

Looney Tunes

by Jack Swenson

Shedding Hair

In the morning, I take the dog for a walk, and it is a struggle to get back up the hill. I have things to do, people to kill, but I walk through the day like a zombie. Get over it, my friends say. K. says good riddance of bad rubbage.

I go home after work, feed the dog and cat, and sit and watch television. I nurse a glass of bourbon and ice, a splash of water. I end up at a snake farm. It is a week before I can see straight again, before I can get a few hours sleep.

I join AA. With my sponsor I work The Steps. I go to ninety meetings in ninety days. Still I cannot forgive and forget.

I write you a letter. Goodbye and good luck. My resentment goes when I let go of it. I'm happy, joyous, and free. I will live long and prosper, as long as I do what I am told.

I sell our townhouse, and I move. I find a friend. She and her cat move in with me. Our cats don't get along. They fight and shed hair all over the house.

Penny for Your Thoughts

I put my arms around her and whisper to her while she plays the piano. She wiggles and tells me to stop it.

I go into the kitchen and ask Kaia where she found the English girl. "At work," she says.

Later Penny and I go for a walk. We stop under street lights and in the shadows of trees and kiss. I ask her to marry me. I tell her we can get a divorce in the morning. She says okay, but, there is a condition.

The condition is that Kaia joins us. I push Kaia into the darkened bedroom ahead of me. I climb on the bed. I hear giggling, and then the door opens and closes.

Kaia tells me later where the girl lives, and I think about going over there and ringing her doorbell, but I decide against it. I tell Kaia that her friend is a tease.

Goodbye

She had me cornered in her apartment. I had brought the papers for her to sign, but she had changed her mind. "Come here," she said, unhooking her bra and dropping her panties. She spread her arms wide. "Take me!" she sang.

I ran for the door. She tackled me from behind and brought me down face first in the hallway. "Ow," I said. She started tearing at my clothes. "I'll show you!" she said. "I'll make you sorry you started up with Lorna." I told her to shut up about Lorna. I was already sorry about that. Women. Traitors, every single one of them. They give you the come on, then drop you. Marry one, and she spends the wedding night locked in the bathroom.

I crawled toward the door, pulled myself up, with Deedee hanging onto my belt. I freed myself. I opened the door and skedaddled. As

I drove away, I looked in the rear-view mirror, and there was my soon-to-be ex wife standing on the sidewalk butt naked, waving. Already I missed her. I missed Lorna, too.

