

The Late, Late Show

by Gita M. Smith

During the night, even your feet are hot to the touch. You throw off the covers and turn on the ceiling fan, which in turn flings your heat to the corners of the room.

This is my secret source of income, you see, for while you sleep, I charge admission to strangers who want to witness the miracle of you.

"*Lay-deeez and gennel-mun*," I call from our front lawn under a quarter moon, "*step right up and see Inferno Man, the human electric blanket!*"

They pay to file in quietly and stand around our bed, holding their small children over you to warm their tiny feet.

After the show, I slip back under the covers, hide their dollars in my pillow and watch the gentle rise and fall of your bellows.

