i was standing on the side of the road in Bonnyrigg, Scotland, waiting for the double-decker bus headed to Edinburgh, when I heard the clop-clop of a horse. On the horse was a beautiful young woman with long, golden hair, and I thought, how Godiva-like she was in her beige riding outfit.

When I stepped back to give her space she giggled and said, “Would you like a lift?”

I couldn’t resist, though when my crotch pressed against her buttocks I couldn’t control an erection. Maybe it was the rhythm of the horse, the memory of the bed dancing with the weight of two bodies colliding. Maybe it was the heat of the rubbing—body to body to animal body. We cast a single shadow on the ground and I wanted our bones to meld that way so that I’d have direction, always, and always a mode of transportation.

But Lady Godiva dropped me off at the next bus stop, where I crumbled like a discarded cape—the bat I found in my room the night before wedged to the crevice on the fireplace until the cleaning lady pried it out with the poker.