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Date Night

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Date Night

by Isabel Randolph

My husband was born this morning, a little pink, screaming thing. By breakfast he can sit, and walk, at lunch he'll be able to feed himself.

We met in the darkened hour of after dinner drinks downtown. By the second martini I didn't notice his dark hair shifting grey.

Now I know to keep the wheelchair in the back of the van, right next to the children's car seat. Some people store umbrellas in their trunks,

it's practically the same thing. We don't stay out past 11 o'clock: I have an old man to kiss goodnight and put to bed before the new morning.