

Prism

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My mind is now seeking thoughts that I vaguely remembered, as I begin to put my words to paper. As the prism that I had staged on my desk had concluded to me, all sides are not always equal that may look to be, though they may have presented themselves in that way. No matter its placement, we face life through our own prism, and any actions that are taken multiplied by two, three, or more, will not necessarily reach the same conclusion or illusion. The same paths taken will not prove the same results for all, as endless possibilities do exist.

Life itself remains an enigma, puzzling, and quite difficult to explain or predict the outcome, even though we may be an essential part. Thus while we seek answers, that may be eventually unearthed by a few. They often would remain irrelevant by many, who may pursue no change, or may be treated as an illusion, as life that passes by, even to its very end, the answers if any remain a mystery.

One example I will partake in: A seven-year-old male is presented with a group of adult males and females who were playing the sport of handball, and the illusion begins. The seven-year-old took notice of an attractive female player, who is at least five fold his age, short and thin. She is wearing tight black shorts, white halter-top, black handball leather gloves, and white baseball cap, and her hair in a ponytail. When playing her black hair sway off her tanned shoulders, delighting each shoulder with a visit as she struck the ball, from hand to hand. Twisting suggestively as she made contact with the ball. Moaning aloud, as if in pain, or in ecstasy, whichever adverb you prefer, as she and the ball swiftly made their way to the wall, and methodically, the ball traveled as it left her hand, off the wall and eventually to the next player, and on, as they played. As the boy's eyes became riveted, as he became unknowingly a willing participant in his illusion, even at his young age, in this dance of seduction, which seems to be only a handball game to others.

The boy was focused on, and unable to resist the spider's web that was being weaved before him, distorted, as it seemed to be in his mind, in his prism of life. That had captured his feelings that had remained foreign to him, no matter what side of the prism one had eyed, but the fixation survived in all its glory, and the scent remained unshakable, if not hostile.

He was not unable to resist, nor wanted to, or plainly, he did not know how or why these feelings existed, he was only seven. The answers were not privy to him, and if he had known, what could he have done? Any answers unearthed that day, would have been of any consequence.

In the shortest of time, his eyes seemed to follow every movement of her butt; in later years he would undoubtedly appreciate the whole woman in all her glory. Thus she orchestrated a rhythm, in his mind, as she played only to him, as his eyes become magnets of song, that seemed attracted to her alone, as if she were of metal conducting this sequence, which he had joined in earnest.

He slowly grabbed hold of the fence that partitioned the baseball fields from the handball courts, thus obtaining a closer view while watching her play. Tighter and tighter his fingers would entwine with the chain link fence. He moved even closer, as he and the fence seemed to become one, and thus finding himself awkwardly rubbing the fence, as he had never done before. The heat of passion was making itself known to him for the first time in his young life. He had little or no control over his newfound emotions, or a way to release himself, as he would learn later in life.

He would once again watch her black shoulder length ponytail as it swayed from side to side on her shoulders, swiftly touching one side, then the other, as her body had been given little time to recover, after each swing she made at the ball. He found himself to be so dangerously and awkwardly bound to the fence, watching her through the tiny holes that were offered, seemingly in his eyes, making her more picturesque, indeed a sight that would last a lifetime, and making all contact with her physically or verbally with no consequence; only her movements, in her frame, only drew his curiosity.

He began imagining, how her butt would look gliding across the court, without those black shorts that were hugging her so tightly.

At times, he would become conscience of the many spectators sitting on the benches or standing close to him. He would sometimes imagine that they could read his mind, and he would become embarrassed, or jealous of them taking part, as pictured in his mind. But not for too long, the show must go on, as he in short time would continue his fantasy. Sort of paranoia, that he would not be able to deprive himself of many future weekends. There would be times, she would turn his way, facing him as she played, and he would again feel embarrassed, and turned away, but ultimately find himself staring at her once again. And times she seemed to be smiling at him, returning his admiration. Wishful thinking on his part.

He would return to the park many times with the same results. There was even a time she showed up with a child in a stroller, which had made no difference. The same experiences had happened again and again.

“Was this sexual adventure a kind of a metaphor for his future, a rite of passage? And if so, what would Sigmund Freud’s theory conclude, or his prism of life reveal? (A rhetorical question.)

And that little boy never knew her name. Would it have mattered? (Another rhetorical question). I thus removed my Prism from my desk, to take a cold shower, till the next time.