



A 70's Relationship

I remember meeting her at a party in the Oakland hills, having gone there with a male friend who knew the party givers. She was around six feet tall, thin, had an English accent and we were both drinking beer while talking above a considerable amount of noise.

My friend was able to get a ride back to San Francisco, while I drove us to her apartment which was somewhere near the downtown part of Oakland.

We had sex a couple of times, fell asleep, and in the morning awkwardly chitchatted through a breakfast of eggs and toast.

It turned out that she was a textile restorer and was finishing up a PhD. at one of the colleges in the area.

I remember being impressed by a few of the photos she showed me of some old Italian tapestries she'd worked on, but other than that, we had little to talk about and little in common.

We continued to see each other on the weekends for 4 or 5 months until the sex became watered down to the point that neither of us wanted to cross all the way over the bridge and continue to pretend that we were actually working on a meaningful relationship.



Jeffrey Zable is a teacher and conga drummer who plays Afro Cuban Folkloric music for dance classes and Rumbas around the San Francisco Bay Area. His poetry, fiction, and non-fiction have appeared in hundreds of literary magazines and anthologies. Recent writing in *MockingHeart Review*, *Colloquial*, *Ordinary Madness*, *Third Wednesday*, *After The Pause*, *Fear of Monkeys*, *Brickplight*, *Tigershark*, *Corvus*, and many others. In 2017 he was nominated for both The Best of the Net and the Pushcart Prize.

***I Can Count To 10 v ol.5 # Summer 2018 # I Can Count To 10 vol.5
brokenheadpress.com
Thank You For Participating!***