

BEST DIVORCE LETTER

Dear Connie,

I know the counsellor said we shouldn't contact each other during our "cooling off" period, but I couldn't wait anymore.

The day you left, I swore I'd never talk to you again but that was just the wounded little boy in me talking. Still, I never wanted to be the first one to make contact. In my fantasies, it was always you who would come crawling back to me. I guess my pride needed that. But now I see that my pride's cost me a lot of things. I'm tired of pretending I don't miss you. I don't care about looking bad anymore. I don't care who makes the first move as long as one of us does. Maybe it's time we let our hearts speak as loudly as our hurt.

This is what my heart says: "There's no one like you, Connie. I look for you in the eyes and breasts of every woman I see, but they're not you. They're not even close."

Two weeks ago, I met this girl at Flamingos and brought her home with me. I don't say this to hurt you, but just to illustrate the depth of my desperation. She was young, maybe 19; with one of those perfect bodies that only youth and maybe a childhood spent ice skating can give you. I mean, just a perfect body. Tits like you wouldn't believe and an ass that just wouldn't quit. Every man's dream, right?

As I sat on the couch being blown by this stunner, I thought, look at the stuff we've made important in our lives. It's all so superficial. What does a perfect body mean? Does it make her better in bed? Well, in this case, yes, but you see what I'm getting at. Does it make her a better person? Does she have a better heart than my moderately attractive Connie? I doubt it. And I'd never really thought of that before. I don't know, maybe I'm just growing up a little.

Later, after I'd tossed her about a half a pint of throat yogurt, I found myself thinking, "Why do I feel so drained and empty?" It wasn't just her flawless technique or her slutty, shameless hunger, but something else. Some nagging feeling of loss. Why did it feel so incomplete? And then it hit me. It didn't feel the same because you weren't there to watch. Do you know what I mean? Nothing feels the same without you. Jesus, Connie, I'm just going crazy without you. And everything I do just reminds me of you.

www.ssrichardmontgomery.com

Do you remember Carol, that single mom we met at the Holiday Inn lounge last year? Well, she dropped by last week with a pan of lasagna. She said she figured I wasn't eating right without a woman around. I didn't know what she meant till later, but that's not the real story. Anyway, we had a few glasses of wine and the next thing you know, we're banging away in our old bedroom. And this tart's a total monster in the sack. She's giving me everything, you know, like a real woman does when she's not hung up about her weight or her career and whether the kids can hear us. And all of a sudden, she spots that tilting mirror on your grandmother's old vanity. So she puts it on the floor and we straddle it, right, so we can watch ourselves. And it's totally hot, but it makes me sad, too because I can't help thinking, "Why didn't Connie ever put the mirror on the floor? We've had this old vanity for what, 14 years, and we never used it as a sex toy."

Saturday, your sister drops by with my copy of the restraining order. I mean, Vicki's just a kid and all, but she's got a pretty good head on her shoulders and she's been a real friend to me during this painful time. She's given me lots of good advice about you and about women in general. She's pulling for us to get back together. Connie, she really is.

So we're doing Jell-O shots in a hot bubble bath and talking about happier times. Here's this teenage girl with the same DNA as you and all I can do is think of how much she looked like you when you were 18. And that just about makes me cry. And then it turns out Vicky's really into the whole anal thing, that gets me to thinking about how many times I pressured you about trying it and how that probably fueled some of the bitterness between us. But do you see how even then, when I'm thrusting inside your baby sister's cinnamon ring, all I can do is think of you? It's true, Connie. In your heart you must know it. Don't you think we could start over? Just wipe out all the grievances away and start fresh? I think we can. If you feel the same please, please, please let me know.

Otherwise, can you let me know where the fucking remote is?

Love, Dan.