

Robert Hart

SPEED-DATING FAILURE

Potential partners parade past. We exchange platitudes as I sound their depths. Where is their reality? Do clothes reveal or cloak their identity? Some refuse to meet my eyes. These are dismissed.

I am suspended between dangerous revelation and comfortable secrecy.

Should I blink more, less – or not at all? What is my body language telling them? Should I lean in or keep a cool reserve? What is this telling them about me?

What is it telling me about myself?

The evening rolls on; each interview sliver blurs and none is a worthy servant for this princely cat.