

# Love Meal #3009

*by* Terry DeHart

His knife enters the Maui onion. He minces garlic and applies heat to pan and melts sweet cream butter and browns the garlic first and then he adds the onion and more heat, but it's time that will surely caramelize them. Salt and pepper and splashes of wine for the pan and others for their souls, his and hers. Protein, then, in the heat of the night. Bay shrimp and wisps of chicken. Bean sprout whimsy and soy and noodles. Cabbage sliced and tossed and another benediction of wine and another and she watches him cook and the chardonnay teases and marches inside them with its naughty parts on display. Outside, coyotes wail and foxes slink and tomcats scratch through the leaves of Indian Summer. Dogs bark and planes depart and the TV is off, baby, off and the food is almost ready. He adds a challenge of habenero. A clatter of cashews and a gasp of orange peel. He mixes everything into the plenty with the sweet pain of waiting and then they stop waiting and fuck if it isn't just as fine as the first time of yes could ever have been.

