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The Indian Lawyer

by Maureen Marsh

She hovered over the app, ready to delete. Pondering the question, should I? The best part of a year had been taken up by this dating app and its promise of love wrapped up in a beautiful package. At times it had seemed like real life, friends, work, were just an annoying distraction away from the blips, pings, and bongs of the apps notifications. Her anxious swiping left and right the ocean of faces and bodies. Anticipatory mind and hungry eyes. Dopamine rushes galore, brain chemistry playing her like Pavlov's dog.

At the start, she had been thoroughly optimistic. Uploading images of herself in good light and good clothes, smiling joyfully at the camera lens, as though not a care in the world. She saw images of men coming back to her smiling equally joyfully or butch and serious. On beaches, doing sports and in groups of friends as if to say 'Im both strong and active and have a shit load of friends, so don't you go thinking I'm some kind of loser.....no sireee!' And then bit by bit the true picture revealed itself to her. If a match was made and the 2nd stage was messaging, then mostly the messaging petered out quickly. Promising images revealing slightly boring or wholly incompatible humans. And then there was that one.....

The Indian Lawyer that adored her photo and kept her messaging for 4 hours straight. The conversations got deep and metaphysical, Art, beauty, music and the meaning of life. She came away from that utterly convinced that she had found the 'one'! To the degree that she had rung her friends and family to say as much. And then nothing....flatline....she would message and nothing came back. Like calling out in a cavernous cave and just getting the echo of your own voice back. And then there was that one....

The one that she had had a 2 hour actual phone conversation with. The one where the conversation flowed like honey, laughter, teasing, connection. A date was set. Getting ready, choosing something sexy, but not too sexy, stylish but not aloof and comfortable so not fiddly. Walking out light headed and lighthearted on her way to meet him and then.....message 'Sorry, cannot meet, met someone' and then there was that one...

The one she actually met. The one that sort of looked like his photo, but a fairground crazy mirror version of. The one that was very depressed and rather strange.

And so it was that many roads had led to many dead ends. Like the promise of the first hit that heroin might deliver. The promise of Nirvana, but then the direction suddenly alters and leads you to hell itself. The hell of human loneliness and dysfunction.

So there she was with her finger hovering over the delete button. She looked up around the coffee shop and saw a multitude of humanities detritus also absorbed in the small screen of their phones, facebook, instagram, dating apps. All trying to find love and connection via the safety and distance of technology, and yet making connection is neither safe nor distant. When she reflected on her own experience of meaningful relationships. There had been nothing intellectual, no idea or image that could really explain those connections. It came to her....'Love is a calling'

And so she gazed back down at her phone, ready to delete when....an attractive male looked back out from the screen at her. Eyes bright and smile shining. She paused 'Oh well, lets just give it one more week.'