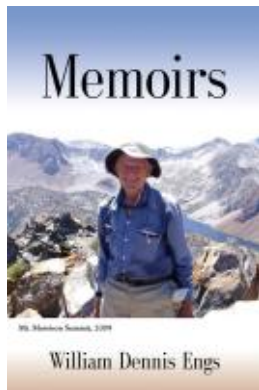
The background of the book cover is a still life painting. It features several pieces of fruit, including oranges and apples, some resting on a blue plate and others on a surface. A white, crumpled cloth is draped in the foreground. The painting style is somewhat impressionistic with visible brushstrokes and a muted color palette.

The Man with the Portable Love Room and Other Stray Thoughts

THE INCOMPLETE WORKS
OF ANDREA GRANAHAAN

[STILL ALIVE; HAS PEN]



William Dennis Eng assembled 110 short memoirs, each highlighting a subject or event drawn from his life which followed two paths. The first path, about half of the memoirs, follows familiar stages of life: education, military service, career, marriage and retirement. Memoirs along this path relate to unique happenings. Memoirs from the second path describe his extraordinary experiences while in engaging in outdoor adventures.

Memoirs

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And Other Stray Thoughts

The incomplete works of Andrea Granahan

[Still alive; has pen]

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First Edition

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Mama Knew How to Drive

Mama learned how to drive when she was little.
She was so little she sat on an apple box
with a stick between her knees
to reach the gas pedal of the tractor.
So when Mama got the Studebaker
it took her no time at all to learn to plow
through New York traffic like Alabama soil.

The Studebaker was two-toned, bright green and chartreuse,
and when she drove it Mama liked to wear her red sundress,
and red scarf in her blonde curls,
and bright red lipstick, and red high heels.
When she drove her Studebaker
Mama didn't worry about red lights
she just kept going while everyone else stopped.
Wolf whistles accompanied Mama like a symphony in a
movie.
Mama drove the Studebaker like a peacock chariot
pulled by lions.

Even toll takers just waved her through, dazzled by it all.
She drove on hot summer days, all the windows down,
her skirt pulled high for air.
She'd drive the Studebaker to bars
that played country music
in strange little towns in New Jersey
and give us kids change for pinball and pop
while she sipped a cold beer in the dark tavern
looking through the open door
proudly at the two-toned Studebaker,
barely noticing the crowd around her.
At home she'd wax the Studebaker carefully,

humming country songs quietly to the stars
while she polished the moon's reflection in the chrome
And checked to see her lipstick was still bright

The Man with the Portable Love Room

The young husbands raged impotently.
There was nothing they could do
although a frayed, stained apron covered his paunch
and his graying hair smelled faintly of hamburger grease.
The young handsome husbands threatened, stamped, swore;
but it was no use.

Every woman in town eagerly awaited her turn;
hoped her phone would ring that night.
And the young husbands were helpless to stop
their brides from leaving their marriage beds.

It was the portable love room that did it,
that turned day's short order cook into
night's most desirable lover.

It was the secret, brocade-draped, rosy room,
it was the silken perfumed sheets,
the glowing candlelight in the brass lanterns,
the sweet grapes in the golden bowl.
It was the strong liqueurs in the brilliant colored glasses
that lured all the women
to unfold their rosy secrets.

It was the rosy-gold light
that turned the aging man,
the plainest woman
into beautiful lovers.

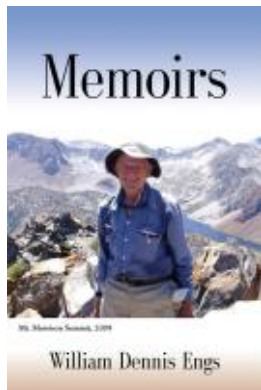
He towed the portable love room
to their thresholds at sunset.
At moonrise he opened the doors

to the secret inner world
that existed solely for love.

It was the portable love room,
and the young husbands could rage all night
but only at dawn could they claim their wives.

Japanese Painting

With the pure clarity of the line
Of a lady's kimono
Painted against gold silk
Framed by layers of embroidered flowers
I plan to live this day.
With the precision of red chrysanthemums
Against dazzling white
Proclaiming clearly,
With that intention
With that simplicity
Will I live today.
With one day a held breath
In the pounding current,
I will live like a
Clean white kimono
Splashed with designs.
Deliberately
Will I live.
Quiet smile,
Tilted amused eyes
Reign over the island of stark color
In that sea of muted gold.



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