

Pissing
by Elisa Hall
Highly Commended

I had the wish to know her and to make her mine.
Was it because in the beginning she saw me first and made her way towards me?
She smiled at me, and held my wrist when she spoke. I asked her where she'd come from as I hadn't seen her before.
'Travelling for a long time,' she said, and left it at that. It explained her not having friends or family.

She had the way of owning space like she knew no-one was going to give her trouble. Head held high, tap of hard heels striding. Blue eyes clear as a glassy sea.

Later she would tell me a story of one time being aware of a man following her and how when she thought she'd lost him he jumped out at her.
'Thought you knew where I was, didn't you? Bitch.' At which point he laughed at her for her fear and her fury and went off whistling.
'That's not going to happen again,' she said quietly to me, a stern expression across her features.

I endeavoured to have her love me and we formed a fine picture together and people in our alternative world grew to recognise us as a couple. It pleased me that she was keen to make friends with my friends and they liked her, she was as reckless and wild as any of us.

She told me I taught her how to love.
She had to practise how to share, and how to sometimes yield, not because it showed weakness but because it was beautiful. In return she showed me how not to be afraid but that didn't come easily.

She planned a holiday for the two of us.
A cop slowed his trajectory of circling the block three times, glaring, before a quick flare of the siren meant he was upon us. The inopportune offence being her motorbike parked under an awning in a summer downpour in a country town. A Sunday, no-one around, we were no bother to anyone.
'Move it,' he said puffing himself up with importance. 'Now.'
'Cmon, it's pissing down with rain,' she said to him.

He threatened to arrest her for saying pissing. She laughed scornfully and refused to move the bike. I wasn't surprised, what attracted me to her was

her aversion to being submissive to anyone. I saw it as a superpower. I'd seen her kick a car door in with her Cuban boots when the driver had been a dick. I stayed silent.

He threatened to send her to Silverwater Women's Prison. For saying the word pissing but really it was for not bowing down to his authority in the way that he needed. For saying the word pissing but really for having a shaved head and wearing a leather jacket and mocking him when he threatened to arrest her. For having me on the back of the bike in a red polka dot dress and red lipstick, with Marilyn bleached hair and piercings and boots confusing how he could read me. For not liking that we were obviously together, that we fucked hard and sweet and didn't need a man like him and that neither of us was the man in the relationship.

'Obstruction,' he started in. 'Refusal to follow request to move along. Indecent language. Suspicion of carrying illegal drugs.'

She was comfortable in facing authority. When a situation was mean and hard she knew how to speak to it. She was practised at looking that shit in the eye.

She took a slow breath in and out. Exasperated now.

'I really just wouldn't go there if I were you,' she said. 'Stop now. This won't go well for you.'

He couldn't resist. He escalated.

'I can throw in resisting arrest if you'd like to add that in as well,' he said, not paying attention as he fingered his handcuffs.

'Look,' she said, her temper rising, 'I'm on the job.'

I didn't understand what she was saying. He did. He snorted.

'Yeah, right. Bullshit.'

But the whites of his eyes showed.

'Federal. Drug squad. Undercover.'

'Obviously.' He sneered, incredulous.

She pulled out something from her backpack and flashed it at him.

'My mistake.' he said and got back in his car.

She looked at me, a sad, defiant expression.

'Sorry babe.'

The footpath was spinning and so was my world.

'We're over, hey' she asked me.

I rallied all of my strength.

'What the fuck? Yes.'