

Shoes crossing the floor. Disentanglement. Shiny surfaces.
She smiles amiably. Slumped on the table. Beige mouse in hand.
Sunshine. This group and that. No work for now. Funkytown.

Birds in the air. Below above. Above below. The curl of earphones.
A sporty blue shirt. Tires squeal in the street. Hikers at a table.
Hand jammed in a paper bag. Cold hands between the legs.

Under the window's fading light. Enclosures of thought. Like home.
Don't divulge a thing. Spread yourself out. Branches from a trunk.
A floor, a ceiling, walls between. Stop in, or on your way to and from.

Milk turned to foam. An ocean of greatness. A tasty mouthful. A sly smile.
Everyone comes here. A roomful of strangers. Eyes dart across the page.
An arrangement disarranged. A watering hole where all the animals come.

She looks between the covers. You can see it coming. From nearby to here.
Laughter in the eyes. The sandwich of delight. In the near, under the sky.
The young away from their families. A sly re-distribution of thought.

The breath of space. The decimation of desolation. The dance of contraries.
A pirouette. Things fall behind the counter. It's all about consideration.
The wide turn of events. Moving merrily along. See the wind jump.

A race around the world. A closer look at the common. Twinkling in the night.
An opening to everything. Are we not like each other? An iridescent pink bag.
An upturned nose. A disagreement. A calculated explanation. A nodding head.

Animal decals. Bunches of gazers. Sudden movements startle. A soft, serious look.
Eyes undressed by what they see. He says he loves love. He furrows his brow.
She holds her own arms. Her arms hold themselves. It takes time to be free.

A place to sit and talk. The deep mud of mind. If you come in, you're in.
Thoughts popular with the mind. Everything gets said aloud. The weight of waiting.
The soft bite of computer light. Here among the peoples of the earth.

Jerky bulkiness. His hand caresses her hand. A nodding agreement.
She's tall. He has disarming charm. Exchanging handshakes for hands.
Rubber squeaks. Garish colors. Rearrange the furniture, if you like.

Suntanned skin. A thin mustache. Note taking for pleasure. Tea.
Consider the distance of space. Next to a talking baby. A mensch.
He's from way out West. Was there such time among the ancients?

Rubbing her temples. Observing the grain. Wonder opens wide.
It always works. It goes way back. Launching into the fray.
A voice is lifted. The vortex of life. A memory is born.

Changing dances with the familiar. A basket stand. Dark glasses.
A clouded face disturbs the pool. Gloves. Furry hat. Small mouth.
Legs spread wide. Gentle glances. Open gestures of generosity.

A man scratches his own back. Batteries spilled in the street.
Buckles on boots. Words on napkins. She wears a jeweled ring.
He points at a poster. You'll feel better. Just you wait and see.

What constitutes an idea? Inside the outside. A gold pendant swinging.
Wearing green at night. Soft dark hair. A jutting chin. Sturdy shoes. The blues.
Bits and bytes of reality. A table against the wall. The high sun in a pail.

White grains in a shaker. Empty porcelain cups. Do the step and slide.
Some actors are lucky. Elbows on the table. One bad leg, one good.
Back on top of herself. Wastepaper tired. His voice goes sing-songy.

She gently touches the back of her neck. People organize.
There's a concert every Friday. Tattoos are for being seen.
Seated legs get in the way. Sunlight. Shadow. A blinking light.

Circular lamps hang from the ceiling. A shuddering wind.
Figures move in the light. A white scarf, like a bank of snow.
Uplifting thoughts. We animate the stillness. A flurry of color.

The light stays open all day. A man and a woman. Indiscrete discretion.
Some wear dark glasses. Some do not. What's the courage of ownership?
Broken fingernails. Big pockets. Hives for the bees. Crowded intersections.

He laughs at something he's reading. He raises a hand to his chin.
A split decision. A stocky man smiling. A handsome woman smiling.
Taking a break with tea. A healthy glow. Hands on her hips, just so.

Three in a cluster. A child by herself. She knows how to dance.
A couple nods in unison. A happy child moves behind her mother.
Acting in her official capacity. A tongue ring. A story for the ages.

A low crown hat. A broad brim. Lip gloss. Muttonchop sideburns.
A small boy backs up slowly. Ancient knights wore their own armor.
No restrictions. No bounds. A crack in the ceiling. A crack in the floor.

We do what we have to do to have it done. The tabletop is thin.
The nuclear family is scattered. We live in front of the future.
An older artist. A hat. A canvas bag. She lists as she walks.

A tiny woman, taken for young. A small girl. Her even smaller sister.
A contented mother. She catches her young son's eye with a smile.
The milky light of a lamp. A quilted coat. Earth tones. Snuggle up.

A severe look, a gray cap. A moment passes. A white cap. A libertine look.
Functional amusement for the day. Gleaming white teeth. He sits down slowly.
He gets up slowly. His mouth is moving. Jowls and a long chin. A shrub of hair.

Laughter shakes her ribcage. Two old friends. Large rings on her arms.
A blue suede suit. Sleek hair, spiked against the light. A wooden cane.
A fashionable haircut. Here's to us. A sandwich wrapped in paper.

A tired driver. A truck like a tank. A ten-dollar bill, held aloft. A toast.
A mother feeds herself. A spoon in a baby's mouth. Wispy strands.
Chunks of thought. A hairy leg. A nimble dance. Hair in a tight bun.

A defiant look. The morning after. She doesn't take love for granted.
He smooths the sleeves of his shirt. A long button front. Folded edges.
A narrow window above the doors. Water on the table like a small pond.

The painted floor's unworn corners. A man's head, shaved military style.
A king on his throne. Languishing on a stool. Sucking on a toothpick.
Well-worn pants. Loose in the seat. Her reflection in his glasses.

Who goes looking for love? Fringe leather jacket. Happy grin.
A piece of cake. A day off, in the middle of the week. Just dandy.
Pictures on the screen. Squinting. Can one photograph a memory?

I heard the same story. A new garage door. A man leans down.
Bruises below the knee. Assumes a casual stance. An amber barrette.
Red leather boots. A bagel in a sack. Dangling earrings. Misty eyes.

Hand held out as a book-holder. Shapes in the once-shiny floor.
A toddler puts the toddler seat away. Too much paraphernalia.
Bad choppers. A slump in business. Empty pockets, nothing new.

The weeks come and go. Simple sunshine. Cream-colored walls. Dust.
Dust in the ceiling vents. Breathing is personal. Surprising expectations.
He didn't take the cap off first. Uh, oh. When is the right time to laugh?

Sunset. He fingers his billfold. He makes faces when no one's looking.
A plaid jacket, zipped tight. He wants it to work. Energy replenishment.
Labels on things. A cloth for wiping up spills. Hot drinks on a cold day.

Blond hair to her waist. Hardworking. A sore ribcage. Crossed arms.
Blistered hands. Numbered pages. Apple chips. She's bent, as if in pain.
Reason goes wanting in a storm. Ripped jeans. She tips, wherever she is.

Water beads on plastic. Blinking eyes. Fingers fly. Military precision.
One-hand texting. Anger serves the angry. Tight mouth, pulled to a pinch.
A tiny complaint between friends. Sweet smile. No thought of consequence.

It feels like spring. Let's get something straight. Business is good.
A briefly dancing barista. Cups in bags. An old recipe on the floor.
Do you remember the way home? A knitted mouse. A tinkling piano.

Matching gestures, like a dance. Dark-eyed mother. Shoeless infant.
She combs her bangs with her fingers. Newspaper in hand, eyes intent.
Crumbs on her blouse. Splayed feet standing. She calms the baby.

Motorcycle headlights flash. She strike a confident pose. Cops. Wearing blue.
A straw for a spoon. Children at their mother's side. She carries their drinks.
A kid runs by. Others turn to look. There's nothing to see here, folks.

A long nose. A sharp tone. One black eye. Who's invisible? Poets.
Singers in unison. A giggling pair. Wooden stir sticks. Music overhead.
Boxes stacked. A bulletin board. A thin belt. Tennis shoes, not for tennis.

A quizzical look. A half-eaten lunch. I love this so much. She grins.
Umbrella on a cord. Apron loosely tied. Shoulder bump between friends.
Non-compos mentis. It means I love you. One rum, two rum, three rum, four.

A maroon vest. A list of items. A bowl-cut haircut. Patent leather shoes.
A worried couple. The 5 Second Rule. A crumbling building in grassy ruins.
An open door. Sentimental sayings, people together, who knows better?

He stretches. Can anyone learn to relax? Cotton slacks. Taxes.
Crossed and uncrossed legs. One sleeve at a time. A gold watch.
Two turquoise helmets on the table. Spigots dripping syrup.

Posters of other countries. Gift bags on a hook. Counted coins.
A cyclist in uniform. A late lunch of apple crunch. Stiletto heels.
Hair pulled back in a swirl. A passing trailer full of trees. Squeals.

One thing after another. Hand-knit multi-colored socks. V-neck sweater.
A sigh a sign of resignation? Bare legs in a crowded room. I see you, yes I do.
Strap-on sandals. Shoulder-length hair. Admiring looks. It's holiday time.

Collar turned up. A shiny necklace. A rope for a belt. Solitaire.
A frilly white shirt. Sewn-in holes for decoration. Slick aviator glasses.
Face like a cartoon. Worst-case scenario. White tag on a black scarf.

Cigarettes. Buttered scones. Does chewing aid contemplation?
Whole milk in a tumbler. Dark chocolate. Reading a book online.
Clean work clothes, nice shirt. I need a break. How about you?

Sleeves pulled up. Muddy boots, caked and dried. Long laces.
An unlit cigar. A twitchy finger. Staring out the window at dogs.
Consider your words carefully. I love my long black coat. And skis.

My motorcycle is my weapon. Complete stop. Gulp. Sleek shoes.
Dark circles under her eyes. Are you spellbound? I sincerely doubt it.
Moving quickly. Flight control. Abrupt landing. Zippers everywhere.

Be-robed and bearded. A bag of electronics. Marshmallow square.
Just back from Vegas. Waiting for a friend. Hey, that's my mug.
Congratulations are in order. Walking on tiptoe. A look of dismay.

He walks around the table. A patchwork sweater, inside a hoodie.
Curtain on the doorway. Gestures in the air. Hey baby, come to Papa.
No makeup. Stonewashed jeans. Afternoon slowly approaches evening.

A worker's cap on an old man. A young man in a suit. Bells ringing.
A leaning stare between them. A rag. A rack of maps. Popular melodies.
Orange soda. A rubber mat. A mop. One firm squeeze does the trick.

Foam around the rim. Wooden chair, unbalanced leg. Blue collar.
Peach sweater. Multiple plugs in the power bar. Pants too short.
Clicks his pen. He's management material. Waves a wedding ring.

She scratches his happy back. Her nails go lower. A kid in tights.
A wrinkled shirt. A piece of paper. A light breeze. A fast moving line.
Sugar high. Bright colors. Plastic sandals. Click on the one you like.

Bubbles in his soles. Ceramic cups. His laptop at an angle. Cookies.
An ample belly. What's up with the experts? Black glasses. Paper cups.
Nimble fingers. Cupcakes. A potbelly. Hunger. Then it's suppertime.

Sittin' still. Still stylin'. Bleached blond hair. A cloth for cleaning lenses.
A touch screen. Legs akimbo. Corduroy pants. Rolled-up sleeves.
Headband with unicorns. A furry bunny. She plays with her buttons.

Everyone's made to feel special. A slight stumble. Points to the sky.
No one can tell the difference. Muttering. Labels on everything.
Bits of torn paper. A clenched fist. Coffee beans in a big bowl.

Timers with magnets. Egalitarians everywhere. New haircut. Loud knocking.
Green straw in white foam. A child's coloring book. Bags of aromatic coffee.
Painted birds. A badge. Gets a high rating. We're inching toward satisfaction.

A shelf. A foot bar. A door. A pullout drawer. Full price. Half price. Coupon.
One, two, three. Whack-a-mole. Mother-in-law. Head shake. Hands in pockets.
Finger tapping. Smirk. Smile. Frown. Every day is someone else's birthday.

Long hair. Head cold. Dainty sips. Open collar. Gold chain. Neck tattoo.
A playfoot walk. He talks to himself. He puts his name on everything.
A pen in his mouth. A tinkling sound. Very muscular. He's a meditator.

Strides across the parking lot. Gray trench coat. Good posture.
Creased pants. Cultivated stubble. Who decides what's right?
The blues on a sunny day. It's a start. It's a break. It's a reward.

Oval eyes. Stars on the brim of a baseball cap. A feather.
Hair pulled to the side and tied. A leather bag, soft like pudding.
Khaki pants. Frayed cuffs. Steel-toed shoes. Have a great weekend.

Long looks in the mirror. Racing jacket, off the shoulder. Temptation.
Oily swirls in his eyes and drink. Self-assured. Standing next to a stranger.
She stares in her coffee. Satisfaction across her face. A sudden memory.

Construction site. Private deliberations. Compartmentalization.
Too much medication. Smokers in the cold. Balanced on one foot.
Baby carriage. Mandarin oranges. Phone ringing. Jack-in-the-box.

A teething ring. A fierce look of concern. He's a little potentate. She's quirky.
Booming voice. String tie with silver tips. Record sales, mounting up. Cowboy hat.
Brand-new boots. Singer with the band. He loves what he does. She does too.

I'll give you a shout-out. Whoop, whoop, whoop. U-shaped collar.
Call me when you can. He's really slimmed down. Strange forces at work.
Dust to dust. Perfect health. Smothered laughter. Don't know why.

Animal logo. Baby's cry. Wheel chair, with its brakes locked.
Sack of goodies. Fingers crossed. Did you say local or loco?
Whipped-cream canister sputters and pops. Tiger pattern pants.

Holding two phones at once. Casual banter. Crushed ice in their drinks.
Pamphlet held up like a magnifying glass. Black jacket, parrot on the back.
Serious thoughts. Get your own. Leave enough room. Cargo pants.

Presentation is everything. Fast talker. Sits by himself at a big table.
Can't remember what he said. Something about her own bedroom.
Bald spot. A tear in the cloth. A convenient case of anesthesia.

You have to stand for something. Curved-back chairs. A pregnant belly.
Cork and vinyl earrings. A sugar bin. A bent hairpin. Short-sleeve shirt.
A scrubby new beard. Hold on tight. Has anyone seen the indistinct?

Shirt outside his pants. A natural tan. Impressive profile.
Furry mustache. Safari vest. Chip on his shoulder. Arm waving.
Loud voice. Is there ever an answer without a question?

Crumpled-up work sheet. Hands behind her back. Clicking heels.
Twinkling eyes. Wire-frame glasses. Wrinkled pants. She has options.
She gives the kid a bottle. A shot, a drop, a slug. Oh, my head.

Double doors. Unsweetened soy. Shopping bags. Red slippers.
Reading outloud, as he walks. Blows his nose, sneezes, blows his nose.
The wringing of hands. Squinting eyes. We fear the best and worst.

No one likes to be singled out. Some do. Where are you located?
What are your dreams? A critical time for clues. A frilly green skirt.
An upturned face. Both feet up on a chair. It means freedom for some.

Plenty of RAM. Double mocha. Sky blue hat. Earphones. Deep in thought.
Glasses on a braided cord. The uncertainty principle. Crying. Elastic bands.
Desire. Cable-knit sweater. The time is ripe. Your lyin' eyes. Ha, ha, ha.

A vest for bad weather. A seasonal gift bag. Morning rain. High-heeled boots.
What do you call a muddy color? Does this happen every day? It's up to you.
This is my daily drug. Life and death. A funny limerick. What's your favorite?

Everyone's getting older. A little larger in the middle. Go for a stroll.
Take a walk. Chocolate chip. Don't back down. See what's out there.
Flipping pages. A short attention span. Football on the weekends.

Overcast day. Silver pendant necklace. Bone buttons on her headscarf.
Walking down the sidewalk. He wipes his brow with his fingers. He's shy.
Saucer for a big cookie. Suspenders. Large feet. Rocking back and forth.

The splashboard is a protector. I want an explanation. A slight yawn.
It's not a spoon. Cracks in the wall. You have to squat down to see.
A full beard. Did you say dread? Followed by a quick little leg kick.

A bulging backpack. Something stuck in the teeth. Sticker-covered laptop.
Sounds like poetry. Lovely handwriting, with character. A long lapse in logic.
Receptacles and protrusions. Tune in or out. Everything's imported, these days.

A brief scowl. Slivers. Splinters. Shards. Coat and tie. No socks.
The Panama Canal. Go back to bed. Hand-printed placards.
Fingers buried in pants. Accidental spill. A good stiff broom.

Business call. Sandals. Clearance sale. The hunt and peck method.
His tattoo is his own name. Crossed leg, stuck out. Foot twitching.
Light reflected from a balding head. A nod. A smile. A wince.

Short hard heels, a clicking noise. Is there commerce in comfort?
Multicolored mittens. Aardvark hat. Rich corduroy coat. Nose hairs.
A list of desires. Get out of town. No time for that. Oh, that's true.

Nosy neighbors. Move the chairs. Stand erect. The Swedes are right.
Did you say sporting goods? Navy. Teal. New York hair. Calfskin boots.
Knee-length skirt. Dangling arms. A permanent crease. Don't forget the kids.

Umbrellas. Applause. Moving slowly. Sidles up. Suppress a yawn. Hand over mouth.
Can't stop coughing. I lost my job. No dessert for you. I'll try harder. Calculate expenses.
Do some arm lifts. A sudden thunderstorm. There's a bad answer for everything.

Clod-buster boots. An aluminum crutch. Wet grass in the sunshine.
Stained teeth. A Slinky in a box. A green hoodie with long white strings.
Glasses in a sparkly case. Software applications. Wrinkles around the eyes.

Can I tell you something? She blows on her cup. Porcelain implants.
Can you keep a secret? It happens to be true. Lime green acoustic tiles.
Pardon my reach. Luck had nothing to do with it. Penny loafers.

Yellow boxes of lemonade. A bright silk scarf. Leather hiking boots.
A casual arrangement of happy talkers. Glasses hooked in his collar.
A man counts his fingers with a grin. A shiny face. Long chin whiskers.

You look like a detective. A cool breeze on a hot day. A floppy hat.
A clandestine rendezvous. The Sunday travel section. Island motif.
Sports bra. New Age jewelry. Let's get something straight between us.

Sherlock Holmes was here. White shirt, tie, and vest. No pie.
Gray tights. I like hiking. Cargo shorts. Pockets full. A brief note.
Cold is relative. Thumbs up. Don't try to hold me down. Blinking lights.

Standing alone. Holding an empty cup. Obsidian bracelet. Turn and smile.
Two lawyers. Black beret. Meet my friend. You look like a million bucks.
A tailored shirt. Thrift store tag. Compound interest. The numbers add up.

A young girl dancing. She's got blond streaks. She's Madonna-esque.
I don't live here, anymore. Have a bite of cheese. It's the end of the world.
It's the dawning of a new day. Thank you, but I think you're wrong.

Walking around a spill. A little boy shows off his new straw. Neutral tones.
Three-page San Antonio pamphlet. A book changing hands. Deep-set screws.
Wild ideas, running loose. Cushion-sole shoes. A cloche hat. A tense forehead.

Polo shirt. Hand on thigh, like ornamentation. Caramel-colored cowboy boots.
Tinted hair, over the eyes. Waiting by the door. Headed two directions at once.
Porcupine stew. Covered in paint. Wiggling discomfort. You'll rue the day.

Stocking cap. Leaning into the conversation. Four fingers on one hand.
Sits with his back to the wall. Disgruntled. Detached. Delighted. A legend.
Ducks in a row. Kindnesses come and go. Fundamentals flow and glow.

Trumpets blare. A funny smell in the air. He's a good buddy of mine.
On permanent vacation. Due any minute. Torn t-shirt. Freckled face.
Fast moving thumbs. He's ready to work. Don't forget your coat.

Tricks of the trade. Crossed arms. Binoculars. A piece of string.
Add it up. What's your frame of reference? Knock before entering.
Multiple face piercings. Long knit scarf. No dessert toppings.

Three drinks at once. Go farther than before. No time to change.
Gray temples. Wipes his mouth. I'm binged out. Watch my bags.
Overflowing sugar bowl. One lonely peanut. Shadows on the wall.

Reading an envelope. Pulls out his keys. A startled look. Santa Claus in town.
A large tub on a truck. Too fast for you? Ballet slippers hung from the mirror.
Holding back a smile. Miss America wave. Interruption. She nods in agreement.

Spilled coffee. A foreign accent. Take it all in. Get it all down.
Don't miss a beat. Lip balm. Trivialities. Gum. A gun in his holster.
Sunday paper in a pile. Sun in my eyes. How about we change seats?

We live in bastions of plenty. A stack of tiny paper cups. A new trend.
A gaudy gold thing. Haircut from a magazine. Gender bender fashions.
Neon signs on the corner. Foodstuffs in short supply. A long, sad story.

She gets out of the car slowly. Yawning, he sings out the orders.
Speakers in the ceiling. Leather chairs. Heavy coats. Toe socks.
Here comes the crowd. Drink it up. Drink it down. There's no rush.

A natural blond. A bandaged hand. She takes her own sweet time.
A friendly neighborhood. There's more here than meets the eye.
The origin of absolutely everything. And the weather's good.

If you were President? A see-through blouse. A long list of things to do.
A nice man with vertical lines. Read the fine print. How are you feeling?
Don't answer. Company name. Uncapped thermos. Gold bracelet.

I bet he's a rap star. Just like my ex. How's your social life?
A prominent nose. A sketch pad. It's been that way for years.
He's put on a few pounds. Pouring honey. Wears a skeleton shirt.

Windblown. Pants dragging. Yellow slacks. Dark red lipstick. Leftovers for two.
Whispering between them. She clicks her fingernails. A gradual darkening of the light.
Holding the paper out to read. Twisting, this way and that. Looking. Looking.

Showers in the forecast. Tail lights flashing. Video games. Go downtown.
Windmilling fingers. No buts. Kleenex. Bouncy, bouncy. Count your blessings.
Can you paraphrase that? That's right, upturned collar. No snow this year.

Tattoo across her chest. Velour from head to toe. Almost dancing.
Gesturing on the phone. A broken leg in a cast. One odd footprint.
A beaded bag. A sunshiny smile. Faces in the window. Any questions?

Reversible jacket. A polar bear sticker on his guitar case.
Hair poking out of his cap. Moving quickly, that's his strength.
Rainbow stripes. A paper pile. His face, this far from the screen.

Slouching in his chair. Wet hair. Lines that didn't used to be there.
Two small drawings, done with care. Across the room, a lilting giggle.
Sunshine, hair spray, clownish acts. Too much for one person to handle.

Ziploc bag for artwork. Coveralls. Box of paints. Concentration.
Southern accent. A stern look. A string of sea shells. Sponges.
It takes determination, right from the start. Just beginning to rain.

He's back, again. Google the name. It's been a good year.
Hot, hot, hot. You can't hide that. Cracking knuckles.
A lumbering walk. Is war the antidote to complacency?

I promised to get them a turtle. I need an overseas connection.
Slide over, I'm stuffed to the gills. Heart pounding. Sheepskin collar.
Sequins on a brightly colored case. We care for the same things, you and I.

Whipped cream topping. Broad grin. A packet of sweetener.
Salt shaker missing. Socket cover missing. Dangling earrings.
A long silk skirt. Chocolate sprinkles. Just a little for me, thanks.

L-shaped room. A tall couple, standing elbow to elbow. Private bliss.
Young people with old ideas. Kuala Lumpur. Blue jeans. The movies.
A playful look. A subtle wink. A billowing dress. A curtsy and a bow.

A cordoned-off path to the register. A tiger pattern with zebra stripes.
Mobility is the answer. World travel. You can't beat freedom with a stick.
I'm surprised. You're even bigger than I thought you'd be. No offense.

Two-tone leather jacket. Stars in her ears. An optimistic air. Kinetic energy.
Gap in her teeth. The beach is calling. Bare neck. Thermostat. People chat.
Back to back. Fingers tap. Where does it all end? Unintended happiness.

She scratches her head. No names, please. I can wait, she says.
Big truck in the window. Tapered fingers tapping at her temple.
Tight-fitting pants. A complicated hairdo. Sibilant whispering.

Cartoons for the kids. Brown water bottle. Fingernail polish.
Crossed-swords on a sweatshirt. Ratty hair. Buzz-cut. No smile.
Bites her lip. Shrug it off. Heel, toe, heel, toe. The untamed wild.

Natural light. Artificial light. Tabletop card game. Curvature of the spine.
Wheels go round and round. Nap time. Two hands hold the broken strap.
Think about structure. Pining for love. Wash your hands. Stand up straight.

My, oh my. My, oh my. Dyed redhead. Local press. High forehead.
Big bang in the street. Executive valise. Sweaty runners passing by.
A significant development. Unpredicted. She's well past twenty-one.

Exit sign on the blink. People still leave. Magic marker. Narrow tie.
Checkered shirt. Puffy parka. Leather pockets, full of stuff.
National attention. Demitasse. Simple answers notwithstanding.

Argyle socks. Goatee. Giraffe. Mascara. Sucking on a straw.
What's boredom good for? Snap. Salve on his skinned knuckles.
She pulls her hair. He looks at the door. She's feeling magnanimous.

She holds her mouth open. Pink tongue. He has a certain way about him.
Somebody has to be in charge. Keep your priorities straight. Breathe.
A scrap of paper, scribbled on. Message box. The red button is for war.

We're super-excited. Restless leg syndrome. Celebrate youth. You only live once.
Two cops enter. Leaves tracked in. No stress. Wooden panels. Take a load off.
Winding down. She's flamboyant. He stutters a bit. She loves him, anyway.

Heels never touch the ground. Papers, neatly folded. Gloves off.
Shoulder shake. Warm drinks on the counter. Hangs up his coat.
I need a battery charger that works. What's a syllogism, anyway?

Cuffs rolled up. Ankle bracelet. Tender couple. Mascara running.
World War II Bomber jacket. Catastrophe averted. Button-down shirt.
Brand-new suit. Painted tie. Jumping jacks. Pencil. Murder. Tapioca.

Pager on his belt. He's not a child anymore. A purposeful manner.
Talking on the phone. Here's to you, my friend. Tousled sandy hair.
Eyes shut out the light. Put it on. Take it off. Put it on. Take it off.

A rhapsody in words. Like a small animal. Personal space is important.
I thought it was mine, but maybe not. A piece of music cuts the chatter.
A flickering screen. The greenest green. Don't count on it for relief.

New denim fades to a lighter blue. Traffic in the distance. Juice box.
Gingerbread squares. Overcast sky. A sly nose pick. No spider webs.
Raised lettering for the impaired. An old couple doing the crossword.

Senior citizen with long blond hair. Large cup near the table's edge.
Hard chair. White duffle bag. A happy father. A laughing baby.
Head on chest. Pork-pie hat. Nice set of pearly whites. Cologne.

Shrug. We've seen it all before. How can I tell the truth? Bright lights.
Imagination. Peaceful places. Exchanging useful information. Tresses.
Casters. The South of France. On the edge of my seat. A catchy tune.

Standing on one foot, she ties her shoe. Grins and touches her nose.
Crystal earrings. I smell danger. Squeaky voice. A stubborn cowlick.
Cheese Danish. It's a regular rodeo. Parked in the handicap zone.

Knee-length stockings. Storm coming. Camping gear stowed in the trunk.
I know, I know, not enough time. Pretty postcards taped to the wall.
What if I die first? Large cup of tea. Hugs and kisses. New shoes.

Baggy pants. Hearing aid. Patent leather. Hook and ladder.
Knitted tassels. Ibuprofen. Passing cars. Painted toes. Roses.
Wrinkled nose. Pottery. Jalapenos. What's the next big deal?

Pair of flats. Stack of mags. Analog watches. Any ego is a big ego.
Sunglasses on her forehead. Sweet as he can be. No expectations.
Twenty years come and go. He carries the paper in his folded umbrella.

I'm hopelessly disorganized. Lick the lid. Little soldier at attention.
Shiny black earphones. A halo of light. Conscious awareness.
Metal plates. Optimum potential. As far as the eye can see.

Broad shoulders, Low-slung pants. He wipes his mouth and chin.
An air of superficial superiority. Don't forget us when you're famous.
Take precise notations. She points with her arm. He's got dimples.

Diamond brooch. Dark red lipstick. An imperious demeanor.
Her head moves as she talks. She says they're all delinquents.
No doubt about it. A happy sing-along. A ribbon-wrapped delight.

Apron strings. A great work ethic. Kindred spirits. A rag for spills.
Fast service. Visual cues. Refuse in a big barrel. Customer service.
Clean, inside and out. Tended to. Cared for. Sunlight, like a tablecloth.

Floating tea bags. Smell of vanilla. Purple stocking cap pulled down hard.
A kiss on the lips. Muscles on top of muscles. Ornate rings on every finger.
Sleeves down to the knuckles. Car leaving slowly, circles the lot. Horn honks.

Soft-soled shoes. A satin hat. A thin gold chain. A big smile.
Baby in a numbered jersey. Bright skies. Sore arm throbbing.
Red-faced apology. Slumber party. I want to start all over again.

If I get an invite, I'll make my move. Poised to leap. Look at a map.
Make your best argument. It truly doesn't matter how good you look.
A tattered phone book. When it's time to go, it's time to go. Goodbye.