

# Love's Hinterlands

*by* Larry Strattnr

Gas, Propane, Candy. A sign we see, a dandy, selling stuff to make a bomb to blow us all to hell. The dog can tell. We will not be stopping. We continue walking. Hasten to farewell. We might be in the blast zone. We might be on the telephone and never see ground zero. Suddenly our hair blows off. We look like post-fire Nero.

Oh, did I tell you I'm not going back? I got me a taste for the Jack. Me and my dog are walking along, singing all yesterday's songs. The thought of those times brings a tear to my eye. I know a real man hasn't got time to cry. Me and the dog set out for the hills. We've got us some stuff to ward off the chill. Sit down at night and stare into the fire. Consider if cupid is just another liar. If at the sunrise we'll see Mardi Gras. Blow into New Orleans ahead of the law.

Oops, I forgot. Talking bombs dandy. Back to the plastic sign offering Candy. Me and the dog, we are less like destruction; both more like Candy. Love's our essential mode operandi. When we start feeling suction dragging us down. We quick as a wink high-tail out of town. No spot for us in everyday life. None of the grind of everyday strife. Life's a bit short for fooling around. No bombs today. You're in luck there hombre. It might well have come to a bomb if we'd stayed. We looked at the sign and went on our way.

So forget gas and propane. Grab something sweet. Get you a scruffy old dog at your feet. Put behind life, boring and bland. Join us out here in love's hinterlands.

