

Black Widow

by Jack Swenson

We sat next to the grave of your late husband and opened our picnic basket. "Why here?" I asked. You smiled. "It makes me horny," you said.

I asked you to pass the Grey Poupon. I ate my sandwich. You nibbled a potato chip, peeled a grape. You looked at me through half-closed eyes. I looked at you and licked my lips. Hair as black as a Raven's wing. Dark eyes. You wore a black dress, too, my favorite color.

You crawled into my arms, and we kissed. The sun ducked behind a cloud. I ran my fingers up the silky skin of your thigh.

Then you bit me.

"Ow!" I said. I struggled to my feet. Dizzy, I staggered and looked at you through dimming eyes. You crouched on a corner of the blanket hugging your legs. I saw a wink of red beneath the hem of your dress. There were tears in your eyes.

