

MATADORA

I have seen Ed behind his meat counter at least twice a week for twenty plus years.

He has handed me all manner of chops, hamburger, steaks and chicken, wrapped first in plastic and then in white paper, weighed and labeled. Ed is always pleasant and efficient.

Today I chose a small peppercorn encrusted steak and from the blade of his knife flew a long stemmed fragrant red rose. It sailed elegantly, silently over the top of the showcase and landed at my feet.

"You going to drag out the grill tonight? " he asked "Now all you need is the sweetcorn."

"But Ed, its January!"

"I know but I was thinking about your sweetcorn poem in that little book I got last summer. I was reading it last night."

As I turned the corner, pushed my cart down the frozen food aisle, I looked past the checkout. The sky was a brilliant blue with puffy white clouds. Groceries in tow I swirled my pink satin cape and stood center arena, right arm held high. The bull slumped in defeat, trumpets blaring, crowd cheering and tossing roses my way.

Later I daydreamed Ed in his recliner by the glowing embers of his fireplace, glass of red wine on a small table, his left hand scratching old Joe's ear, reading my sweetcorn poem and giving a little chuckle.

Ole'

Kath
'014