2001

In Arms

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In Arms

Cover Page Footnote
I made you listen to Willie Nelson as you drove along smiling with your hand on my knee. I wore a Lily of France Pink Flaming Dress, with a tiny blue barrette and red stained lips.

We pretended to be guests at Opryland, and drank frozen margaritas at the hotel bar—surrounded by genuine cowboys and cowgirls—complete with boots, hats, and fringe.

We ate dinner in Nashville at a restaurant where the menu consisted entirely of fondue. Cheese fondue, Chocolate fondue, How fond I was of you.

That night we lay in the field with our backs against the damp grass, we watched shooting stars, and fell asleep wrapped in arms.