

# A Next Step

*by* David James

The first night I met her we slow danced to George Strait songs for most of the evening and when we took a break, our talking went warm and well as we sat eating hot dogs and sipping beers until she dropped a couple of bombs, first, telling me she was married and then, that she did my wife's hair at Cuts 'n' Curls, so even though I was taken by the bump of her thighs against mine as we danced, absolutely hypnotized by the look of restlessness in her hungry eyes, I wasn't sure of a next step until she smiled and said, "I'll meet you out in the parking lot."

