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Lehman: A Day in the Life

A DAY IN THE LIFE

**DAVID
LEHMAN**

Nick noticed the girl of his dreams and tapped her on the shoulder. "You're so Hollywood," she said, mistaking him for somebody else.

He wore a blue blazer, khaki trousers, a dark blue cotton shirt with red pinstripes and a button-down collar, a solid red tie bottoming in a straight edge rather than a V, and horn-rimmed glasses. She wore a denim skirt designed to look less expensive than it was, an open-necked white blouse, and sunglasses like one-way mirrors. She drove a sporty little citrine-yellow convertible, manual transmission.

He quoted Shelley. "If Shelly Winters comes, can spring be far behind?" She quoted Marilyn. "You know, when it gets hot like this, you know what I do? I keep my undies in the ice box."

She always hung up without saying goodbye. That was one of her attractions. "And this," she said, guiding the hand that fed her, "is my coffin. Would you like to sleep inside? Yes oh yes, yes."

"And that," she said, pointing at his holster, "contains your crozier, oh my bishop!" And she knelt and kissed his ring.

They met at a Wall Street hangout on a Friday evening. She motioned him over. He leaned forward. She whispered huskily: "Sell in May and go away."

Oh, she was shameless. The sirens in the background were her idea, and so was the wax in his ears, and so were the guns and nurses, and nuns and hearses, and puns and curses that materialized out of nowhere. It was an experience Nick would never forget.