

1991

Everything Changed More than Once

Tricia Collins

Richard Milazzo

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.library.stonybrook.edu/differentia>

Recommended Citation

Collins, Tricia and Milazzo, Richard (1991) "Everything Changed More than Once," *Differentia: Review of Italian Thought*: Vol. 5 , Article 8.

Available at: <https://commons.library.stonybrook.edu/differentia/vol5/iss1/8>

This document is brought to you for free and open access by Academic Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Differentia: Review of Italian Thought* by an authorized editor of Academic Commons. For more information, please contact darren.chase@stonybrook.edu.

Everything Changed More Than Once

Tricia Collins & Richard Milazzo

I

She's rich, very rich, rich enough to summarize her own life. She is like a phoenix rising out of the ashes of her own name. She is from Brooklyn or Sienna or Phoenix, Arizona. She is above it all, above experience itself — she has even transcended the condo. There is something in the color of her skin that has convinced her that condos are out. She is a model. And the condos she lived in her whole life were beautiful.

Her shoes were beautiful. She knew what her needs were and knew how to fulfill them. She brought knowledge, right, and quickness to bear upon those needs. She knew how to shop and how to refuse, although she was always willing, and always pleased. She needed new things in her life, and liked good service. She like to hunt, sail and buy new things. She knew their names and where to go. Her shoes were first rate. She was a pleased customer and she was pleasing. She knew right from wrong, how to reveal things, and how to service other hunters.

They are no longer strangers. They recognize flash, and go for it. This was their first meeting. But there was no time. And before long, everything would change. Even their green eyes, their blond hair, their quick smiles. Before long, the would be strangers again. Perhaps by the time the evening falls. They love time but they could not see their way clear to an even temper.

They loved mirrors. And they liked to laugh in them. They loved to spread their wings like lovers. They loved Picasso, and the mirrors he painted. They owned 24 of them. They loved to use them — to live in them, to know them, to make love to them. It was an art form. They loved Chicago. Picasso had loved Chicago. And he had loved them.

He hated his job anyway. He didn't like any of the shoes. But it was worse than that. He hated to walk. He hated walking as a principle. He had always wanted to quit. He hated shoes and condos and mirrors. He hated himself. He had always considered himself lucky, and yet, he had distrusted all of his hobbies. Especially his mirrors. He was forlorn about those shoes — had always been. Lucky but forlorn. And he had always hated walking. Buying and selling shoes were never his favorite hobbies. He hated his boss, his shoes, matter itself — but he especially hated chance and the mirrors he had experienced. He hated the stains in those mirrors, and the condos in which they were located. He had been seduced by shoes his whole life — and now he wanted it to stop. He wanted to stop all the mirrors, all the shoes, all the stains.

He was tongue-tied. He knew nothing about satin. And knew even less about velvet. Even the curves in his hands were foreign to him. But he knew that the distance between the first time and the last time was temporary, and that it would vanish the minute the firm called upon him to explore her files.

She liked to swim and drive cars. Her favorite toy was the ocean. She loved pink swimming pools and purple Cadillacs. She had 22 of them, and each of them had a mirror. She loved oil, the color 'white', and the sun. A deadly combination for those with little money.

It was hard to relax knowing that the cushions had been saturated with champagne. We were nearly finished when she collapsed. We couldn't tell if it was night or day. We looked forward to the next turn in the road — a new content for our lives. The last craze had brought her and us down to our knees. She was a gentle thing — but always looking forward to the next package deal. She was insatiable, and her smiles did nothing to avert her passions.

She owned 19 airplanes. But what pissed her off was that the sky felt like sandpaper against her skin. She wanted to be a lifeguard, but got confused. She wore pantyhose and stockings — and loved Hawaii.

II

She lived in condos all her life because she liked the materials they were made out of. Mirrors are absolute things in relation to the other in condos. And your neighbors never make a sound.

The service is quick, the refusals are first-rate, and the customers are willing to divulge their darkest secrets.

The woman recognized him, although she had forgotten to raise the blinds.

She made love like Picasso, even though she painted like a cab-driver. Her roommate was working on a landscape, and he was writing a book on the proper uses of mirrors. “No mirror can make love like Picasso,” he said. But it made him look sexier.

There was a great deal of joy in her life. She loved shoes and hated matter — but knew better. She was a lucky saleswoman.

His hands were tender the first time. But then he found his way to the tower. Everything changed more than once.

Imagine hitting the gas on a pink Cadillac 'til the engine's about to explode and then crashing into a big, old swimming pool.

We are looking forward to the coming nights and days.

She wanted to meet people and keep naked.

III

Screaming.

Always willing.

That flash of lust.

Changed hellos.

Torrid lovers in no time.

Her body double.

Most people use a mirror.

Even if a person paints like shit.

It just so happens that she makes me look a lot sexier.

Joy is her favorite hobby.

Chance doesn't pass it up.

He was going to quit anyway.

Finding his way at last.

Champagne and the sun made a deadly combination.

She pushed her oil-slick ass against the whitecaps.

A lifeguard on the beach.

*New York City
January 1991*