

MEDICINE MAN

John Berry



Lucy

Think Not Just Live and Love

Holiday Inn at the 2nd Exit, San Antonio

Ladies' Room

She leaned forward to have a good look at her face. She wanted to make sure that she would go through with it this time. She had enough. After all that research trying to find a romantic interest on the side, someone compatible... worthy of racking an otherwise very good family... Doing the exact opposite of what her father would suggest... She had enough.

She looked at her Murasaki purple fingernails barely hinting her exuding raw sensual energy. What was it this guy once wrote? That she looked tough. She looked like a sheriff... "A free spirit trying to squeeze into a boring life".

"If there is music in the Heavens" she whispered to herself, "there must be music here on Earth".

A bright green blouse made even more striking with circular diamond earrings, never-ending legs caressed with soft black trousers admiring the cutest of toes resting on high heels... Being right next to unforgiving gray eyes and lips ready to devour preys, short chestnut brown hair was trying to calm the waters... An overworked mind still thinking... still trying to make sense.

She looked like the conquerors of Gaul. Blinked only for a second, "Husbands... what a joke!"

She could hear black clouds gathering, lightnings causing devastating wildfires... all in the name of love. Swiftly turned around... and like a new sheriff of a spoiled cowboy town she opened the door all the way to let everyone know things were going to be very different from now on, "Benvenuti a La Città Delle Donne".



At first, she thought he was joking. He was a guy full of jokes. He said, "Go to the Holiday Inn at the second exit". "Good. You are making me laugh." she said. In an unflinching serious manner, "Go to the Holiday Inn at the second exit", he said. "I'm on my way".



Bar

He was sitting on the outer edge of the bar. You didn't need a photo. One would immediately spot him even in such a crowd. No one looked quite like him. He was... he was there in an unobstructed way. Dressed casually, all in black... a t-shirt, a pair of Khakis and very comfortable, Italian looking loafers. He seemed to be in his holiday. He seemed to be always in his holiday. And there... pitch-black eyes are locked on me... with a smile that would tempt the tempter himself. Wanted to go back running. Could not move. Surrendered mouth wide open, gulping, ready to please. No doubt. I wanted him to take me, "Take me".