

Nola Visit

by David James

The little Lady and I drove down to New Orleans to take in the Mardi Gras festivities we'd read so much about. In retrospect, it was not a good decision because while I was over trying to buy beignets to take back up to our hotel room she was swept off her feet by a Zydeco piano accordion player busking over by Pat O'Brien's. We saw him the night before and he and some little skinny guy with a rub board were making music. But unlike Clifton Chenier's, theirs sucked.

As we walked by, he gave a low whistle and said something like "Joli Blon, ma chere 'tit fille", clearly some Cajun crap. My better half smiled and winked at him and I should have trusted my usually dependable antennae for trouble, but I thought what the hell", it's Mardi Gras and we'll see more of that."

Over the years I've wasted a good chunk of my time prying th' wifey back from the exotic dreams of hers. The last time she took up with a convict who told her he would get her into radio commercials about being able to make thousands rehabbing all those rotting properties in downtown Detroit. Well, she ain't dumb and caught on right away that that was just a ruse to get someone to cook and wash his clothes. She became irritated, called and said, "you know how I hate that shit". So, she was only gone about a month and came back. Good thing, too, because I was sick of eating out of tin cans and the laundry was pilling up.

Look, I can't lie, I'm not much of a hubbie. If ya distill down to my core me, you'll find "loser" written in large letters all over the place. I'm a little, well a lot, portly, losing my hair, still smoke two packs a day and I'm in a dead end job since I blew our savings and bought a carpet cleaning franchise. Plus, I'm sixty three and she's thirty four. I can certainly sympathize with her dreams.

This time though, I'm really worried we were done for because the pull on her is much stronger. When she came for her clothes she said, "I can't stand his garlicky breath, but tomorrow he is letting

me be with him in the parade. Roscoe, sorry honey, but this is my chance to be somebody." She pranced out and I'm left in this cheap-assed hotel room, missing her and drinking a bitter tea of regret.

