

HUMOR

Hooglie-mooglie

Spring makes the sap flow

It's that fertile time of year when nature draws us out of our wintry cocoons, awakens us with perfume of blooming daphne and robins' serenade and makes us want to linger in the morning light when we step out to get the newspaper, forgetting for one sweet moment that we have no pants on.

Spring is here. Sweetie and I feel love in the air, but we've been together 14 years and tend not to get quite as swept away as new lovers do. Unless by swept away you mean planning our weekend around gutter cleaning, reorganizing the garage and, hubba-hubba, washing the car.

Meanwhile, people all around us are falling in love. Two very close friends of ours fell hard. Intoxicated with sunshine and the pink petals of flowering plums, they have become like the trees. Their sap is flowing.

After a long dry spell, they started dating and uncharacteristically cast caution to the wind. They dove in head first—literally, as far as we know.

We haven't seen much of them lately. I caught a glimpse of one the other night, and she was glowing. Or that just might have been the light shimmering on her unwashed face. She did look happy. She also looked like she hadn't slept since Rosie came out.

When pheromones kick in, new lovers tend to forget their other connections. Sweetie and I get an occasional phone call or e-mail from our enamored friends when they come up for air. They're in that corny, hooglie-mooglie stage where everything feels all shiny and new. Like a vir-ir-ir-gen.

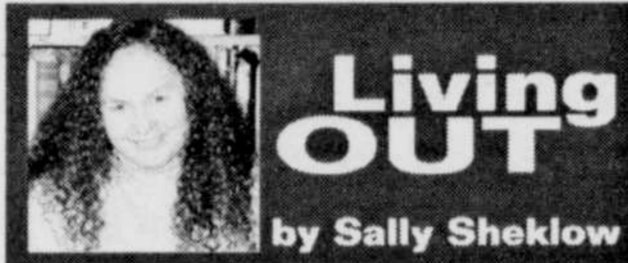
"She is so sweet! I never knew I could feel so loved! This is it!" They're saying all those goofy things new lovers like to think they'll be saying about each other for the rest of their lives.

Sometimes people figure out how to hang onto feeling in love. Sweetie and I are still in love, usually. But sometimes we get caught up doing taxes, pruning roses and worrying about making the house payment.

It's easy to get distracted by our own little problems, like weatherizing and who do we know who can help us rewire the smoke alarms we ripped, still beeping, out of the ceiling after last winter's power outage. We forget to prioritize love. But because we have these friends who are in the hot and juicy throes of new romance, we have a clear reminder close at hand, so to speak.

Their steamy love affair prompts us to set aside habitual worries and remember how lucky we are to have each other. We have found unflinching loyalty and devotion. And I'm not just talking about our dog, either.

I mean, we were newly in love once. Whatever it was that drew us to each other then is still there now.



We just have to remember to see each other with loving eyes instead of that "it's your turn to take out the recycling" look. Luckily, our lovebird friends remind us to commit random acts of whoopee.

These two women—who have to remain nameless now that I'm telling you all this—inadvertently have inspired certain behavior in our, shall we say, marriage bed. "Let's pretend we've just started falling in love," I suggested last night. Hoo-wee, that got us going. Sweetie set aside the crossword puzzle, I took off my wrist brace, and we turned on a Joan Armatrading CD. Even the cats went into the other room.

We said all kinds of hooglie-mooglie things to each other. We giggled, we sighed. We forgot all about her knee injury and my tendonitis. Neither of us mentioned the moss on the roof or the crumbling bathtub grout.

We focused on each other like a couple of newlyweds—or newly-domestic-partnered or newly-civily-unioned or whatever.

What an antidote to lesbian bed death! Being close to someone else's romance heated us up like a microwave pizza.

The question is: Will it stay gooey? Will this couple stay in love? Or will they get distracted by all the worries of nesting and lose their desire for each other? Will one of them fly home

one night and say, "I have schlepped more than my share of worms, and now I have to organize a bunch of loose feathers and twigs" and fly away?

I hope our friends make it. I hope they will find a way to renew their love with the seasons. I hope every spring they'll be inspired by other people's budding romance.

It works for us. This morning Sweetie and I both stepped outside to get the paper. We heard the chickadee's winsome call and smelled the perfume of narcissi. We set our habitual worries aside and, for one sweet moment, forgot that neither of us had any pants on. **J**

SALLY SHEKLOW has been entertaining the masses as part of the Eugene improvisational comedy troupe WYMPROV! for some years now. Apparently regards herself as some kind of funny gal. We've decided to see what she can do. You can find her column every first Friday starting right now in Just Out.



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