

One of Those New York City Sorta Stories

We passed each other on the street. We did that whole glance back unsuspectingly, turn back away, glance back again a few moments later and think, "Oh... shit... I think we're into each other" New York City sorta ways. You were cute. I'd noticed you crossing the street a block away cause you had a silly waddle to your step. It made me think of Donald Duck, but in a cute, I walk a lot in New York City sorta ways.

I, being the daring, devil-be-damned gentleman of a Texan I am, walked right on up to you and asked you where you lived.

"Just around the block, on 11th street" you said.

"It's a nice street," I said. "But 10th street is better."

You gave a scoff, allowing me a quick look into your yawning pearly mouth. Your eyes looked me over, lips rolling over each other like two glossy red legs readjusting.

"11th street is the best in the city. I know cause I grew up here," you said, leaning closer into me. The scent of your perfume allowed into my territory, just barely cancelling out the rotting smell of the city.

"Well, I'm always open to rethinking my deep rooted opinions on things that don't matter".

She laughed, rolling out the pearlies again, and offered me an arm.

We walked past The New School dorm and into your building. It was fancy, in that we have a door man and a board and I'm no schmuck with nobody parents cause I grew up in New York City sorta way.

He waved us by, you pressed the button for the penthouse. Your perfume was now allowed space to permeate the elevator. It was sweet... sweet in an intoxicating way...

"You've got a nice smile," you said as you pulled out your keys.

"So I hear," I gave her a smile and a wink.

Your hands groped the door handle.

"Come on in..." as she spoke she let the door slowly reveal the room. Pieces of the puzzle unveiling in that I got it and you want it so I'll show it to you but only in New York City sorta way.

The apartment was cozy. The bed was made. Minimalist furniture, wooden stools at the bar and a large abstract painting on the walls above the kitchen.

"It's a bit austere, don't ya think," I grinned.

"You want a drink?" you asked back. You were at my chest.

"I've already drunk too much I would say," I said, in that, we both know I'm not speaking the truth but I don't trust you cause I just met you on the street in New York City sorta ways.

You took your cue. We made for each others faces. Your kisses were a bit too peckish for my taste. I didn't like to feel like I was feeding my baby birds worms while I was making out. I got you down on your stiff white modern sofa. Your phone started ringing. You made a face, one of those eyes wide, crooked neck, walking to the L train near the projects in Brooklyn late at night and I think I'm much too sexy of a lady to be alone in this place at this time in New York City sorta faces.

"My husband..." you'd started, but I was out the door like a drunk dog, like back when the cops busted the big house parties in high school, just a few years back, before I'd started my New York City sorta ways. Back before I'd widened up and learned other

peoples New York City sorta ways.