

Samantha Garnett Eyford

Never Meet Your Idols

I did not like *Love Enough*.

There is no story arc, no climax, no plot.

I do not like that there was no lead character to follow.

They lack ground upon which I may suspend my disbelief.

The chapters make no sense.

They blend one into another.

The analogies, romantic.

Pedestrian.

My afternoon is wasted on one-hundred and eighty pages.

A friend does not take the time to read it.

I suggest he scan the first and last chapters.

Skip the banality wedged in the middle.

He wouldn't miss a thing.

When I meet Dionne Brand, her hair is styled as sharply as the cut of her blazer. Her hands are papery and her stance is firm. She moves with a gentility that makes me long for my dad's dusty study, where I devoured my first stack of books (one right after the other). She looks like a space commander, strict but sparkling. A man named Kevin with shiny cheeks speaks too long, but her patience runs on longer. The room reverbs with funny noises. A lady in the corner giggles at nothing. A spaceship waits to beam us out. When Brand opens her mouth, ghosts come out. She puts on a pair of glasses and I like the way she says *fuckin*g. Her consonants chatter and her vowels vibrate. The B's bounce. Her S's are the teeth that scrape cheesecake off a fork. She speaks with fingers that droop under the weight of a thousand rings.

I have a question. A practiced question. A question I wrote and re-wrote and revised and memorized. I don't ask my question because as she speaks of the sun in a rear-view mirror the light illuminates her hair and suddenly I get shy.

"I don't read reviews." She laughs and everything is answered in one word or one line that carries on and on and the sign-language interpreters are dancing. She freezes a moment to gather her thoughts and it looks like the overhead projection has frozen too. And as she anti-preaches the Administrative Rules of Love I understand that *Love Enough* is not a novel. *Love Enough* is a sunlit mirror of the real world. It floats and glides and ebbs and flows like a stream of humans in morning rush hour. She freezes another moment to gather her thoughts, and this time, the projection has really frozen. The guy manning the cameras has an existential crisis and Dionne Brand drips with humility. Or sublimity.

I did not like *Love Enough*.

A waiting spaceship beams me out.

I didn't miss a thing.