Heft and Ballast.

I was not interested in the verb heft; that verb could go schlepp itself off the edge of the ocean. But the noun, oh the noun was to expire for and I planned to do exactly that. I finally got to meet it, to love it and honour it, to have and to hold it until death us do, and now that lanky bitch is trying to tear it out of my hands.

I had this piece of luck, see, a gift that literally landed at my feet. I’d only nipped out to the corner shop for a bar of choc when Heft slipped off the ladder and hit the pavement right in front of me. Her paint pot went flying, applying instant white highlights to my hair and Heft was so embarrassed she asked me in, for a cup of tea, for the shock. Nobody asks me twice if I want a cup of tea. Heft was bruised but unbroken; she’s what I’d call well cushioned. She’d been living in the same street as me for a year and I might never even have spoken to her if it hadn’t been for that dodgy rung on her ladder.

That was it, right from the start; Heft was the right weight in the right hands. Mine. Everything about her fitted. Her name’s not really Heft, of course, that’s my name for her. Her name’s Hettie, but I said to her on that very first day, I said you can’t be called Hettie when you’re a lesbian, it’s short for heterosexual. She said: I’m not a lesbian. I said: I think you’ll find you are. I stripped so that she could wash the paint out of my hair and let’s just say there was no need for a hairdryer.

Heft was only renting in that house, and it’s cheaper for two to live together isn’t it? Even if it’s in my poky place, in a one hundred and twenty centimetre wide bed that’s meant for one person who likes chocolate quite a lot (me) or two very thin people who don’t move around much (not happening). It was a good introductory challenge for us two, how to stay in that bed, plaiting and knotting our limbs together, under and over, over and under, covering each other’s bodies with our multitude of wrappings. We worked out a perfect balancing act for sleep, where the weight of my legs thrown over her hips anchored her safely at my side. That’s when she started calling me Ballast. Well, it’s preferable to Bridget, which is what my mother called me. Some people might think our pet names unromantic but I think they have gravitas: Heft and Ballast, together forever, Amen.

We exploited a lot of orgasmic opportunities in that undersized bed; there’s a variety of edges to hang from and plenty of space for upside-down adventures. And don’t think I don’t know you’re thinking that we’re a pair of fat ugly-buggy dykes, our cunts yawning open, ready to swallow you up whole. Scared, are you? Think it might be contagious, the carpet-munching craving? You should be so fortunate; fluid sexuality is trending as we speak.

Perhaps we didn’t stay in that bed for long enough though, because we bought a place together, got officially partnered, got a bigger flat with a bigger bedroom and a bigger bed and that’s where I’m thinking we started to drift off course, we made too much space for ourselves and oh look, there’s enough room in here for a skinny one too.