

2005

Dinette

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Recommended Citation

Allée, Jeannette. "Dinette." *The Iowa Review* 35.3 (2005): 38-38. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6011>

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Dinette

That was the year she learned to do tricks with her bra
unhooking it with one hand up behind her back
then pulling it out through her sleeve with the other.
Her bra straps grew grubby with practice.
Just practicing.

That summer everyone was couples
and he was what was leftover
so why not?

“You freckles every place?” he asked, touching her gingered arm.
Bold then, but he excused himself and hid in the bathroom.
She sat at the red-topped table in his mother’s kitchen
alternately unsticking her bare legs from the vinyl chair.

On the Magnavox, *The Flintstones* ended and *The Jetsons* began.
She dipped her gum in the sugar bowl one last time
walked over and banged on the door.

He opened it—stunned, as a rabbit caught.

When she knelt down in front of him
he blushed to see she even had freckles in her part.
And when she took him, so new to her this thing
—dry as a chairleg
into her mouth—
who could say they weren’t a perfectly matched set?
Dinette.