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Shit on a Shingle

Patrick Moran

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SHIT ON A SHINGLE

I said I'd walk a mile in her shoes if she walked a mile in mine, but of course we were barefoot and exhausted and before the distance of a mile could be agreed upon and before some shoes could be found we forgot all about our little bet. In almost no time at all she demanded to know what I was doing in her bedroom. I panicked because it's what I like to do in these situations. There's nothing like a good panic I said in my shakiest voice. A little hysterics goes a long way she agreed. Just then the phone should have rung or the electricity should have failed. We waited for our dilemmas like perfect strangers wait for perfect strangeness. My watch stopped. She stifled a yawn. Eventually we got around to discussing the weather as if we were farmers or botanists at a horse show. Now she calls me her little shit on a shingle, and I call her my erstwhile fragment of bliss.