

Carver Country

by Jack Swenson

What We Talk About

My first love was a woman of principle. Never deny your man was her motto. She would do it at the drop of a hat. Any time, any place. I still remember the girl's name. Flora. Lovely young woman. Generous. If she had a thing, and you wanted it, you could have it and welcome.

She liked to have sex in odd places, too, which I also enjoyed. Once we made love on the springboard of a swimming pool.

In high school I was in love with a tiny girl with a face like a ferret. She wore glasses, too. In college we had a few steamy sessions, but we never went all the way. She liked older men. Artists. Later on she was friendly with a famous poet who killed himself by jumping off a bridge. My friend Tom had his way with her once. Tom was a musician; he was getting his PhD in psychology. She liked his beard, he said. After he shaved it off, she was no longer interested.

When We Talk About Love

Andy was married. His wife scared me. She was a sleepy looking redhead. Andy would give me a ride home from work, and sometimes he'd pick up his wife, too. We'd all sit in the front seat. I tell you, that Carolyn wasn't shy. One time she grabbed me and kissed me. Andy got a big kick out of that. He laughed and laughed. "You shoulda seen the look on your face," he said.

Andy gave me some advice one day. "Do it slow," he said. "In, out, in, out. Move it from side to side a little, too. Women like that."

I remembered my friend's advice when I popped Jody Anderson's cherry. I moved it slowly in and out. I moved it from side to side, too. Jody moaned and groaned, and then she whispered in my ear. "Do it faster!"

