

'Bout Time

by David James

Louis was what we called a loner who loved wearing army surplus fatigues and combat boots. His mom said he had a sweet disposition, but I never really saw it. Occasionally, he'd drop by and ask if I'd sell him a dime bag, knowing that if I had anything at all what he'd get would be free. Often, when he came over like that we'd sit on the back steps and smoke and smile.

Last year, Louis moved to California and became engaged to be married. The ceremony was last week. I flew out and had a good time. I didn't expect him to take his vows in his war surplus outfit. He didn't. He looked simply fetching in ruby red high heels and the low-cut gown. The fatigues were a little baggy on his spouse, Warren. Before I left to go back to my hotel I kissed the bride, Louise. Yes, I did.

