



LOVER

BOY

ETC.

By Anne

PART 1 LOVER BOY

*“I walked down the street like a good girl should
He followed me down the street like I knew he would
Because a guy is a guy wherever he may be
So listen while I tell you what this fellow did to me” (Doris Day)*

“Hello Miss. Didn’t I see you in the supermarket this morning, buying apples?”
He says to me.

“No,” I said. “I wasn’t in the supermarket this morning.”

“Oh, I thought it was you. Must have been someone else, just as pretty.”

“Excuse me,” I say. “I have to run. I’m meeting someone.”

“I’ll walk with you,” he says.

“I’d rather walk alone.”

“I want to walk with you.”

“My gosh,” I’m thinking. “I’ll never get rid of this creep.”

Then I see a funeral procession coming down the street. I’m saved. I cross and dart through the funeral procession and into a card shop. Lover Boy also darts through funeral procession but didn’t see me enter the card shop. He’s looking and looking. I’m laughing and laughing as I hide behind the counter of cards.

After Lover Boy is gone for a while, I leave the shop and walk home. I live in an attached house in Long Island City, Queens, New York. I go inside and sit down to rest by the window. I'm pooped! What a day! I look out the window—and there's Lover Boy! Where did he come from? Not bad looking though—medium height, medium build, white with dark brown wavy hair, wearing a green t-shirt, jeans and sneakers. He's walking up and down the block, looking around for me, I guess. Something isn't quite right.

Well, I soon get undressed, make a quick dinner and work on the painting I've been creating. After two hours I finish for the day, take a shower, a snack and go to sleep.

Well morning comes, always too soon. I get myself ready for the day and grab coffee and Kind bar for breakfast.

I walk to work at the art store and I love my job.

"Hi Amy," says my boss as I walk through the door.

"Hi Henrietta."

"We'll be getting another shipment of pastels today," she says. "And how is your painting coming along and how do you like those new pastels you're using?"

"The painting's coming along great," I say. "It's almost finished and I love the new pastels. The colors are so vibrant."

"Oh, here's the shipment now," says Henrietta.

Then I see the truck double parked in front of the store. Soon the driver brings some packages into the store and talks to Henrietta. The driver then comes to me at the cash register to be paid while I'm checking over some things on the shelf behind me. I turn around and—*Lover Boy!* Oh shit!

After the initial shock, it's business as usual.

The following day I finish my painting. I love it—flowers and leaves. It's about 2pm—on my day off. The doorbell rings. I look out the window, and it's no longer a surprise of course, there's *Lover Boy*. I'm not answering the damn doorbell. Good—he's leaving. But wait, he's leaving a box by the door. Now what?

I go downstairs, get the box and bring it into the house. I open it. And there's a large assortment of the new pastels I love. You know, maybe *Lover Boy* isn't so bad after all. He must be onto my train of thought because the doorbell rings again. And of course, it's *Lover Boy*. This time I answer the door.

"Thank you, Greg," I say.

"So you know my name."

"Yes," I say. "You signed it when you came into the shop yesterday. Please come in."

Well, one thing led to another—and I end up in bed with him.

"This is going too fast," I'm thinking, "but everything feels so good."

“Amy,” he says, “you are the prettiest and the sweetest I’ve ever known. Do you want to go out for dinner or order in?”

“Let’s order in,” I say. “I’m too lazy to get dressed and go out.”

“So am I,” says Greg.

So that’s how Lover Boy came into my life. And right away we are living together. He also meets me at work at the end of the day. We go to the Italian restaurant down the block from the store for dinner, a very good Italian restaurant. On my days off we order in from a number of different places.

Greg works for a company delivering packages. But as time went on he wouldn’t meet me at work so much anymore. And I didn’t always see him on my days off. And there were lots of times he didn’t sleep over my house. He says he is very busy delivering packages and often too far away to meet me. He says that there are many times he sleeps in the bed in his truck.

“Amy,” Henrietta says one day, “I see your art on your website all the time, but it has changed. It used to be so colorful and happy, but now it is just black, gray and white and gloomy. Is anything wrong?”

“No. I’ll be OK. I just need to work things out with Greg. I don’t see him so much anymore.”

“Well, maybe, Amy, he isn’t the one for you.”

“But, Henrietta, I don’t feel I can live without him.”

“Well, maybe you better get used to it. After all, he’s not the only fish in the sea.”

This situation seems to be getting worse and worse. Greg would be away. I wouldn’t see him or hear from him for weeks at a time. Then, all of a sudden he would show up for a day or two and then disappear again. I am beside myself.

One day I’m home and the phone rings. I rush to answer it. Maybe it’s Greg.

It’s a woman on the phone.

“Hello Amy?”

“Yes,” I say.

“You better keep away from my husband or there will be trouble.”

“What?!” I say.

“You heard me.”

Bang—she hangs up.

I can’t believe what I just heard. Greg—married? He never told me that. And who is he seeing when he’s not with me? Henrietta’s right. There are more fish in the sea. And I am going fishing.

I decided to go to Greg’s closet and get his things together to toss out. I open his closet door. And there he is—Greg—with his head in a noose—HANGING.

PART 2 ETC.

The Wall

When I hit the wall
I find a door
And I keep going
More than before

More than before
And I'll win the race
What do you say
I'm in first place

Being in first
Is where I'll stay
Winning and winning
Day after day

Summertime

It's summertime at last
Fourth of July just passed
Let's play in the sun
And have some fun
It's time to have a blast

Merry Sunshine

Hello Merry Sunshine
Summer is here
It's short sleeves and ice cream
And everything dear

Hello Merry Sunshine
It's summer at last
Let's do what we love
And let's have a blast

Hello Merry Sunshine
I'm with whom I love
The angels are singing
Songs from above

Who Am I

Who am I

What am I

I'm not sure

I know

So I'll think

And I'll think

And I still

Won't know

I'm Hungry

I'm hungry

I'm hungry

I gotta

Eat

It's good

To have food

It's a blessing

And treat

To Be

Don't want to be
A people pleaser
Don't want to be
A strip teaser

I want to be
With people I love
And feel spirituality
From here and above

Many Thoughts

So many thoughts
Are in my head
I think I'll listen
To music instead

Chess

The game of chess

I find intriguing

It will be

My next endeavor

Two of us

A challenge meet

Which of us

Will be more clever