

Minnesota Menage

by Jack Swenson

Party's over. Harpo's propped up against a wall with a waste basket on his head. One of the Swedish nurses is curled up in an armchair.

I tiptoe down the hall, open a door and squeeze into the room, which is as lightless as the inside of a bucket. I can't see a thing, but I know where she is. I peel off my shorts and tee-shirt, step out of my shoes, and crawl into bed. She wakes up then. "Oh, my goodness," she says.

I talk to her, whispering endearments and flattery. I tell her how incredible it feels to be between her legs. I describe the sensations in graphic language, using with relish all the naughty words. When I tell her what a nice, big behind she has, she giggles. "Heroic," she says.

The alcohol in my bloodstream becomes my ally, and my youth gives me strength, and I ride her until the bedsprings sing the *Ode to Joy*. Then we hear the thump of flesh and bone hitting hardwood. Her husband, my friend, mumbling and grumbling, climbs back into bed. Our athletics bit by bit had bounced him to the edge of the mattress, and he had rolled off onto the floor.

I lie on my back staring up into the bright darkness with milady's head on my shoulder. Both of us are shaking. We lie there, the fulsome woman and her ardent swain, laughing our heads off without making a sound.

