Remembering Conway

by Kitty Boots

Ain't no use goin' to titty bars. Ya cain't touch em. If you do you, you get arrested.

But, you can have a lap dance.

You like Conway Twitty? This was my moms' tape. I put it on my phone so I could play it in the truck.

Haven't had a drink since '96.

Aww, don't get cranky. You're old and skinny, it's chilly.

Lay you down and softly whisper pretty love words in your ear

Lay you down and whisper all the pretty things a woman loves to hear

I'll let you know how much it means just having you around

Oh darlin' how I'd love to lay you down

rescued a turtle he was still wet, I put him on the other side of the road

an injured crow hey, buddy, you okay? wrapped in a towel, given water taken to the wildlife rehab officer died 2 days later

your heart ain't in it

Available online at $\mbox{\ensuremath{$^{\prime}$}}$ whitp://fictionaut.com/stories/kitty-boots/remembering-conway>

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