as I walk towards the escalator

a young fellow and a lovely young girl

are ahead of me.

her dress, her stockings are skin-tight.

as we ascend, she rests one foot

on the step above and her behind

assumes a fascinatin shape.

the young man appears worried,

he looks at me. I look away. No, I am not looking,

I am not looking at your girl's behind.

dont worry, I respect her and I respect you.

I respect everything; the flowers that grow, young women,

children, all the animals, our precious complicated universe,

everyone and everything.

I sense that the young man now feels better and I am glad for him.

I know his problem: the girl has a mother, a father, maybe a sister or a brother,

and undoubtedly a bunch of unfriendly relatives

and she like to dance and flirt and she likes to go to the movies and sometimes

she talks and chews at the same time and

she enjoys really dumb TV shows and she thinks she's a budding actress and she

doesn't always look so good

and has a terrible temper and sometimes she almost goes crazy

and she can talk for hours on the telephone and she wants to go to Europe every summer

and she wants you to buy her a near-new Mercedes and she's in love with

Mel Gibson

And her mother is a

drunk and her father hates blacks, browns and everything in between

and she's often cold in bed and

she gets migraines everytime she

eats sugar or cheese.

I watch him take her up the escalator,

his arm protectively about her waist, thinking he's lucky,

thinking he's a real special guy,

thinking that nobody in the world has

what he has.

and he's right,

terribly

terribly

right