

Out of a Clear Sky

YOU ever notice it, mister?

Spring, I mean. The way it comes around just once a year. Like Christmas, only better.

Sure, you know what I mean. Sunshine slanting down between the tall buildings, and a new sniff in the atmosphere besides gasoline fumes and stale perfume, I mean. Uhuh. And all the young dames out and about in their sexy dresses instead of being all muffled up in shapeless thick coats and snow boots that make them look like they had club feet.

Makes a man think about things, huh? Good things.

Things like neat, chiseled ankles clipping along brisk above high heels. Legs in smooth slick nylon that makes your fingertips tingle. The way a thin silk skirt sways, and the little jiggle that makes it sway that way.

Or maybe a little laughing puff of a breeze that sneaks up quick around a block corner and takes a twitch at that thin skirt and lets you see a brief glimpse of where the rainbow ends.

You don't need me to tell you what spring does to a man. Or to a girl, either, for that matter. I find that girls mostly also feel a little tingle in the blood, and are not at all averse to putting in a little offhand necking now and then, though I also find that many girls are more than a little partial to such pastimes at other seasons of the year. In fact, I am not trying to sell you on the idea that all this happens only in the springtime. What I am telling you is that it is liable to happen any time, but in the spring more so.

Mhm. Fresh perfume and the little things that make life worth while pushing out against the clinging stuff of a frock so it looks like they are trying to make like the little buds up in Central Park—bust out all over. Eyes that give you that look.

See what I mean?

Good things.

Not ugly things like blood thick on a hot sidewalk and a mashed body in a litter of shattered glass.