

Underground Velvet

"The Gift"

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Waldo Jeffers had reached his limit.

It was now Mid-August which meant that he had been separated from Marsha for more than two months. Two months, and all he had to show was three dog-eared

letters and two when school had ended and she'd returned to Wisconsin, and he to Locust, Pennsylvania. She had sworn to maintain a certain fidelity, she would

date occasionally, but only as amusement. But lately Waldo had begun to worry. He had trouble sleeping at night and when he did, he had horrible dreams. He lay

awake at night, tossing and turning underneath his quilt protector, tears welling in his eyes. As he pictured Marsha, her sworn vows overcome by liquor and the

smooth soothing of some neanderthal, finally submitting to the final caresses of sexual oblivion. It was more than the human mind could bear.

Visions of Marsha's faithlessness haunted him. Daytime fantasies of sexual abandon permeated his thoughts. And the thing was they wouldn't really understand how

she really was. He, Waldo, alone, understood this. He had intuitively grasped every nook and cranny of her psyche. He had made her smile, and she needed him,

and he wasn't there. The idea came to him on the Thursday before the Mummers Parade was scheduled to appear. He had just finished mowing and etching the

Edelsons lawn for a dollar fifty and had checked the mailbox to see if there was at least a word from Marsha. There was nothing more than a circular form the

Amalgamated Aluminum Company of America

inquiring into his awing needs. At least they cared enough to write.

It was a New York company. You could go anywhere in the mail. Then it struck him, he didn't have enough money to go to Wisconsin in the accepted fashion, true,

but why not mail himself? It was absurdly simple. He would ship himself parcel post special delivery. The next day Waldo went to the supermarket to purchase the

necessary equipment. He bought masking tape, a staple gun and a medium sized box, just right for a person of his built. He judged that with a minimum of jostling he

could ride quite comfortably. A few airholes, some water, of course, midnight snacks and it would probably be as good as going tourist.

By Friday afternoon, Waldo was set. He was packed and the post office had agreed to pick him up at three o'clock. He'd marked the package Fragile, and as he

sat curled up inside, resting the foam rubber cushioning he'd thoughtfully included, he tried to picture the look of awe and happiness on Marshas face as she opened

the door, saw the package, tipped the deliverer, and then opened it to see her Waldo finally there in person. She would kiss him, then, maybe they could see a

movie. If he'd only thought of this before. Suddenly rough hands gripped his package and he felt himself barreled up. He landed with a thud in a truck and then he was

off.

Marsha Bronson had just finished setting her hair. It had been a very rough weekend. She had to remember not to drink like that. Bill had been nice about it though.

After it was over he'd said that he still respected her and, after all, it was certainly the way of nature, and even though, no he didn't love her, he did feel an affection

for her. And, after all, they were grown adults. Oh, what Billy could teach Waldo - but that seemed like years ago. Sheila Klein, her very, very best friend walked in

through the porch screen door and into the kitchen. Oh, it's absolutely maudlin outside. Ach, I know what you mean, I feel all icky! Marsha tightened her cotton

robe with the silk outer edge. Sheila ran her finger over some salt grains on the kitchen table, licked her fingers and made a face. I'm supposed to take these salt

pills, but she wrinkled her nose, They make me feel like throwing up. Marsha started to pat herself under the chin, an exercise she'd seen on television. God, don't

even talk about that. She got up from the table and went to the sink where she picked up a bottle of pink and blue vitamins. Want one? Supposed to be better than

steak. And attempted to touch her knees. I don't think I'll ever touch a daiquiri again. She gave up and sat down, this time nearer the table that supported the

telephone. Maybe he'll call. she said to Sheila's glance. Sheila nibbled on a cuticle. After last night, I thought maybe you'd be through with him. I know what you

mean, my God, he was like an octopus. Hands all over the place. She gestured, raising her arms upwards in defense. The thing is after a while, you get tired of

fighting with him, you know, and after all he didn't really do anything Friday and Saturday so I kind of owed it to him, you know what I mean. She started to

scratch. Sheila was giggling with her hand over her mouth. I'll tell you, I feel the same way, and even after a while, here she bend forward in a whisper, wanted to,

and now she was laughing very loudly.

It was at this point that Mr. Jameison of the Clarence Darrow Post Office rang the door bell of the large colored stucco frame house. When Marsha Bronson

opened the door, he helped her carry the package in. He had his yellow and green slips of paper signed and left with a fifteen cent tip that Marsha had gotten out of

her mothers small beige pocket book in the den. What do you think it is? Sheila asked. Marsha stood with her arms folded behind her back. She stared at the

brown cardboard carton that sat in the middle of the living room: I don't know.

Inside the package Waldo quivered with excitement as he listened to the muffled voices. Sheila ran her fingernail over the masking tape that ran down the center of

the carton. Why don't you look at the return address and see who it is from? Waldo felt his heart beating. He could feel the vibrating footsteps. It would be soon.

Marsha walked around the carton and read the ink-scratched label. It's from Waldo. That schmuck! said Sheila. Waldo trembled with expectation. You might

as well open it, said Sheila. Both of them tried to flip the stable flap. Ah, said Marsha groaning. He must have nailed it shut. They tagged at the flap again. My

God, you need a power drill to get this thing opened. They pulled again. You can't get a grip! They both stood still, breathing heavily. Why don't you get the

scissors, said Sheila. Marsha ran into the kitchen, but all she could find was a little sewing scissors. Then she remembered that her father kept a collection of tools in

the basement. She ran downstairs and when she came back, she had a large metal cutter in her hand. This is the best I could find. She was out of breath. Here,

you do it. I'm gonna die. She sank into a large fluffy couch and exhaled noisily. Sheila tried to make a slit between the masking tape and the end of the cardboard,

but the blade was too big and there was not enough room. Godamn this thing! she said feeling very exasperated. Then smiling I got an idea. What? said

Marsha. Just watch, said Sheila touching her finger to her head.

Inside the package, Waldo was transfixed with excitement that he could hardly breathe. His skin felt

prickly from the heat and he could feel his heart
beating in his

throat. It would be soon. Sheila stood upright and
walked around to the other side of the package. Then
she sank down to her knees, grasped the cutter by both

hands, took a deep breath and plunged the long blade
through the middle of the package, through the middle
of the masking tape, through the cardboard through

the cushioning and (thud) right through the center of
Waldo Jeffers head, which split slightly and caused
little rhythmic arcs of red to pulsate gently in the
morning

sun

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