

Chancing the Moonglow

by David James

It's become sort of a habit now when Elsie's husband is away on business two or three times a month that we take the afternoon off and drive nine miles across the river to Marginalia, Arkansas and the Moonglow Motel with its red, neon vacancy sign and although to some, two or three times a month might seem a bit infrequent it's about as often as her husband travels and besides more often would risk my wife, Maudeen's, getting suspicious about me overusing my "going fishing" excuse, but ya know, me and Maudeen don't get it on much anymore, so she may not give a shit.

