

## EXTRA VIRGIN

i go down to the stream to talk to one girl, but she gets up and leaves, and then another girl comes over and she starts talking with me. it turns out this girl is a mere sixteen, with one year of high school remaining. she lives up around the corner with her mother; her father visits from long island about once every month. her name is tracey, a name i've never known anyone to have, although i know the name. she's slightly plump, but just right, with amazingly inviting breasts. and her shoulders are perfect. i'm very particular about shoulders. i can't take a woman if she has no shoulders. shoulders have to be shapely, round, with their own special set of curves. i moan to myself that she is too young. why couldn't she be twenty-six instead of sixteen. or why couldn't i be sixteen too on this breezy hot summer afternoon in 1985. she tells me she likes listening to jazz, and i tell her that if she were a few years older i'd invite her in my place to listen to some records. she wants to come anyway, she says, but i shy off, knowing that i'd never be able to trust myself with her. so we part, after talking maybe twenty minutes. when i walk away i feel my swollen prick relaxing a bit, a very little bit, and the walk back to the motel is an uncomfortable one. when i go in my dump i look in the mirror right away at the lines around my eyes, then i go back into my tiny kitchen and get the bottle of extra virgin olive oil and i rub some gently around my face, and especially around my eyes.