

# a conundrum

by Dulce Maria Menendez

Before today, nobody's called me *honey* since 1982 when I was arriving from a job interview and as I was getting out a yellow taxi in Anchorage, the landlord, a lady in her fifties with her hair up in a bun and native to the Midwest came to greet me and as she helped me out of the cab she said "*honey* your coatstail is stained from the dirty snow".

It was confusing to me then as it was this morning to be called *honey*.

Nobody's called me honey since 1982 even though *honey* is just another word for my given name. Having been given such a sweet name at birth has caused me to defy it and made me bitter for having to do so.

It isn't even politically correct today.

Yet, I did not correct the person who casually worked *honey* into a sentence addressing me. It made me think of all the times I should have been whispered with a heavy breath *honey* into my ear while thrusts caused a perfect conundrum to be in.

