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Everyday in Jumbleorium, XXVII (Monica & Jehovah)

I was impressed
by Monica's luxurious Marantz stereo;
the lightness and sonic fidelity of its pickup,
the exact diamond cut of its needle,
the outstanding evenness and unwavering rotation
of its turntable
- and the sheer weight & value of its machinery

It was well before the advent of the compact disc,
through the late heyday of vinyl
and the analogue world,
in the Swedish Seventies

Monica had a modern, central apartment
in the little town,
while most of us resided in old, worn-down buildings
from the 19th century, on derelict contracts
that made legal termination in just three months possible,
though seldom – or ever – put into effect that way

Instead most of us could be sure to have a living quarter
for ten, maybe fifteen or twenty years,
at which time we'd want to move into something more expensive
anyway,
having been lucky in our late teens and twenties,
while we were students or just picked up a trade,
to enjoy an apartment for a negligible rent

That was typical for the Sixties & Seventies,
and to a lesser extent for the Eighties,
but then no more

She was sexy as hell, small-scale & smart,
but kept much too much at bay
by her violent boyfriend,
who was cruel to her and beat her,
but now he was off somewhere,
perhaps in the joint,

and we visited her and her Marantz
to hear Bob Dylan's & the Band's double LP
Before The Flood,
from Dylan's return to touring 1974
after he cut that short in the fall of 1966
because of an alleged motorcycle accident

Another night, around 1976,
I bumped into her
at the pub at Hotel Standard
down by The Theatre Park

She was pissed

I only sipped orange juice,
but tried to jump her in amongst coats & jackets
in the cloakroom,
which she luckily averted
by dragging me across town to my place,
where she all but passed out,
urinated my bed soaking wet
and slept till morning,
when I, suddenly the gentleman,
served her breakfast
and spoke politely

I tore out the mattress and the sheets,
threw the mattress in a garbage container
and brought the sheets to a laundromat

She moved to a bigger city, Gothenburg,
in 1977,
and when I went down there
to attend the Jehovah's Witnesses Convention
Happy Workers,
I arranged to stay with her

That first night, after installing myself with Monica,
we went over to a couple of friends of her
and watched a Bob Dylan concert
out of his second Rolling Thunder tour

at Fort Collins, in Colorado, on TV,
which blew my mind; the first concert with the man
I'd seen; holy smoke; Shelter From the Storm!

Later that night was dedicated to lovemaking
in Monica's bedroom, in Monica's bed, in Monica's grasp
leaving me with long scratches on my back,
but the day after was strictly filled with the convention,
where some Witness brats scolded me for my beard and long hair;
idiots!

The last day in Gothenburg,
Monica and I went to the fairgrounds,
riding the rollercoaster to our satisfaction,
and before my northbound train left
we roamed plenty in the fairground of sexual love,
although Monica complained that she hadn't gotten enough
when the train pulled out

Haven't seen her since

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