

## SUNFLOWER STREET

I was walkin', looking down at my feet like I do. I admire the way my right slews to one side while my left is as straight as can be. I was noticing how one of my shoes looked tighter than the other when I tripped over a lifted portion of sidewalk. I laughed until I saw something I had never seen before.

She was just standing there at the bus stop across the street with a vintage, green Dooney and Burke bag, trimmed in light brown leather, hanging from her shoulder. She wore a simple black t-shirt that said, 'WHAT' and had it tied just enough to see her belly ring. Her jeans were cuffed perfectly enough to show her anklet that danced above her brown, thong sandals.

Wow, I thought. *The little things.*

The clouds, birds, sun and moon were out. It was about 7 p.m. in July, and it was HAWT. I'm talkin' eggs cookin' on the concrete hot, but she wasn't sweatin'. I loved, even more, the way she kept her cool. God must be a woman, cause she controllin' her temp like she was born with it.

She looked like the rose that grew from the concrete but better. More like a sunflower. Her skin was brown like coffee beans. I could almost see my reflection projecting from her. God must be a woman cause this is what life is. I mean this woman could be my wife. I could spend my life with her.

I had never approached a girl before, let alone a woman, but there was no better time. As I stepped across the street to j-walk, the city bus pulled up, so I ran.

As soon as I made it to the curb, she stepped her left foot on the bus and lifted herself onto her voyage. Just as I was about to pull myself onto the step, a policer officer flashed his lights at me. The bus doors closed, the breaks screeched, and the heat from the exhaust warmed my disgruntled face.

She was right on time for her ambitions while I was much too late for mine. The bus turned the corner, and we locked eyes for the first time. She looked surprised, and I added a wave to my melancholic expression. She left me with a smile that was tattooed onto my eye lids. I could see her with my eyes closed.

The police officer yelled out the window, "Next time it'll be a ticket," turned on her siren, and sped down the road.

"A ticket would have actually been worth it!" I yelled at the speeding police car.

I tilted my head to the sky, pivoted and started walking to the streetlight. *God, if you're a woman, I thought. Send her back to me on this sunflower street.*