

That's Love

Love is when daddy's boss at the factory tells him that he's been made 'redundant' and daddy doesn't know how to tell mommy because there's already a huge stack of letters marked 'Past Due' by the door and so he goes down to O'Leary's on 5th and Orange and sits in the smoke, elbows on the bar, even though it's only 9am on a Wednesday.

At some point he's soaking up well whiskey with his polyester clip-on tie and squeezing the absorbed spirits into the mouths of equally inebriated strangers. He's lost his shirt, too, which makes things worse as it was his last white, short-sleeved button down without any grease marks on it. And he's in a wife beater and stumbling home and singing what sounds like three different songs at once. But he doesn't know the words to any of them. Nor the tune, it seems. And finally he finds his way home after knocking on three wrong doors and telling the nice man with the shiny badge "no, sir, ossifer, I'm jus' headed... head... headed home."

And mommy's been worried sick and that anxiety transforms into anger when she sees daddy in such a state, but her ire just makes him cry and he hasn't the heart to tell her he lost his job. Or maybe he doesn't remember that happened – he is pretty drunk – and eventually, her maternal instincts take over and she's cradling this sobbing, slobbering incoherent man and his hands start to wander, first for comfort and then, slowly, in lust, as they move up to her bosoms.

Bosoms. That word is magical.

Anyway, daddy touches mommy's bosoms and then he pees inside of her and then a year later, a gawky bird called a 'stork' comes and brings a cabbage from the trash and shoves it up into mommy's belly and a bee stings her and she clenches up and the cabbage pops out and it's a boy!

That's love. I think.