

Christine, came back from the bathroom, and I was sure that was her name. I thought I had heard her being sick but the door opened and she came in fixing her hair with a long peacock feather tattooed on her thigh. She wore it well.

'Are you going to sleep there?' she asked and I turned my head to look at her. I did not want to.

She stood in her underwear, a peacock feather tattooed on the thigh facing me; on her face was something like impatience. Something fluttered but I let it go.

'No,' I said. 'I'll join you.'

She gave a nod and went in to her room, passing a hand on the doorframe. I sat up, turned my phone off and put it on the coffee table. I took my shoes and jacket off and then got up and approached her door. Her room was dark but the blanket gave off a dull glow. Christine was a form that rose on the right side of the bed with her dark hair barely seen at top.

I closed the door and felt my way along to the left-side of the bed, took my pants and socks off, emptied my pockets of my cards and change and put them beside my clothes and got in.

Christine stirred, turned towards me and I caught the fragrance of her hair. Before we got the cab back to her place she had explained to me that if I was going to come over, we would smoke cigarettes and that was it. That was when we were walking down my street and ran into my roommate; she said that she wanted to take a cab.

After last call, she stood beside me and Marc had asked from behind the bar if she was okay to go home and she said she was fine, she had her bike. Marc shot me a look and said he didn't think she was in any shape to bike home.

Before that, Dean had said that she was 'well up for it' and that my roommate, had disappeared and I was still there and still in the running according to him.

Christine stirred, moved against me and laid her legs alongside mine. I turned her way and put my arm on her thigh. She snored loudly and turned over on her stomach and I exhaled, turned onto my back and listened to the night and thought about how fast things moved away from the way you expected them to move.

Christine was asleep and I took my arms from behind my head, lay them on my stomach and soon followed.

In the morning, an alarm tore into my dream and I opened my eyes to the light, slowly.

I heard a slap and the alarm stopped and I remembered I was in the bed of a woman that I was sure was named Christine. I exhaled and she turned, pressing her feet against mine, they were cold.

'Oh shit!' she said and laughed, taking her feet away. 'It took me awhile to realise who this stranger was in my bed,' she said.

'Yeah, I was a little confused too.' She propped herself up, still in the black t-shirt and her hair big around her head which she scratched. She laid down again, put her feet against mine.

'I'm stealing your foot warmth,' she said. 'Don't mind my gross server feet.' We lay there for a bit. Through the open window, there was the spring-time smell of the earth and birds.

'Fuck,' Christine said and the birds stopped. 'I have to work in thirty minutes.'

'Right, you mentioned that last night,' I said and sat up. She patted my shoulder and said, 'It's okay, you've got some time,' and got up, swinging her legs to the floor with a thud.

She bent for a moment and sighed, got up and walked with a straight back out her room. She had a lovely body. I laid back down and closed my eyes. I listened to the park outside and went into a quick dream where I stood outside a station, waiting and woke when she came back into the room but the smell and the sound of the rain in the dream lingered for a few moments longer.

'I'm going to grab a cab,' she said stepping into and pulling up her black jeans. 'Do you want to scam a ride back?'

'I would like that,' I said and stopped thinking about the rain in my dream.

She said, 'Okay, you can hang out for a bit longer. I'm just going to brush my teeth.'

So, I closed my eyes again but it was gone, so I got out of bed, stood in front of the window and looked out at the neighbourhood outside and it was a real spring day and not the cold ones we had been having for a while.

I put my socks on, sat on the edge of the bed and put my jeans on. I picked up my cards and change, put them in my pocket and picked up my phone and turned it on and put it in my pocket as well.

I left the bedroom and walked over to the window of the living room which looked out the same direction and there was a muffled haze, an almost audible sound of heat.

Behind me were my shoes where I had left them and hooking a finger into each I carried them over to the couch and put them on. I leaned forward, yawned and rubbed my knees and looked at her bookcase along the wall. I got up and picked up a book that interested me, read the first page, flipped through a few more and read another.

Christine breezed in, adjusting her hair and she stopped. 'Oh,' she said. 'You're ready.'

'Yep, ready when you are.' She looked at the book in my hands.

'What are you reading?'

'"Freelance Writing For You,"' I said.

'Yeah, an ex of mine found that in a dumpster and gave it to me,' she said grabbing some keys from the kitchen, from somewhere I couldn't see. '"So you found a book in the garbage and it reminds you of me?" I asked him. Thanks a lot buddy!' she said with a snort. I closed the book.

'You know...,' I said, getting up and carefully sliding the book back into its place on the bookshelf. I straightened up and looked at her. She had a small nose that looked different in the daylight. 'For someone who writes about writing, he's not much of a writer.'

She pouted a bit, nodded and said, 'Weird, huh?' And looking around the room, 'Well, shall we?'

I nodded and walked to the front door, opened it and stepped halfway out, holding it open. It was heavy and I could tell that it would slam. Christine checked her teeth in a mirror hung in the kitchen, on the end of the wall that separated it from the living room. She made a sucking sound.

'Okay, allons-y,' she said, then 'Thank you,' as she took the door from me.

I stepped out to the hall, looked down to the end and heard the door close and lock. The hallway had pink walls and the floor was built out of the same smooth speckled stone as the one

in my elementary school but I only remember at that moment.

I heard her behind me and I led the way and turned left underneath the exit sign and down the narrow dark stairs. We hit the second floor and turned down one more flight of stairs and as we turned from echoing steps, the light streamed in the large front windows and it felt like a different building.

We went out the glass doors to the buzz and hum of spring. In front of a building to the left at the side of the park there were people setting up on a picnic table.

Christine noticed my interest. 'They're like a hippie commune or something,' she said keeping up beside me with a clicking sound from her heels on the street.

I said, 'Oh.'

As we turned on to Jean-Talon, Sunday was in full flight. A dark man in a tucked-in shirt stood in the doorway of a store with his hands on his hips, listening to a man who stood a step lower on the street, talking with his hands. Radios played out of cars as they passed by. I could smell spicy food and wanted some.

'Okay, let's find a cab,' Christine said. I walked behind her. Her head swiveled. She held out an arm to a cab but its light was not on and there were people in the back seat. It slid by slowly and continued on. 'Shit,' she said. 'I think I'm having a mini heart-attack,' Christine said.

Turning back the way we came, I saw the glint off a windshield and the sign on the roof looked lit. I waved my hand and it put on the blinker and drifted towards the curb. I gave another wave just to make sure. He stopped.

Christine was walking ahead. I shouted her name and she turned. Her pink sunglasses glinted. 'You are the best,' she said, smiling and hurrying back. 'Amazing!' I held the door open, got in after her, slid in and shut the door. 'Laurier et St-Laurent, s'il vous plait,' She told the driver and then turned to ask me, 'Is that alright?'

I said, 'Yeah, that's fine.'

She nodded at this, and pulled out her phone. 'Excuse me for a second, I'm just going to call my boss,' and after a pause she spoke to someone in clean unaccented French, said she was going to be ten minutes late but no more and made small talk about a co-worker who would not be in today. She hung up and put the phone away.

'I hate being late,' she said.

'Yeah,' I said. 'I don't like it much either. It's not a great feeling.'

'It's just rude, y'know?' I nodded at this.

We turned down Parc, down the opposite route that I took to work.

After a few minutes of a sunny, slow drive with the windows down, we passed my old apartment and an old jam-space I played at once. We pulled up to the bar Christine worked at and Christine paid and thanked the driver.

I got out and stood on the curb and waited for her. She got out, I pushed the door closed and we hugged quickly. Her hair smelled nice.

'Well,' I said. 'Have a good day at work, Christine.'

She smiled at me. 'Dean knows how to get in touch with me if you want to hang out again,' she said with a wave and a smile and was off, purposefully walking on thin legs in black jeans, heels clicking on the sidewalk.

I turned to my direction home and passed a Hasidic couple with a stroller. I crossed down a street I used to live on for two months, I passed a school and a restaurant that seemed to be a different restaurant every time.

I remembered arrangements with Dean and some other friends to watch a playoff hockey game at a bar. I wondered if I would be asked to fill them in on what had happened last night, to give the reasons why a lady and I disappeared all of a sudden. I passed the ice-cream store that was closed but soon would be open for the season.

The truth was that nothing happened last night and in its place, Saturday night turned to Sunday morning, just like that. I had met someone and that was it. I turned left at a bank on the corner of my street. It was a simple small thing. Nothing happened and we fell asleep next to each other and in the morning we woke up in the same place.

The large things were going to depend on the little things from now on. The large things might even simply be made up of a lot of little things. This was a possibility that had taken me a long time to realize.

I thought of the dream I had fell into after Christine had left to go get ready for work. In it, I was standing outside Laurier station at the St-Joseph exit. In my dream nothing about it was different and it still looked like the entrance to a strange bunker on an off-world colony with a slanted concrete roof.

It was raining but I was dry under the roof, leaning against the corner of the stone wall just outside the entrance. The sky was dark and drops were splashing puddles in the street and there was an ozone smell. I was alone but I had a feeling that I was waiting for someone.

I woke before anyone arrived but I came out of the dream feeling that I would see them soon if I was patient.