

# Dilemma

*by* David James

Myrna came home from her new, midnight shift, waitressing job at the Waffle House saying she was sorry but she couldn't take any more gray-haired Jesus-types with their dollar bills held high, releasing a few so they would flutter, as if borne by wings, onto the tables as tips, hoping for after shift favors but the worst was last night's episode when this old bastard stood up, pulled her into him, saying, as he folded his tattooed arms around her, "Baby, we're both adults, let's go out to the back seat of my Buick and act like it", and then I reminded her that quitting would not leave us with enough money to buy that truck and we'd still have to ride the bus to which she said, " Well, couldn't you look for a job?"

