

Reflections

Sheree Greer

Kaya squints at the large dressing mirror she found at a second-hand furniture shop on Seventy-Fifth and Jeffery. She put the mirror in the corner of the room facing the bed. Now she stares into it as her boyfriend Pierce carefully places himself inside her. Looking at their bodies in the mirror, she is mesmerized. Her dark mahogany skin meets Pierce's chalky paleness and leaves them both struggling for air. In the hushed light of the setting sun and a dozen candles, they begin to move, slamming into one another, hips and chest.

As Pierce plunges deeper and deeper inside her, she stares into the mirror, and is transported. Kaya watches herself change as she writhes underneath him. Her kinky brown curls straighten then become, lighter, lighter, lighter; going from the darkest brown to the lightest honey blonde. Her dark eyes blaze the color of a cloudless summer sky. Her creamy white skin is brand new and slick with sweat. Her pink nipples become rigid as Pierce bends to kiss and suck them hungrily. Golden blonde hair tickles across her fair cheeks, tickling her small, straight nose and kisses her thin rosy lips when he takes her from behind. Kaya shivers against an orgasm and realizes things will be different now.

Pierce's mother will share with her the recipe for the soft, chewy oatmeal cookies that Pierce loves so much; the ones with the chocolate chunks, not puny ineffectual chips, but powerful flavorful chocolate chunks. His father won't look at her lewdly and give Pierce that knowing smirk.

"Your father thinks you have the 'fever.' You should set him straight" she had said during an uncomfortable ride back to the South Side.

Kaya blinks hard. Her toned dark brown body shining in the glowing orange of the sunset is reflected in the antique mirror.

Pierce flips her over. They roll around the damp sheets until

Kaya straddles him. She rides him fiercely and he strains against her twisting hips. The musky scent of sweat and burning candles makes the bedroom seem hotter than it really is, intoxicating both of them. Pierce glances at the mirror and is forced to take another look.

Kaya's dark skin is commanding, strong and majestic like the great African Queen Amina. His own skin is thin, easily burned, and quick to flush at the smallest offenses. Pierce grabs Kaya's hips and steadies her before turning her over. She wraps his legs around her as he pushes harder, trying to become what he believes she really wants; what deep inside he may want himself. His skin, so dark it rivals the blackest midnight, is pulled taut across his lean body. He whips his head of coconut-scented dreads from left to right, and smiles. He has a power between his legs and a weight on his shoulders that makes him, for the first time, feel like a man.

"No, he doesn't. He knows how I feel about you," Pierce answered, running a hand through his hair. His soft, chestnut brown locks cascaded over his ears and he bit his lip as his father's voice played in his head. *"It's always good to get this sort of thing out of your system while you're young."*

Pierce sees his blue-green eyes in the mirror across from the bed. He grinds into Kaya and she moans. His chest is burning and he wants to create something; to validate himself, to stand up to his father and all the other things that have always conquered him.

The mirror looks back at the both of them trying desperately to keep up with the fantasies. Two black bodies undulating like the ocean, both complete in a love that sustains them. Two white bodies floating above the bed with the weightlessness that comes from being regarded. The bed rocks and the mirror trembles. Kaya cries out in both pleasure and pain. She is the best thing that ever happened to Pierce, but it's not enough. Pierce grunts from deep within himself, loving Kaya for her strength and knowing he will never be strong enough.

She looks into the mirror, her deep brown skin shining with sweat and tears. His flushed white skin is coated with sweat and tears. They are uplifted by love and doomed by it.

For the first time in their ten months together, Pierce and Kaya don't hold each other after having just made love. They lie silently, each trying to figure out the best way to tell the other that it's over.