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## Where there Is to Get to

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# Where There Is To Get To

*--for R.W.*

Tell me a secret, he said, and I thought to lie, to rescue my dead, or at least resurrect the beast still breeding nightmares in my insomniac sleep. I'll say because it was late, because I was drunk, his tap on my elbow unhinged and startled me. I told the truth about the night I've lied to myself about. "I was young" is the usual bleat of this beginning, but I wasn't. And the man was beautiful, black-haired, hardly in need of buying what he could have had of me with the right touch of his neat, blunt hands. Between us, we made a whore of me, set me free in a way I could not have been without the abandon of cash money on the bedside table.

That's the secret I told ten years later to a man I didn't know, though I trusted him for his words--living and dying, as he advised, in what I had left.

*Mary Vanek*