

The Beautiful Mercedes

by Bill Yarrow

No one who saw the beautiful Mercedes
in the summer of 1966 could ever forget her.
When she walked into Café Danglars, heads turned.

I was sent upstate for two years for passing unpopular
checks, but when I got out, I went back to the Café D
just to catch a glimpse of her again. It took a month
but she did return. I was there that day, sitting at
the counter in my Bermuda shorts, sucking a 7-Up.

The screen door slowly opened. I was expecting the second
coming of perfection. Not quite. She was bloated like a
bagel. Her thighs looked like freezer bags filled with dimes.
There was no necklace anywhere that could fit around that neck.

Two years earlier, she was real money, a class investment.
When she ate up all her principal, well, we lost interest.

