

Mumbles

by David James

We bobbed and weaved using our words like the sniffs of two unfamiliar dogs in a Wal-mart parking lot. Wary, but sensing we could be more than just polite neighbors, once we got past the normal darkness of strangers. There was no plot to our story yet, but we both seemed to sense one would be found, that night, under that moon. (Funny how things come about in the dark. Funny how small things like sounds can exact such a special attraction. Mumbles, alone, often fasten us together.)

Later that week — Wednesday, I think it was — with her husband out of town on business and her three kids dropped off at her mother's, she called and invited me over. I went. We watched a movie she had rented, "Same Time Next Year" and sipped several glasses of their house merlot, [yellow tail].

"What happened next?" "You know what happened next." Her bedroom became littered with her shorts and her spaghetti-strapped blouse and my golf shirt, socks and Khakis, crumpled on her green, shag carpet. She was on her knees, in front of me, murmuring, "Tell me what you want." All I could do was faintly mumble, "I think you know."

