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## Groovin' with Mr G

by Jamie Moore

“It’s perfectly formed.”

His voice boomed with a deep, bass resonance that echoed across the saturated landscape of my mind’s eye, turning the endless sky into a mere canyon of space and time. If I wasn’t already awake I’d have woken startled, but then he appeared, spiralling into view. The kitchen chair descended, now a regal throne, replete with deep crimson purple hues, and he smiled at me, benevolent love, a twinkle that said, suck it up brother. “Groovin’ For Mr G” was playing, a crossover masterpiece, his Renee appearing behind, hands clasped to the Groove’s shoulder, and she smiled at me, a caring crooked smile, resolute strength with malfunctioning lockjaw, Tatiana on his lap, playing flute, and Herbie Mann as leprechaun sat atop her flute, the strains of ‘Hold On, I’m Coming’ a whistling flourish from his own silver instrument.

“It’s perfectly formed,” he crooned, still bassy, a hint of whisper. With him it always was, always note perfect, soul perfect, Richard ‘Groove’ Holmes calling, to me, he knew me, he had to, he was here in the kitchen. I called out to him, “what is?” but the chair wouldn’t settle, it was bopping and circling, could he hear me through the noise? He bassooned his response, “you right brother, what is,” and threw his head back laughing while all 320lbs of his mighty frame oozed through the sides of the throne and onto the floor.

His form liquified toward me, enveloping all in its path. “What is,” he bellowed, as his playing intensified, punching, swaggering staccato hits of rhythmic E flat major, while Renee came behind me and began to massage my chest. He was the ‘Groove’ and it didn’t matter the style, it always had soul. It could be Camptown Races and it would set you toe-tapping, hip-shaking.

He'd bake a chocolate cake with sixteen bars of rich soul groove. Renee's fingers tapped a beat and sank into my flesh, her nails pressing through my pectorals like they were scoring time, chocolate elixir seeping between us, as the Groove's mighty, molten form travelled up the backs of my calves toward my spine. He spoke with clear gravitas, "life's a game man, it's all perfect brother, a beautiful game..." and Renee whispered in my ear "all you gotta do is know how to play it...know how to play...Charlie....Charlie..."

I emerged from sleep, calmly shaken. Instantly I became aware, rock-pools of water on my chest, the bed awash with febrile sweat. "Charlie, baby, you ok?" Sophie was lying next to me, stroking my hand, and I sat up, aware something had broken, humbled by her touch, as the cicadas and the darkness enshrouded me in their consent. I moved to the bathroom and closed the door, ashamed by the mirrored tears that cascaded my face like ants on a carcass.