

## Pleasure

I eat expired oatmeal that tastes like soap, one packet a day, and when I'm through this box, there's another, until I wake up and feel like a good person. I've got a moratorium on the things I like best, so my days are Shredded Wheat, visits to the railroad museum, Agatha Christie hardcovers. I miss checking my horoscopes most, how I could swing it to justify anything. I could decide right then to fold up the paper, change my underwear, drop by his place, then go with him to buy an apple or a carrot or a potato from Albertson's, then stay over because I was messed up in the best way - and it'd all be kosher, because the Moon entered Sagittarius, and he's so cute when the barber cuts his hair too short. "Everyone is good," a religious friend told me, "but you won't be good for a long time." My nice panties sit quietly in the drawer, all folded up in rows like teacher's pets, so pert and lacy and hopeful.