

# Shelving

Tammi said she doesn't read in bed. She said beds are for other things. I told her my doctor said the same thing, that I shouldn't read in bed.

I think she was intrigued because when she first saw me, I was reading aloud from the Marquis de Sade, at an open mike in a bar. I think she was disappointed when it turned out I was only reading. I think I was, too.

It was the part where the Marquis has the Mother Superior advise all pretty young things to copulate with wild abandon before they grow old and full of regret, that I was reading to the audience in the bar. It wasn't much of an audience. Tammi was sitting all the way at the back. There was no one between her and me. When I finished reading and sat back down on my barstool, I was all the way to the front.

Tammi walked up to me with a glass of wine in her hand.

Red wine.

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I read the Marquis de Sade's book, by myself, in bed. The book was heavy. I got about halfway through, then I got bored. There are only so many ways virgins can be roasted before it becomes tiresome.

Still, that Marquis had some wild feasts. Charred this and basted that. Sweet desserts. Lots to drink.

Candles.

Cookies and milk would be nice, now that I think of it. I wonder what Tammi eats in bed.

Oyster crackers? She was from Massachusetts.

Anchovies.

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She started to pull her pants partway down, to show me a bruise on her hip. Right there in the bar. It was dark, but it was light enough to see she had a nice hip. It's an easy bet the other hip was just as nice.

The harder bet is, which would be nicer: cookies and milk, or Tammi's hips?

Really, I'm serious. You may say the answer's obvious. I say there are some pretty nice cookies on the shelves at major stores.