Amuse Bouche

July 17, 2008 By David Weiss

I cannot describe the color of her eyes. The way they change from blue to green in the South Sea light. Her eyes are the only color I see now, when I close my eyes in the New York summer heat.

Cupcake was angry.

?You?re such an asshole. I gave you a new condo. I gave you eternal life even with your f**king HIV. You?ll live forever, and all you can think about is HER!?

I open my eyes in the twilight. The terror of the dream has ended, for now. I am still in New York, waiting for Her.

?You think I haven?t noticed?? she says. ?I know what you?ve been doing with that computer, David. I?ve been around for couple of hundred years, you know. I?m not a fool.?

I look her in the eyes. I don?t like drama, but I can?t lie. It just isn?t in my DNA.

?Cupcake, you?re absolutely right. But what did you expect? You?re never around during the day, and let?s face it - our social life sucks. Everything is you, you, you. You and your freaky demonic friends. So yes, I met this woman on the internet, and she lives in the Philippines. She?s flying in next month, OK? That?s the truth.? I said.

?And what, I?m supposed to hang around while you wait here for this woman who may or may not be the love of your life? You told me that I was the love of your life too. I was willing to put up with the ghost of your dead ex-girlfriend living with us, but if you believe for even one minute that I?m going to wait for you to decide whether this other woman is ?The One?, as you put it, you are one mistaken man.?

Ginger, who had been sprawled across her customary perch on the sofa while trying to finish Thursday?s New York Times crossword puzzle with an ectoplasmic pen, looked up and snickered. I shot her a disapproving glance.

?No, Cupcake, I don?t expect you to wait around. You?ve been patient, but we both know that our arrangement is not working well at all. Undead or not, you?ve good been good to me, but I?m simply unhappy playing Renfield to your Draculette. I?m moving out.?

And that is how it began. How it ended - my body and soul left to rot for eternity in a hellish prison in the Philippines - has yet to be written.

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.