the night.

"To absent friends," I said.

"May they stay that way," he responded, and we both laughed and took a drink.

"You come here often?" He smiled as he said it, and his tone suggested an awareness of the layers of irony and camp wrapped around the question. He was definitely a Yale boy.

I was direct: "Only when I'm horny."

Michael chuckled and took another drink. I noticed something I'd never spotted on TV: a small tic, just below his right eye.

"It must be something in the air, because I feel it, too." We held each other's gaze for too long, and then I looked away.

"Should we dance?" he asked, still watching me.

I nodded, and we made our way to the backroom. It was oppressively warm and the air was thick with cigarette smoke. I have to admit that his dancing surprised me—that is, he can actually dance. The DJ held it over 150 BPM, and Michael had no trouble keeping up.

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After a few minutes he shouted over the music: "Do you party?"

"Yes, I replied," "but only on work nights."

"What?" he yelled.

I stepped in closer and put my hands on his waist. "Yes!" I said, and pressed my tongue in his ear.

He pulled away, grinning. Then he took a vial from inside his jacket, loosened the cap, and did a long hit. He handed it to me and I took a hit, too.

"Good stuff," I shouted.

"The best," he replied, taking back the vial. The DJ said something and the other dancers cheered, and then we started dancing again.

After a few more songs I told him I had to piss, and I went to the restroom. I was surprised that he didn't follow me. When I returned, he was dancing with someone else. The other guy was young, buff, and very cute, and I started to feel jealous. I watched Michael offer him the vial; he hit it, and then he took the glow stick from around his neck and put it around Michael's. The two of them started kissing, and they continued until Michael looked up and saw me. He said something to his new friend, and then walked over.

"Are you ready to leave?" he asked.

I noticed that the glow stick caused the threads in his tie to glow green.

"Yes."