

**THE CEDARS** is an area of Dallas where a girl I liked used to live in a tin house. when I met her she didn't live there anymore, she was thirty one and lived in a real house somewhere else with her girlfriend her two cats and her dog Sparrow. but I guess she was remembering her youth so she took me to the Cedars one afternoon and we had a beer in the yard of a dive bar. she taught me to play pool in the empty back room. her fingers looked sexy balancing the stick. we had another beer. the bartender poured us free shots of Fireball. glad to have you back he said. we sat at a picnic table on the same side, straddling the bench. I asked what did you do when you were my age? nothing good she told me. she stared down her open palms. her long-haired blond dude friend swung by to give her some lye. She was a maker and seller of soap. while they went and dealt with the lye I went to the bathroom. I sat on the toilet and realized how drunk I was. devastating to have a crush. when I stood up I was convinced that the bathroom had no soap dispenser. typical of a bar like this I thought. then I looked to my right. you stupid cunt. I went back outside and made long-form eye contact with a white-haired man. hi I said and I waved. his friend sized me up and said you from around here? everyone asked that. first man said no way, she's too high class. Me? oh shucks. well, no, as a matter of fact I'm from north of New York City. whereabouts? Hudson Valley? yes sir, Croton on Hudson. I know it well he said. that was nice to hear. I liked the wide open Texas sky and all that but I really missed the river. the girl came back and started tapping my knee at the place where your reflex is supposed to go boing. my leg stayed still. are you dead she joked. no you're just not hitting the right spot. she looked hard at me. uno mas she asked? I said if you insist. she went to get us another beer. the sun was waning. the white-haired dude was telling me about his career as a set designer which actually was cool. I don't know why the girl said we had to go but she did and we did. on our way out the dudes started singing that song You're So Vain. I love that song I said. she grabbed me round the middle. I hate it, it's so overplayed. but it's a classic I said. you don't have to hate stuff just cause other people like it. we get in her car I'm still not done with my beer finish that quick please it's PJ Harvey on the aux as usual my hand reaches out to scratch back of her neck and stays there wound in her hair for a while windows all the way down my phone dead can't put address in GPS but she knows where to go strokes knee slow while car goes fast at red light grabs my arm and bites you're playing with fire a smile the towers go by I cannot believe I live in this shiny town I get out I like you! you're fun she says she always says that