

LOVE NOTE #2

The blue-eyed chef keeps giving you things and he hasn't even seen your ponytail. You wear a black skull cap. Mornings, you drive until the speakers harden, due west, westernmost dear, dulling through a hopeful time when the tree trunks are wrapped in scabby red leaves. What will you receive today? First, it's a lighter long enough to reach the back burner without using the white cone or someone's pocket. Most recently, a Mark-a-lot. You need it sometimes, don't you? he asks, after you try to give it back. The chef is young with tight arm muscles he unwinds at the end of the night, having one, coat off, finishing up, in the same white t-shirt as your fiancée. Once you got fed up on the line and teary sank downstairs. This was some bottom of the barrel shame. I really like having you around, sitting next to you on the bench in the locker room. O, of comfort and the seventh inning stretch! Take it home, it's yours—somewhere in the middle, he gave you a knife sharpener. What does it mean?