

Bobbing.

I just stared at her sitting in that chair. It was probably ten minutes. I don't know why, I just couldn't stop watching her. The chair didn't look comfortable. It was a wooden seat with a wooden slat back and metal legs. The metal was kind of rusting in some spots and needed to be repainted.

She had the most perfect legs I'd ever seen. I watched her cross them one way. Right over left. Then she'd uncross them. Then she'd cross them the other way, left over right. I thought that was going to be her pattern until she went right over left, then uncrossed, then right over left again. So I stopped paying attention to the pattern and just stared at her legs.

I noticed she was wearing brown leather sandals. They had a big heel and one wide strap that covered the top of her foot. Her toes stuck out the front. Her toenails were painted purple, I think. I remember this one moment when her legs were crossed, left over right, and that sandal started slipping off of her foot. It slipped a bit, but then stopped, the leather sticking to her skin. It was a hot day, and they had the windows open instead of turning the air conditioning on.

I could hear someone mowing grass somewhere. It sounded far away, but I could smell the clippings in the air.

The sandal started to slip off again. She was kind of kicking her foot lightly, just bobbing like it was blowing in

the breeze. Not like people who shake and bounce their legs because they seem to always have to be moving. It wasn't like a nervous habit. It was more of a carefree bobbing. Subtle, like she didn't even realize she was doing it. So the bobbing made the sandal slip some more, and then it slid almost off of her foot, stopping, just barely, hanging on her toes.

I kept waiting for her to move. I thought she'd uncross her legs, put her foot down, and shove it back into the sandal. But she didn't. Her leg just kept bobbing gracefully. The sandal bobbed along, just a half-beat behind, hypnotizing me.

--*Brannon M. Hancock*
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