

Slamming It All Together

The Usual Style

Part of the Scene Stealer Series

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I am too old to remember slam dancing, moshing in the pit. In fact, the very thought only causes a sliver of pain, a warning sign, to shoot down my back into the small, the crook of my neck, my age shows, I am injured, the jostling doesn't sound like fun, a good way to get hurt, to hurt for days; but then, there was a time when I played football, getting tackled, spinning through the air, no pads, land in a mess, and I called that fun, limped for a week, and I called that fun.

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The music is loud, not so much thumping, as screeching, circling round, looking for a weak spot, not quite right, blasting out the weak, nothing left, only the sound, the body taking over.

I don't like the idiots spinning their arms, throwing punches, not much disguised, feet in the air, isn't that kicking, so trip them, kick them, punch them on down.

A glancing blow doesn't hurt, it really has to connect, a mob scene, people clutching, pushing, pressing, back in the day, the good day, it was just a press, a giant press, man against man, boy against girl, just shoving closer, closer to the stage, and I suppose

one day, all someone wanted, all someone needed was a little elbow room, an elbow to the gut, stomping on toes, kicking of shins, that's what the boots were for, first defense, and once the game was on, offense. If you didn't come ready to play, to play the game, you had no right being in the front row; and then, the row grew, to three or four, five or six, rows deep, standing room only, never enough space, pack 'em in, dancing for space.

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In words, I can say I understand the moment, he understands the moment, must be someone else, not me, some hero from youth, short hair, tight shirt, ripped jeans, probably living on the street, living rough, whatever, drugs to get by, do you need the whole back story, that there is nothing but this moment, no where to live, no where to hide, given it all for this drug, this moment, king of the hill, king of the mosh, like a bull at the head of the pack, running with the pack, hoofs that could kill, merciless strike, in the mosh, kick 'em when they're down, but you'll never go down... or at least, think about going down.

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And there is this girl, shall I describe her, lie about her, she's lying, or maybe not, but the leather jacket says that she's lying, didn't really know what to expect, the jacket is hot, too much, but she is a girl, given a deference, as the pit boils around, pushing and shoving, I always thought she would be at the center, but how can she be, not her, rich girl, standing on the edge, custom ripped shirt, stylish new jeans made to look old, and our man, our hero, our boy of eighteen, stopping in motion, a pause in his dance...

I had planned, but in this moment, what does he grab onto, here in the pit, a shirt to rip, pants, her belt, holding her close so she doesn't fade, not right away, one simple kiss, and then drawn away...

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You can see it from her point of view, at the edge, watching the dance, the young lads at play, front row seats, court level, people pushing, people shoving, for your fun, your amusement, twenty dollar cover, right through the door, no sneaking around back, fake tickets, or name on a list, the list, get in free or you don't get in at all...

But not her, standing tall, almost 'Ew,' at the continual push, embrace, and then he comes sailing around, out of the crowd, pushed into her, happily falling, clutching on, taking his leave, hands to explore, grabbing hard, steadying himself, up on the rise, eyes meeting, he's rough, what she's been looking for, in a way, not her way, not her style, but clearly, here, he's king of the hill, paying his dues, kneel at her feet, no matter he uses her body to claw back to the top, on his feet, hand on clothes, pocket holds, belt, a shirt to grab onto, leather is nice, and then on his feet, eye to eye, smiling, alive... only, how can she know, that only she's not, kissing her, magic from, turn into a prince, the magic can work both ways, you know, as he falls back into the crowd, not looking, this element, his home...

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Or you can see it from her point of view, week after week, in the mosh pit herself, him dancing around, closer, alone, and there he is, on the edge, kissing a princess, a frog, just stand, the sea parting before you, the mosh pit your home, not looking he collides, arms embraced, falling down, boots all around, at the bottom, they lie, till the song's over, kissing, thumping, backs to the world, dancing as one, yes, I suppose, that's the romantic part, whatever the style, dancing together, dancing as one...