

HENNA

I'll tell you, Harold: *There's no question!* You're now Numero Uno in my life — *Because* my mother always said—and I quote, "Henna, if you must have a man— *and* I'd advise you to rethink *that* bit of propaganda— *but* if you really must—then it's a smart daughter's job to get one who knows what *he's* running from and to, **and** has the where-with-all *to get there!*— *with you along for the ride!* Just look at what your not-swift Mum wound up with," she'd sob and say. "*Your stupid bum-of-a-dad; shanghaied* on the Garbage Barge Fleet; sailing around—like some friggin' flying Kraut—without landing, for a year, because no place would allow the barge *to dock and dump*. And then one day, dumb dad does decide to act—decides to get to shore himself—sees what he *thinks* is a magical *silver escape raft* floating by, and *leaps* onto what turns out to be a *million used condoms*, which, like some senile seal, he chokes on, and drowns in. —Don't settle, Henna! *Search! Search!*"

End, Mum's quote.

So I, Henna, have, indeed, been searching for a running from/slash/to man *who* —even if blind—could smell used condoms a mile away— *and* could take me with him to the promised land. . . .And you, Mr. Harold Icarus Hubris, *are* that man. . . .*BOTTOM LINE:* I said before that I admire your erotic fingernails. *And I mean it!* I mean, you could probably strum and plink-plunk a lady's south central uvula like nobody's business. And even as I speak, *my* south central uvula is now plink-plunking away—and *without* the actual strumming of your erotic fingernails. *Though!* I fully expect to deal with *their* diddle, as soon as we reach . . . "Safe Place."

HAROLD

Let's go!

YOURS TRULY

Says horny Harold.