



TEN-LETTER WORD FOR A LUCKY MAN

Jimmy Tombs you have the best name in the county
as far as I am concerned and the woman
I overheard today
in the way she said your name softly
combining your first and last name into one sound

and she was in the booth behind me at Fran's Place
and JimmyTombs she said and JimmyTombs
Jimmy Tombs, JimmyTombs
for an hour going on about your
private business and I thought there is no finer

thing ever to happen in a man's life but to have
a woman fall in love with you
and for her to sweetly
tell her friend your name over and over
in a public place and that, JimmyTombs, truly

makes you the luckiest man with the best-sounding
name in the whole green state of Virginia
and her friend was quiet
as your friend spoke and spoons lightly
touched the sides of coffee cups being stirred all over

the restaurant and when the waitress came over
to clear a dish or ask a question
of the woman who loves
JimmyTombs and the friend of the woman
who loves JimmyTombs their conversation stopped

momentarily and I went back to Zippy
the Pinhead and the crossword puzzle
in the *Washington Post*
but it was impossible JimmyTombs
and when my slice of pie came with whipped cream

the waitress carried two other small blue plates
in her left hand and I listened—
JimmyTombs—when she said
“His kiss is like a feather,” and we ate
pecan pie—the three of us—quietly, all together.

—Steve Scafidi