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## Late Snack

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## Tigchelaar: Late Snack

### LATE SNACK

Jeff Tigchelaar

Tonight I finally ate the edible panties  
my wife brought back from a bridal shower.  
They'd been in a bedside drawer  
these past seven years,  
beneath a bunch of other stuff: dust-  
covered notepads, brittle  
scraps of yellowed paper,  
an old Bible, good  
as new.

I'd never read the writing on the box  
before tonight, but the package was full of promise:

*Contents: One undie. Pina colada  
with rum. Ideal for hors d'oeuvres,  
quickie lunches, Sunday brunches . . .*

but it wasn't  
without some words of warning as well,  
like *Novelty item only* and  
*Garment will dissolve  
in water or excessive moisture.*

And this mandatory health hazard:

*Contains saccharin, it cautioned,  
which has been determined to cause cancer  
in laboratory animals.*

And then there was the model.

A brief glance was all it took to see  
she didn't exactly make the product look  
tasteful.

But tacky photos and frightening fine print  
were not enough to turn me off tonight.  
My appetite couldn't be curbed.

I took. I ate. It tasted  
... *clean* (for such  
*dirty* merchandise)  
and by that I mean  
it tasted like  
soap.

I'd never pictured the scene  
this way—me  
in bed  
alone (save for  
a sleeping baby  
across my lap),  
too tired, too lazy  
to get up, to go  
to the kitchen for a snack . . .

I'd never imagined  
my wife would be out of town  
the night the edible panties finally went down.