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## For Love And Root-Beer

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## For Love And Root-Beer

Yellow pages are funny; such a big book for such a  
small part of the story.

There are reasons to forget.

There was a barber-shop:  
Snip-its of hair falling to the ground;  
The old men yelled at the game. Papers strewn on the  
table as disorderly as New York City.

I would color the sports page and the old men would  
curse —

“Why the hell don’t you color the FRONT page?”

My father laughed, the old men laughed, they took  
away the sports page;

I colored. snip-its of hair.

I never really developed a taste for root-beer; I would  
have liked to.

A girl lived up the street. She had eyes that came out  
like a prize-fighter, and a take-no-prisoners smile.  
She smiles a lot, she used to cry a lot, but now she smiles  
more.

It reminds me of a guy I once knew — he smiled a lot. He  
was a Marine. I don’t think Marines usually smile a lot,  
do they?

But they don’t take prisoners.

Anyhow,

once she kissed me, (the girl that is) right on the lips. It was the first time I'd been kissed, right on the lips.

It made my head fizz, not too much,  
but  
just enough.

Like root-beer, I guess; I don't really know —  
I never developed a taste for it, but I would have liked  
to.

Snip-its of hair.

Yellow pages are funny, like memories, such a small  
part of the story.

There are reasons to forget — I'm sure I'll find one.

Someday.

By John Dunn