

Classic

by Parker Tettleton

"I love you."

"Night."

Back at the screen door she answers "What?" I stand under her nose and say "Box is out of juice." Inside she sits me on the black and white polka-dotted sofa we make love around here and there. "Sheets," she wants to know. "Only in winter," I say, "but not tonight." The hall door closes. I take the two round burgundy pillows and stack them under my neck. Snow and sweat dry at my mustache. At two o'clock I trace my hands over pieces of furniture until I reach the kitchen sink. '92's running. She's in the middle of the front seat. Faucet's dripping. She could be asleep she's so still. The handle lands halfway down the garbage disposal. One headlight blinks back at me. Classic.

