

Roominghouse Love Stories

in one of the houses
I rented a room in
there was a woman
who would tend to her garden
in her swimsuit
across the street
and I'd like to watch her through the window
snipping and pruning
as her arrowhead shaped hips
jostled back and forth

she had the curves of the number 8

she was by no means a fat woman
but she had some heft
just enough to where
it felt good when she sat on your lap

and she wore a
giant hat like a saucer
with a cheaply woven plastic brim
that held mounds of red curls
which occasionally
would spiral down and
pin themselves against her pale skin

many cats would join her in her garden
some of them would sit on the porch
out of the heat and watch her ass as I did

once one of her cats made its way into my yard
so I brought it in and gave it some milk
and we waited until it was time to garden
and the lovely flesh show could begin again

when I saw that she was almost finished
I brought the kitten over and told her what happened

she thanked me and we started to talk

as it happened she worked as the body model

for plus-size female mannequins

and as she stood there
a pure human hourglass

I thought about
plunging myself into her doughy body

but soon
the sun was heading downward
and she went inside for the evening

back in my room
I was overcome with the desire to paint-
something I had tried many times and failed
so I took out my colors
and painted her figure
as a mannequin

I worked until the sun came up
and then I went to bed in my clothes.

Soon after I moved from that small room
but left the painting on the easel
and I never saw my plump redhead again
although I am reminded of her
whenever I see that heart shaped figure
on a storefront mannequin