

Agnes - Of Lust And Desire

“She was simply but elegantly dressed (sign of confidence, I felt, a sign of self-respect), and although she wasn’t someone who bothered with lipstick or nail polish, she looked thoroughly feminine...”

Paul Auster: The Invisible

Yes, you might call the “thoroughly feminine” appearance of Martha her trade mark. She was from New York, New York, straight forward, a mature woman on her own. Although her facial features might be considered rough, slightly unbalanced, the nose rather large, the lips rather thin, but her body stunning like the one of a ballet dancer - she was a woman of class. We fell for each other being both aware that this one night at the Coconut Grove Hotel was our only chance. At the end of our dinner together, she said as a matter of fact: “Let’s go up to your room”. Speechless, I nodded. Relieved, not to have to make the pass myself, speechless because there was nothing more to say and not much time left, just this one night. We both knew what we wished to happen.

The next morning when I woke up, Martha was already gone. But she has left a short note written on the hotel’s bill slip:

Dear -

I hope the recording session ... went well today and that you weren't too tired. I had a nice time. I like you very much. If you have any time at all (and I know it's tight) please give me a call, anytime when you get to New York... If I don't see or hear from you again - Good luck.

Martha

The synchronicity of the rise of desire for love by man and woman unknown to each other without any shades of anything was stunning. Martha was an expert lover, hungry for love but for a love on a level of real feelings, not just lust as a routine; a love of a strength of a couple separated for a long time, months or even years. She was exerting enormous heat, she was sincere and sensuous in her offerings as well as in absorbing the counter moves and pressures. She was all ONE woman, her sexuality lived through her whole body up to her very last nerve. She didn’t care for a mechanical intercourse, we kept rolling around and rubbed against each other, we dissolved in our embraces fully, there was no separation to sense between the bodily and the

mental desire, the lust was undercurrent of the prevalent human longing of a man for a woman and vice a versa...

OK, let's not get carried away. But it brings out the fact to me that most ephemeral encounters, these chancy one night discharges (and recharges) stay burned in one's emotional memory stronger than the embraces of a long lasting relations. In my imagination, in times of being alone, without a female friend, I dreamt up an archetype of such a woman like Martha. I called her Agnes. I imagined Agnes as a woman of ripe age, broad hipped, ample breasted, rich, free dark hair up to the shoulders, wearing a loose skirt and a top allowing for a generous wide cleavage, bare foot... And fiery eyes, full of promise of love and gentleness. None of the encounters like the one with Martha brought me together with a woman who would correspond with the feminine archetype image I carried with me all my life. Although, yes, there was one. But that encounter, the clash with the archetype when full filled, was so overwhelming that I knew right away I didn't have a chance to hold on to it, on to her and we have never been together again though some notes and letters or discrete greetings were passed between Agnes and me. We both well remembered. I cannot restrain myself not to tell that "it" was so much apart from the common life experience - well, here it is...

While she was visiting friends who lived in the same small village where I lived, we got to know each other at friends' dinner table, and while dining at ease, our glances crossed more and more frequently as the evening proceeded. In the end we went outside, enjoying the warmth of the high summer evening and the overwhelmingly clear sky above our heads. Was "Agnes" alone? Did she come along with someone? Was she there by her own car? I don't remember. At a certain moment I felt her hand in mine, she wound herself up to my ear and whispered: "Where do you live here? Will you show me?"

We went to my place, I was nervous, I was shivering with expectation. Agnes kind of floated next to me, and when we reached my place which was on the very outskirts of the village, we kept walking into the fields. But before leaving the village, without giving much of an explanation I stopped abruptly and on a whim of a notion of things possibly coming, I asked her to wait and I ran to my VW bus to fetch some blankets. When I returned to Agnes again, she spread her arms and got hold of my head with both her hands and she kissed me shortly on my mouth. Sooner than I could have responded to her kiss, she withdrew her magic lips and for a second looked into my eyes. All was said.

We spent the night outside in the field. It was the only night in my life which I spent with my archetype Agnes. After I had been blessed by this miracle, I wrote a poem:

AGNES, MY WIFE

In rat-catcher's veil,
I'm dashing through the night

Agnes, grown up in a while,
florid by the heat of the same night,
intended a feast, and she did,
calling me for a guest

On the table served:
a fern, soft banks of a creek,
milk I never liked to drink
stroked breast.

The sleek as glib past of sorcery,
slight tension and sensitivity,
grasping or counterwise

Wanton, wanton is her hymn,
the one of Agnes,
my whispering wife

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