

Vitamin D

by David James

I caught her a-feasting with her eyes and smilin' at that Jesus-haired Waffle House cook, Dennis Roy, again and I said, "Merlene, my tiny kitty-kat, they's no reason to carry no torch for him 'cause he may not be with us very long 'cause, if you notice, they's no bounce in his step", and Merlene purred low in her sultry, kinda meow-like voice sayin', "Honey lamb, I thought them ankles looked weak and shaky too and so th' other night when you was coon huntin', err, I mean th' other day while you was at work, I ast him if he had th' polio when he was a young'un and he said he didn't but he had a fit of a time with th' rickets 'cause he never went outside enough to get his fair share of th' sunshine's own vitamin D and th' rickets was a real spooker, but after gittin' pumped up on th' vitamin D pills, while he still wobbled around a little when he walked, he said he held his head high, proud-like when he was eleven and th' ring beara at his momma's third weddin' where his grandma said he looked as prim as a poodle.

