

A Man

by Félix Saparelli

He was lit up faintly.

Standing in a room of golden proportions (which is not saying a lot), he was one stood man (which is). The only lamp, a seemingly old neon, hanging short from its chains, shone darkly above none. None but a five-footed glass plane, upon which glossy pages were desperately eager to tan; but alas! not one ever did lift their covers.

The man had been looked upon countless times, even through his short while standing. Always from the top, which might be explained by his stature, or might not. His hair, though, was all but featureless. A few curls only stood out from otherwise straight, short mop. His visage was no different: sharp edges and soft skin were its only characteristics. Immaculate white collar. Iridescent black blazer. No tie. Dark pants, which pockets concealed fine hands (five of them, two of flesh). Polished shoes. Neat.

Above his socks, through the shadow, a lighter strip revealed — no, confirmed — what one could have mistaken for tan earlier. Yes indeed; the man was a lone, black white cream, wolf.

Behind blue eyes, the man was impatient. His feet were hurting. Had someone spoke to him at that very instant (as the next it was gone), he would have answered softly, non-committally; in his mind, however, his voice clear and his tone dry, he would have snapped, glaring. But etiquette ruled over him. Earlier, he had risen for that same reason from his seat and let another take it, damning both the old dear for entering, and the owner for the number of chairs. Her feeble thanks had irritated him, and he had not replied. He now damned both himself for this lack of respect, and his long gone ancestors (only from his mother's side) for having instaured and enforced this ridicule heap of codes and laws.

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A sparrow, love, and a brightness in his mind entered through the far door and kissed him quickly and sweetly.

Arm in arm, they left.

