

Chapter Two - 2012
“When My Baby’s Beside Me”

Artist: Big Star

Writers: Alex Chilton/Chris Bell

*“Don’t need to talk to my doctor.
Don’t need to talk to my shrink.
Don’t need to hide behind no locked doors;
I don’t need to think.
Cause when my baby’s beside me, I don’t worry.”*

Chapter Two was just plain fun. He showed me his town; I showed him mine. We seldom ever sat still on the weekends we shared.

With Chance, I learned about a band called Big Star. I started eating with chopsticks. Though he couldn’t sell me on sushi, I did fall in love with Korean food. I attended my first poetry reading. I started writing poetry. I discovered the sweet buzz of sake.

With me, he heard about a band called Trout Fishing in America and saw them in concert on a North Alabama mountaintop with me. I introduced him to the manna from heaven that is Davenport’s Pizza. He started enjoying red wine. He learned more about the daily struggles of a public school teacher than anyone should have to.

We traveled to Memphis, where he danced with me in the moonlight and laughed at my “cherry ice cream smile,” as I fulfilled my lifelong dream to see Duran Duran live and in person. We stumbled into adventure after adventure along the Mississippi River on that trip.

We tumbled down the most amazing rabbit holes of conversation I’ve ever experienced, and we laughed til we cried. The sound of his laughter became one of my favorite melodies in the world. Still is.

When we were together, the ghosts beat a path, and my mind quieted. I’d found someone who knew all about me and my baggage and still wanted me around for no other reason than he enjoyed my company. He didn’t need or want anything from me.

I never wanted it to end.

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