

# “Love on Lorain, June 2018”

Ed Gallagher, The Bethlehem Gadfly Fun Stuff, Local Color September 16, 2018

*The Gadfly invites “local color” creative pieces of this sort.*

So there I am sitting on the porch late Sunday afternoon. (Sitting on an egg crate since I gave away the “old” porch furniture and have not yet gotten the rocking chairs that I want.) Across the street are the backyards of the houses on Lorain Ave. There’s a guy there — Tom — who’s had girlfriends over the years, some live-in. They sit in the back yard. All look the same. 40-ish in 30-ish disguise. Blonde. Big-breasted. Tube-topp’d. A good bit of soft sexy roll in the tummy over the tightest, slightest jean shorts. Voices a tad too loud, laughs a tad too masculine. Swigging bottled beer. Women who look good in bar lights. They are unnamed. Never introduced. Never last too long. This Sunday with Tom there was a woman who looked somewhat the same. Instead of drinking beer, they cut grass. Raked winter mess. Dug up flower beds. And then on all fours, head next to head, they planted. And whispered. And planted. And giggled. And planted. And laughed. And laughed. I sense this woman will be introduced.

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