

Morning Snack

Dale Easley's blog

13 May 2014

This was written with a requirement that the entire story would fit on an iPhone screen.

This morning as I ate breakfast on our dog-hair-covered couch, I looked over at my wife reclined in an armchair. Her feet were propped up near the gas logs, toenails glowing bright red, her cockatiel on her shoulder. The bird hopped onto the wide collar of the old robe my mother had made from what looked like material found on an old couch of an even older mobile home. The bird began tugging at something between my wife's teeth. I looked away but couldn't not look back. The bird was chewing, smacking its non-lips. No kiss for my wife this morning.