

JIM C. WILSON

*An Evening In*

‘Put on some Johnnie Ray,’ she said, and ran  
her tongue along her lipstick. Ten past ten:  
she felt like fun. The sparkling white wine grew  
warm in her glass; and there, her fingerprints.  
‘*Just Walking in the Rain,*’ she said, and lit  
one more last cigarette. Candles can make  
things romantic, can’t they? The shadows move.  
Maybe she should close the curtains, stop folk  
staring in. And why do those streetlamps have  
haloes? Oh, God, she’s in love, and has been  
for years — the *endless* romance of it all!  
She drinks more wine; surveys the room’s expanse.  
The teddy bears get ready for the dance.