

Things Like This

by David James

I'm an older guy. She is still quite young. I tell her I may be too old but she giggles and tells me that she did the research and it said because there is snow on the roof doesn't mean no fire's in the stove. She proved it.

Things like this.

We excite ourselves, playing, imagining, acting things out. Last night, it started to rain, we broke for our tent. The minute we got inside, out of our wet clothes she had me lie down and get naked, pretending to be my old self, pretending to snore. Propped on her elbows between my knees, she nibbled, pretended to be a rabbit. She looked up, smiled and said it was her animal magnetism. It worked.

Things like this.

We met at a Halloween party -- she was Peppermint Patty and I was Big Bird. I moved over to where she was and told her I could believe she was Peppermint Patty if I could lick her. She told me to go ahead. I did. Licked her face. Yep, minty.

Things like this.

We've been mailing each other the same chain letter, signing our names to it with each receipt, back and forth now for the last four months. It's grown to fifty-one pages. Barely fits in a shoe box.

Things like this.

