

LOVE LETTERS

GARY ROMA

Watertown, Massachusetts

Words are but lucky letters. How do letters get lucky? They go to bars. Let's have a look.

A consonant approaches the bar and sits down next to a vowel.

"Hi," he says. "Have you ever been here before?"

"Of cursive," she replies. "I come here, like, **all** the time."

He can tell from her accent (which is kind acute) that she is a Vowelly Girl. He looks her over. She's short and has a nice assonance. 'She sure is a cipher sore i's,' thinks the consonantal dude. 'I bet she gives good letterhead.' He remains stationery, enveloped by her charm. 'And what an uppercase!' His initial reaction is so pronounced, he doesn't know what to say. He is, at present, tense.

"You've a lovely set of .. teeth," he sputters. "Do you crush with breast .. er, I mean, do you brush with Crest?"

"Oh my **God**, gag me with a spoonerism! Your mind is in the guttural, **fer** sure."

Admiring her figure of speech, he falls into a fantasy. He pictures a perfect wedding: they exchange wedding vowels. The minister says "I now pronouns you man and wife." They kiss each other on the ellipsis. "I love you, noun forever," he whispers. The conjugation is in tiers. (In a word, they are wed.)

He awakens from his daydream to propose a dance. She declines.

"Then would you like a beer? Alcohol the bartender .."

"I bitter not," she says, falling silent.

Ferment there, she looks like she's going to bee [sic].

"Gee, are you okay?" he asks her.

"I'm, like, under a lot of stress - I've got a yeast inflection."

"I knew something was brewing."

He calls the bartender. "Listen, bud, my beer is warm." The bartender takes the bottle and empties it in the sink. The dude watches as his hops go down the drain.

"Let's go outside," he says. "I'd like to have a word with you."

"Are you prepositioning me?"

"I won't be indirect. You are the object of my preposition."

"Oh my **God**, you're, like, **such** a boldfaced character!"

"I see your point. But I'm font of you. C'mon, let's go."

"Do I have to spell it out to you? You're not my type, so get off my case!"

Reluctantly, he decides to letter bee.

"Now my evening lies in runes," he laments.

He leaves, hoping to have letter luck next time.