

Enemies Are Taken Care Of?

by Jerry Ratch

You took me to this great salad bar once, down in Chicago, on a special date. It must have been for my birthday (how old was I!) I remember that salad bar. It was the only salad bar I've ever seen that had caviar. I loved that black caviar. They put it up on a corner, and I could barely reach it.

The waiter at the restaurant said, "I'm going to be opening the curtain here behind your back. Is that okay?" You said, *Go ahead, it's all right.*

"Enemies are taken care of?" he asked. And you replied, *They already got everything!*

I remember both of you laughing. "Yeah," said the waiter, looking me over (as if he was about to sniff my neck) ... "I know that feeling, all right."

And you bought me boots that laced up the front. Do you remember doing that? Of course, there was that brandy snifter in your bedroom, with the initials JAR and JAM etched into it, which you would not explain.

