

A Love Affair
By David Silver, November 2016

Vikki and I have been together for five years now. We hear that first love often wanes within just a few months or a couple of years but I have to say that our bonds become deeper every single day.

I'm not new to the experience of infatuation and 'love'; I've had some torrid relationships with others. There was Clarissa with her deep luscious tones and bell-shaped figure; I would become breathless with delight in her company. Saskia, who was bold as brass. There was Pina with her beautiful, perfect, ivory white teeth, but she displayed a certain rigidity in her demeanour. Mandy – well she was highly strung and I just never learned how to handle her. She is someone else's now and I hope they are making sweet music together.

Now Vikki is Italian, with a lustrous dusky complexion often set off by unusual gold-tinted makeup that contrasts exquisitely with her customary dark clothing. We sing and play together at every opportunity. She responds best when I squeeze her lovingly and cries out in passion when I embrace her ardently. We are still discovering things about each other - I find little ways of touching her that thrill her and consequently thrill me in turn.

We can lose hours of the day in each other's arms, usually aided by the thick padded leather straps that we both find necessary. She is, after all, quite a heavy girl. She'll sit on my lap and we'll rock together in a harmonic, sensuous rhythm. After a time we each feel it's difficult knowing where one of us begins and the other ends.

We go everywhere together, concerts, clubs, dinners, garden parties, wherever there is our sort of entertainment. We love to entertain others too. Vikki has many moods and her voice can project her sweet and varying emotions. We quietly revel in the adulation of onlookers, and exchange secretive little smiles when we see them moved by our obvious deep love for each other.

I can't imagine life without Vikki and push to the back of my mind whispering doubts about how I'll manage to satisfy her when I am somewhat older and frailer. I just say 'I love you'. 'Gee' she says. 'Forever' I say. 'Si' she says.

Vikki Vignoni Ravel, my lovely piano accordion.