

Irish Salad

by Ann Bogle

Scandinavians settled in Minnesota because it resembled Scandinavia. This morning I vomited salad I ate last night at an Irish pub. The salad was called "chop chop." I paid \$19 for the food and two beers. I met the owner whom we help to become rich with our simple appetites. We were rich farmers from Scotland and Sweden. He is Irish but unlike other Irish people I know, Irish-American people, he is from Ireland. He is red-headed, swarthy and muscular. He imported the mahogany bar from Ireland. I wish my simple appetites might feed two in our decision instead of helping him if he's a tax-evader like so many of the restaurateurs. Asian restaurants serve vegetables with love. Overnight, I felt drunk, as if headed for hangover, but I hadn't drunk enough to cause it. What caused it? Superstitions dialed in sleep. Today I was thick with religious devotion. I had thought about delicious corned beef and cabbage not to be served at that public house on St. Patrick's Day. I wanted the Irish of Binghamton, the fire department, and the Irish of literature to comfort me. To avoid this drunkenness not caused by drinking. I was so balanced before it was revealed. Ladylike reserves be restored to me.

