

"We Call 'em Virgins"

The stranger stumbled as he entered the doorway, the stale smoke immediately adhering to his clothes. His heart was racing wildly with anticipation, beads of sweat moistening the palms of his hands. The music escaping from inside was loud and infectious, as he unknowingly began to bounce his head to the beat. The ponytail in front of him was doing the same, as the line began to shorten. As he approached the pair of biceps working the door, his attention was immediately drawn to the wild, undulating crowd dancing inside. His excitement grew as he handed his soggy money to the bouncer; slightly sad he wasn't carded, and began to groove his way in to the bar.

He immediately was captivated by the atmosphere. The lights and energy mesmerized him, and he eagerly strolled, quicker than before, towards the center of the room. He had yet to see the band, still slightly distracted by the search for his eardrum, passing in front of the P.A. for the first time. Moments later, his equilibrium back and balance restored, he gazed into the audience. Amidst the flailing arms and shaking hips, were hundreds of bodies, their skin soaked with perspiration, their faces caked with fun. He felt the bond instantly, still not knowing a soul. Realizing his focus still remained on the audience, he trailed the pelting drops of sweat in reverse, guiding his gaze towards the spectacle inciting this blissful frenzy. The stage was shaking vigorously as he witnessed the group he had heard so much about, now witnessing for the first time. The singer resembled a mop with skin, barely visible behind his mike stand. His energy was electrifying, his leaping and kicking comical, but impressive. And what exactly is he wearing? Is that really a..... Poor grandma, left naked at the pool. Clouds of confetti rained from above. The stranger's wide eyes now turned behind this rubbery man to the left, towards the prancing bass player, smiling and tall, his fancy footwork second only to his solid, steady notes. With veracity, he plucked his bass with a strong, unyielding passion that ignited the rhythm and shook the cups of the caramel colored liquid beside him. His colorful shirt seemed to match his shoes. The stranger was now indeed curious and intrigued, his desire to see a little more augmented, although still slightly apprehensive, feeling maybe he was a tad too old for this type of craziness. That apprehension quickly turned to comfort as he saw the keyboard player. His "Don't Ruin Our Future with Fire" tattoo and pterodactyl sandals showed he was a veteran. His experienced playing and professional instinct substantiated this as well. The leathery skin really made no difference.

The man who had now stepped into the pages of this wild tale, ignored the stenching draft beer on his heels and cuffs, and continued to glide across the dance floor, slipping only once. His eyes were on the fans, his vision with the band.

He always dreamed of playing the guitar. He watched the dark, Italian man under the lights manipulate his six string. Envious of everything except the flannel, he knew this man could play. His yellow fingers moved quicker than possible, producing leads with a tasteful flair. Behind him, on the two inch riser was the drummer, pounding his kit with every inch of his soul. His contorted face was twisting and scary, probably unrecognizable once dried off and still. A shot dribbled on his chin. He smiled and licked it off. All the pieces seem to fit right in place, making it complete.

For the next few hours, the man laughed and sang. He danced and drank, his anonymity forgotten as he shared this with the rest of the strangers, who now seemed like family. He continued to enjoy the music, a vast variety making the material welcomed and enjoyed. It all seemed so right. As the night rolled to a close, he began to realize this was no ordinary night. People young and old merging together for one common goal. Entertainment. He had heard the rumors in the past, and dispelled them, his natural cynicism taking over. But that had all changed now. He understood the gossip on the street. Smiling to himself, he knew he would indeed return. But this time he won't be alone.