



Love and Prostitutes | Robert John Miller

The main problem Uncle Mathis had was with the whores. He couldn't resist them. Not that they minded so much, as he actually received quite a few proposals. For marriage. He always turned them down, though, on Mama's advice, that being that you can never really trust a whore. Of course no self-respecting woman ever really trusts a man who frequents those establishments anyway, which helps explain why Uncle Mathis died alone. Not that he didn't have friends. He loved the company he kept at the whore houses! He said he met the finest gentlemen there, and he'd go on and on about how he could talk easier in the company of men and could never really feel relaxed talking with a "proper" woman. When he died he left everything to his best friend Jake and Mama got so mad. He and Jake spent hours a day together at that damn whore house. The whores all loved those two.

Love and Ice Cream | Robert John Miller

The Sunday sundae escalated quickly after we came up with the catchy name, both in terms of frequency and in number of scoops. It started out as a one-pint celebration, who knows what for, but I remember it was on a Sunday, which is where the name came from. So pretty soon it was just what we did any time something special came up, and Papa would joke that "it's always Sunday somewhere," because he'd say he was going for a pint but he was really just going for ice cream, like that joke about how "it's always five o'clock somewhere." Anyway after Mama left he started going through about a quart just to get through the day, and he was doing at least 3 gallons a week before he finally got help, but that was pretty close near the end. I would always eat with him, though, to keep him company. Even now I feel like I'm walking around in a spotlight if there's not at least a place to pick up a cone somewhere nearby.

Adirondacking | Robert John Miller

Yesterday when the sun came up I went across the street to the neighbors' patio and lounged in one of their green plastic Adirondack chairs, which I admit now was a bit unusual of me, seeing how as I had never actually spoken to these particular neighbors -- always waved or bobbed our heads in mutual acknowledgement but we had never actually spoken that I can recall and certainly had never had a conversation -- and I was just there Adirondacking, not an uncommon pastime these days, hoping just to finally meet them when they got up because I always see them up in the mornings just across the street and when I woke up yesterday I thought, "Today's as good as any other, I'll finally go say hello to the neighbors." So that's my statement, ma'am. His wife and I only slept together after he had passed, only in mutual consolation; you know I'm a widower, right? Don't judge unless you've lost a spouse, unless you know exactly how it feels. And to be completely honest I have no idea how his body ended up in my kitchen.