

Three Stories · *Diane Williams*

THE HELPMEEET

To my surprise Diane Williams wants me to hold her fucking ass. She is the very picture of strength and health. She is in this state of well-being.

She loves me and I am someone who should stay concealed. Still, I keep coming to light. I am an annoyance rather than a deep disturbance. In other words—I go to my room when I am told to, shut the door, and I stay there until I am given my permission to come out.

When I come back out, some secrecy is necessary. Nothing could have seemed more essential when I took off my peg-top trousers. I untied my shoes. Stood. I felt so tightly bound to her while we were stiffly rocking.

If I go away someday, I want to know how she will live without me.

I will ask her to go into detail about her sexual needs.

Why do I even care how many of her needs there are?

Just for conversation's sake, let's say there are just two.

AN ARGUMENT FOR STAYING THE SAME

He could not please her. She could not please him. She became cruel and horrid. Their children became cruel and horrid. He became cruel and horrid.

They were not tenderly kissing each other, holding each other, or softly stroking each other. He was not plunging himself into her. So then what happened? and then what happened? and then what happened?

She had said something completely fantastic, unbelievable, then she had begun to cry. The truth of it was that her disappointment was real. After dinner, she had lit a cigarette. The room was crowded.

“I want the truth,” she had said. She had on her old gray dress with the red lapels. She pushed her plate away. There was a conversation going on. While they had been talking—God knows not for very long—the truth disappeared.