

Her

Jason Arment

Sometimes I just sit and think about her. There are days when I wake up and she won't get out of my head. Even though I know it isn't good for me and I shouldn't be doing it, I still do. I just think about it. For hours on end. Maybe I'm really thinking about the richness she brought to my life. Maybe I'm just trying to let go. Some men say women will do that; when you ask what "that" is you usually get the answer that they either make you "cry" or "sing."

But isn't it a woman that does this? As easy as and convenient as it might be to lump the finer sex into a giant group, it usually only takes one of them. They're good at playing the *dues ex machina* to a male's mundane existence. The real problem for me, where I really get tripped up is, I idealize women. That's right, I said it out loud, I idealize them.

For me a woman is something that is more than a person. A woman is more than a person in that they still retain some of the feralness that I feel men have lost in every aspect of themselves except their rage and hatred. A woman is like some kind of majestic creature that is more human than human, hyperhuman, in a sense. Ayn Rand and others have played off of Nietzsche's idea of the uber-man--men that hold the weight of the world on their shoulders, destined to move things forward by doing great things and being so much larger than life. How is it in contrast that a small, slight, fragile woman with quiet beauty seems like so much more, seems like something the uber-man would strive just to be around?

But that's where it gets fucked up, because women are just people and ideals can never be reached. An old friend of mine time again would tell me, "Don't put pussy on a pedestal." While this uncouth phrase makes people cringe with its callous vulgarity, it holds truth. When I put females on the pedestal of idealism, I lose touch with the reality of them. People have flaws, and while I should accept these flaws, acceptance is much different from a blindness. There are some flaws that should make you wary, that should make you keep your eyes open and your wits about you. You can accept them and do this, or you can pretend they don't exist and live in a fantasy that eventually crumbles.

When she told me she was leaving I cried. She spit it all out at once. That she wasn't happy, hadn't been for awhile. That she was leaving, moving back to California. That I shouldn't cry.

She left out that she had met someone else, someone way better than me. The someone was her type, where I wasn't. My hair was cropped, his hair

was long. I wore boots, he wore moccasins. I was struggling to be a writer, he already had a successful career writing code for software. She had met him long ago, while dating the guy before me. Really I should have been happy for her, it was some Disney movie shit—as long as I didn't cry.

I did cry though. It felt like a bad car accident, when everything freezes for a moment. You take a precise inventory of the situation: the things you left on the floor of your car are floating around you, the air bag looks pretty inviting before it turns rock hard and smashes your face, your hands up as if to stop the steering wheel, then you feel terror when you realize things will unfreeze and you'll bounce around like a jelly bean in a can.

"I'm leaving," and everything freezes. The feeling that follows that is often related to having your heart torn out. Believe me, though, it's the emotional equivalent of your hand breaking between your face and the air bag, your head smashing out the driver side window, and crawling out of your twisted car to survey the damage.

"But I don't want you to leave," I stuttered out, "I love you."

"I love you too," she replied. Then she left.

I still love her. I still love the idea of her.

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