

MY GREAT ENCOUNTER WITH AN ANGEL

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It was midday of month end. The shopping mall was packed to capacity. Not hundreds, but thousands. And there she was. Her teeth looked so white. This was not so much of the toothpaste that she uses, but because of her thick dark lips.

As her lips parted when she was saying “hi” to me, I did not hear the sound – nothing! All I saw these two thick dark lips parting and pressing against each other rhythmically. They both had a line in their middle. Whenever they pressed against each other, the two lines appeared one long one. It was as if this line was pointing me to the nose. My right forefinger was itching to touch the nose. The nose was just the perfect addition to her dark beauty face.

It is hard to describe the real shape of her face. It is almost round, and yet not so. And I was not going to waste my time trying to describe her face. But I was happy to spend all my time getting absorbed in her dark beauty. She wore a smooth skin on her face. It is an ideal skin for the instructors of beauty therapy. But hers is natural beauty. It is a beauty that warrants exploration. It is a detailed beauty. Every second I looked at her, I discovered more beautiful features. Her skin was so smooth. And yet, she is not cute, but naturally beautiful, and stunning.

For a moment, she was the only person I saw in the mall. It was immaterial that this was midday of month end. I was blind to the multitude of shoppers. I was deaf to the noise of the shopping craze. Right there in front of me, she stood checking on a pair of female booths. Amidst the shopping craze – she is the only person I saw.

Perhaps the best priest came by – perhaps the priest made no sense as I was immersed in this original Godly creation in front of me. I am sure, even if Jesus had invited me to his father’s Kingdom, the heaven, and paradise, I would have chosen to remain in the presence of this mobile paradise.

I did not respond the first time she said “hi” to me. I was caught up in the rhythmic and poetic motion of her lips. Her smile just struck me like a sentimental and emotional lightening. She numbed me with her bright eye approving look. I felt motionless and speechless.

She tried again – “hello”. This time around I said to her “God delivers in too many ways”. She retorted “and what has God given you now?” A silent voice inside me said “you”. But then, she could not hear the voice inside me. It was clear though that she realized that I was under her spell.

My male ego urged me to rescue the situation. It told me, “I am the man” and therefore, “I must take charge”. But few seconds before I could pounce, she invited me to have lunch with her in the nearest restaurant. Once again I said to myself “God delivers in many different ways”. I was stunned as I followed her out of the shoe shop – all parts of her body were so proportionate to others. I wondered if God did not take the best parts of various angels to produce her. She was not just the angel – but the perfect angel! She was all in one. For a moment, I confused my attraction to her, to falling in love with her. If love was blind, I was deaf too – maybe even insane.

I do not know what we spoke about at the restaurant during lunch. I remember some sounds from her, and that I responded. That is, we did have a conversation, and yet I have no clue what we spoke about. She got me on fire because as we chatted, she would occasionally give me that spat on my hand as she laughed. My heart beat faster. At some point my breathing was a bit heavy.

I asked to kiss her forehead. Without a word, she brought her forehead closer to my mouth. I gently kissed her forehead. Then I gently wiped dry her forehead with my bare right hand thumb.

I did not buy anything that I had gone to the mall to buy. I offered to take her home. She gave me the killer smile and accepted my offer.

We got to her place and she invited me into the house. In the lounge, she kicked off her shoes. She offered me a glass of red wine. This came with a set of French cheese. She took the TV remote, but then immediately threw it away – “we do not need the TV”. Then she played slow rhythmic music. Carefully selected – these were love romantic songs. She went up to the wall and adjusted the colour of the lights. The room was dark red. She sat next to me on the three seater couch. But then, she excused herself to freshen up in the bathroom located in her bedroom.

I heard her running the bathtub. She shouted my name. I followed her to the bathroom. She was immersed in the foam bathed water. But her straight breasts and sharp nipples were above water. She asked me to join her in the bath. I said nothing, but just took off my clothes and immersed myself in the bath opposite her so that our faces were onto each other.

As both of us breathed heavily, we leaned towards each other. We closed our eyes as we were a few seconds from a deep intimate kiss.

Then my morning cell phone alarm rang....

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