

# Lunch at Lefty's

*by* Jack Swenson

Sixteen years married, and now she wants a wedding ring. He brings her a box of Cracker Jack. She doesn't think it is funny.

Okay, okay, he shouldn't have snuggled with the Lorelei. She had a fit when she found out. A woman always knows.

Weeks of agony and ecstasy. Somehow the incident brings them closer. They see a marriage counselor. By some miracle they fall in love.

The sex is terrific. They can't get enough. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. He eats Viagra like M & Ms.

Wednesday they have lunch in Niles. Panini sandwiches in a little Italian place down the street from a biker bar. They watch the ballgame that evening. The local team is in the playoffs. They win a squeaker, six to five, the winning run coming in the ninth inning on a sac fly. He and his wife jump up and down. One more win and their team is in the World Series!

He gulps down a pill before they go to bed. Afterward they cuddle. He fondles her boobies, her tummy, the plump cheeks of her ass. Her skin is soft and smooth as a child's.

Never has a man been so in love with a woman! You are the best, she says. I fought for you. I wouldn't let you go.

Sunday they take BART into the city. They buy a ring at Tiffany's. It's an expensive piece of jewelry. She tells him now they are officially man and wife again. They celebrate by having lunch at Lefty O'Doul's. She has a meatball sandwich and he has hot turkey and a non-alcoholic beer.

