

Mom's Blue-green Eyes

by Ed Higgins

After school watching American Bandstand with my two best friends, all three of us lusting after Bunny Gibson who's all of sixteen, stacked, and very fucking hot. She's always dancing with Eddie Kelly, who's a real dick and can't dance for shit we all decided long ago—even though we still wish we were Eddie Kelly.

And my mother around 5:00—just as Bandstand's ending—is already in her cocktail waitress outfit heading for the kitchen, getting ready to leave for work.

Your mother's soooooo good-looking. She's soooooo totally hot!

Mom's bustling around the kitchen so dinner will be ready when Dad gets home from work at 6:00, even though she will be gone by 5:30. She's making hamburger chop suey and has put the macaroni on to boil while she browns the hamburger, chopped onion, and green bell pepper mix.

“Are you boys staying for dinner?” she asks, since they're still gawking at her from the kitchen doorway.

Now I hate them. She's my mother for Christ's sake!

Her shoulder-length auburn-rich hair is pulled back in a long waving ponytail to keep from getting in the way as she hurriedly assembles the chili power, oregano, garlic powder, and measuring spoons on the sideboard. “Open a can of tomato sauce and some stewed tomatoes,” she asks me. “And drain the macaroni, please” she says over her shoulder while she adds the spices and then the sauce and stewed tomatoes to the sautéed hamburger mix.

She's my mother you dipshits, I'm glaring at them but saying nothing.

Their teenage appetites continue to slaver not after chop suey but after my mother's slim, black, net-stockinged legs. And her fanny busy under that skimpy costume.

Finally, Joel, who lives down the block and whose mother has gray hair and the body of an over-ripe pear stammers, "No thanks, my Mom's probably getting dinner ready too." "We better get going," he says to Darrel—whose eyes now finally snap back into their sockets.

"Well, see you boys again," Mom says, as she turns to wink at me with one of her blue-green eyes.

