

Not Even Know It

by D. W. Hooker

I remember the man well, though he didn't notice me.

Even though a million tiny things happened to cause his hand to brush me away from his neck, he didn't notice. Much like the way his eyes bounced off women's bodies as he hurried down the sidewalk in his blue wool suit, seeing and instantly forgetting, he didn't notice.

But I definitely noticed him; his warm wet sweet saltiness under my feet very unlike the one I tasted before.

You can walk right past death and not even know it.

