One June night Jamie and I set out walking toward each other from opposite ends of the Croton campground driveway, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. The dark was opaque with a stupendous clamor of tree frogs and crickets. We’d both agreed we could not see our hands in front of our faces or each other more than a few inches away. That was the whole point, the darkness a way to access the erotic in our relationship—proof that yin energy could win over fear.

Jamie drove me to the beginning of the driveway, dropped me off, then headed back to its end at the campground. When I heard him kill the engine, I knew he was walking toward me and I started walking toward him. I could see absolutely nothing. The tangled canopy overhead blocked out moon and starlight and I couldn’t even see the trees. I had one thing to go by: my footsteps on the blacktop. To either side was the dirt floor of the forest. The road stretched before
me in a fairly straight line. I believed that. I believed that Jamie
would not double around and scare me from behind. I believed that
the nocturnal animals of the forest would not careen into me, delib-
erately or accidentally. I believed that I could concentrate on my feet
and the hard road and that when Jamie and I got close enough, we
would feel each other there breathing and that our reunion would be
gentle, almost an anticlimax, that the trip through the dark would
stay with me for the rest of my life.

And there he was.