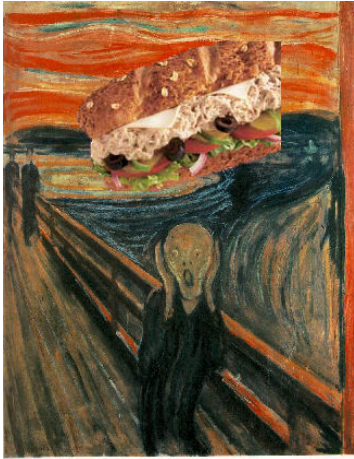


My Sandwich Artist is A Genius

Written by David Howard



I was feeling Edvard “Munch”ie

Cezzane and Van Gock, the Retsina fueled mad cap frat boys who left their abrasions on the Sistine Chapel, need to rise from the grave to reach a higher goal.

My world was rocked on Tuesday, when I pilgrimaged into my local Subway Restaurant. I had braved the rain for their “2 for 1 when it rains” special and discovered my muse.

I saw her eyes a twinkle, or were they tears from girl not called back after a sorority formal? I look beyond her nubile chests, a lilac bouquet hidden underneath Sea Breeze and Noxema. Her scent reminded me of the days I spent as Captain of the San Rafael Junior College Crew team.

Just above her bosom (a vibrant, new woman she was), was her name plate “Wendy, Subway Sandwich Artist” And yes, dear reader, an artist she was. I slowly was swept into her void. She asked me what I wanted. The Tolstoy of my day was coupled with the downpour of polluted rain

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that had made me pull my overcoat tighter. Today was the shrill that makes Burbank known worldwide as the “Alimony of All Men”

“Two six- inch tunas on the honey oat bread, please.”

She gives me a knowing wink and a stutter. Yes, she understood the Tuna/Honey Oat fusion and the cure-all that it is.

And now the dynamic and glorious artiste went to work. A generous tango of mashed Tuna on a honey oat freshly baked bun. Honey Oat is heartiest of all the Oat Breads. She swirls her tuna lavendering down the wheat canvass.

Holding her palette, a tube of mayonnaise and a separate of Dijon, she was armed for delight.

“Perhaps you would like ‘The Chipolte Mayo,’ you seem like a risk taker.”

A Brilliant move... a gamble, actually. And, yes, I am “a risk taker”

She flattered the tuna dot by dot with the burning off-tangerine sauce. ...

A bed of lettuce is assembled sloppily, much like my soul. Tomatoes, weakened by a recent local strike, are blended with sliced cucumbers crisp and hard, another memory of my once vibrant youth, and jalapenos, a reminder that life will always pack a punch.

She asks me if I would like the meal deal. Rather than the standard bag of Bar-B-Q chips she offers me a weeping plum with a swallow of melting lion.

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I accept.

It was the art of “immediate reality.”

I eat the first half in my cubicle exploring how a young genius can waste herself for six dollars an hour. The rest I eat on my cardboard coffee table watching yet another re-run of the Simpsons while constantly adjusting the antenna.

I shall be tasting our tango again, the magic and the malice