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Administrative Assistant

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MATTHEW IRA SWAYE

The Administrative Assistant

The young super noted her scar but said nothing: "It's a walk-up, you know."

Every night the secretary lay there planning to paint the southern wall blue. She bought a mosquito net and a new toaster.

"The kinkiest you ever made it," Beth asked at lunch.

"I once made it sober?" she'd said.

She lived there 7 years. The bloodsuckers loved her legs. The room got bad sun. Beth came over for a good Tuesday cry. Suddenly everyone was having a fuck in the morning. She made toast.

Beth finally moved back to St. Paul.

A little bird flew in.

The secretary had a pink grapefruit with sugar or talked in a very high voice or a low voice, drank a wine, watched the war. When a little bird flew in she quickly named it Lilly before it flew out again. She bought a toaster.

At her funeral, the super's daughter remembered a time her shower had clogged.

"At least," the super said, "she didn't mess up the walls."