

The Détente of Sweat

By Scott Tinley

The pageantry of human contact.

These dancing droplets bead then shimmer of sweat gilded from his head like raindrops from a shaken leaf. The supple leather of the glove caressing his brother's temple with the speed of a winged bird in flight, sending his brother's head in a rainbow arch, quicker now, a waterfall of gentle features just before it's breath with the mat.

No thought, the quiet of a Zen garden. Returning now to the absent mind of the brother, still prone, fetal position, thoughts of rising from soft ashes and comforting sleep. But up he stood, a baby giraffe getting his legs, The cheering crowd acting as proud parents, applauding his subtle movements.

With great compassion, the brother would now, in return, place his own hand on the exposed chin of the one who came also from his mother's womb. This time, the brother's empathy had vanished with his fallen thoughts and the hand, covered as it was in the hide of God's calf, struck as a diver meets fluid medium, slicing cleanly into the water when slow; skipping off its surface like a child's ball at bounce when approached at increasing speeds.

His brother's body moved, slowly at first, a wisp of wind before the storm. Gaining momentum, the adulating crowd is silent, awed, longing for his stability. Reaching out for his brother, a gesture of love maybe, of something else altogether...probably. The two now, embraced gently in a dance of circular motion, touching, feeling, hoping for a soft and vulnerable place in which to make contact.

And finally, backing away, eyes soft, a slow trickle of red oozing from the brother's mouth, the little creek of blood hinting both of his intent and his need.

In the end, the need overshadowing, creating a sense of peace running through the hearts and memories of the brothers, a sense of equality achieved not in victory but in détente.