



VI

When I woke up, my head was clear,
I knew that he would come again,
And as the meeting time got near,
Minutes were harder to sustain.

I was both nervous and elated,
I had a shower and tea,
I was extremely animated,
My self-control deserting me.

I preened myself and did some cleaning
Awaiting my invited guest.
When there came a door bell ringing
And Derek elegantly dressed.

He'd changed his outmoded gear
For more appropriate to fit.
I was relieved to see him here,
But sure fidgeting a bit.

Black was still dominant, and leather
Was what he surely preferred,
And it became him altogether:
Black leather pants and a T-shirt



Accentuating his fit figure,
Too slender for his brawny build,
Being the picture of the vigor
With which his every part was filled.

At least, he made such an impression
Despite his delicate pale face,
His high cheekbones and an expression
Of mystery and mere grace.

Derek had neatly tapered hair
Round his ears and his neck,
His crown clipped up with care,
But for a few loose bangs slicked back.

He bowed to me, glad and cautious,
But I was beaming at the news
That *he existed*, true and conscious,
In flesh and blood of charming youth.

As he produced a bunch of lilies
And complemented on my face,
I thanked him, overwhelmed with feelings,
Ushering him into my place.



“Glad you have come,” I murmured stumbling,
“I hope you had a good night’s sleep!”
He answered to my low mumbling,
“The night was positively sweet!”

“You have a rare book collection,”
Derek remarked when in my room,
And then he added on reflection,
“The supernatural and Doom

Prevail in subjects of your choice.
Do mysteries appeal to you?”
I answered in a clear voice,
“They just present another view

On things and matters all around,
I like to think that it makes sense
As no one managed to confound
It fully, and it all depends

On how deeply you are ready
To look into the depths of it –
The human knowledge isn’t steady,
And seems inadequate a bit.



Magic exists, I'm pretty sure
And I believe in Fate as well.
This life is too much to endure
As such, to me, it feels like hell.

I do not know why I'm telling
All this absurdity to you..."
My mind was suddenly rebelling
Against how talkative I grew.

"Your theory may have a point
In certain aspects," he replied,
"Having your personal standpoint
But gives you credit, non-denied.

I also find myth captivating
And do believe in the Doom's Day,
But I'm convinced dissimulating
Some things is vital in a way.

Perhaps, the Providence decided
That human mind is still too weak
To master everything provided
A priori; it's doomed to seek



For any sound explanation
To what is hidden from its view
Building a fickle foundation
For such a changeable worldview.”

We chatted on and on discussing
The books, I had both old and new,
Dwelling on this or that, no fussing,
I marveled how much he knew.

As it turned out we were neighbors:
He lived across the street from me.
He was in hunt-related labors
And was in one when he met me.

He was a distance learning student
Studying literature and art,
Though he was certainly more prudent,
Too sensible and very smart.

I learnt that he was years older
And that his birthday was in March.
His skin was smoother, paler, colder
Than mine which didn't matter much.



He was well-cultured and well-mannered –
A gentleman he was, a knight –
Always polite, attentive, gallant,
His company was great delight.

We spent the day together, talking,
But he did leave me for the night.
“To change,” he said a little mocking,
And vanished out of my sight.

Then, I was on my second year –
I took my distance learning course
In fiction writing at Hampshire –
Working on Internet indoors.

My parents paid me rare visits
Being on constant business trips
To international exhibits
Looking for ancient manuscripts.

Derek was orphaned, still an infant,
And no one cared much for him,
His parents killed by some delinquent,
But he grew up still full of vim.



That's all he'd tell on that account
Never arising it again.
I never pressed him to recount,
But I was eager for detail.

We spent a lot of time together
And soon became the best of friends,
But in my heart I wondered whether
We could be more than mere friends.

I loved him, but he kept a distance,
Never too close to cross the line.
I dreamt of breaking this resistance,
But were his thoughts the same as mine?

I often caught him at concealing
Some strong emotion in his eyes.
What was that powerful a feeling
He wanted so much to disguise?

Of course, I wouldn't bring it out,
Or ask him straight, or even hint
For fear that he might confound
My aspirations in defeat.



I relished my infatuation
When I could see him smile to me
And savored bittersweet sensation
Of deep heart-piercing a glee.

He was my reason for existence,
Descended from my cherished dream
Into my human dull subsistence,
An angel, sacred and supreme!

I was deliriously happy
Just at the fact that he was true
And gradually grew more sappy,
My feelings harder to construe.

He talked me into bungee-jumping
And took me to amusement parks...
I followed him with my heart thumping
Filled with the lovey-dovey sparks.

We went snowboarding and skydiving,
And had a wildlife cruise with whales,
Tried jungle-trekking and skin-diving,
Enjoying mountains and dales.



Since then my life became more weird
Than it had ever been before –
My course through life was hardly steered
By common sense in any form.

A plus was Derek's presence near,
Spending a lot of time with him;
A minus was a strange veneer
Of mystery around him

Which must have triggered the unknown
To burst into that life of mine
Until it had me fully blown
With every bit out of line.