

Lucky in Love

by Larry Strattnr

The fiftieth floor rushed past. Through the window he looked into the eyes of a beautiful girl. She struck him as a girl he could love even through the shiny solidity of glass. Their love would be just like the glass, exhilaratingly clear, revealing everything until the day, as all love must, it shattered.

He rolled over on his back to relax. Clapped his hands behind his head to give a moment's thought to love and how it had never quite clarified in his mind to run pure and sweet. Kind of like the difference between margarine and butter.

Through the window of the fortieth floor two people stared at him with their mouths in little Os. He had to laugh at that one. Honestly, some people have no ability to relax, let go, seize the moment.

By the thirtieth floor things had slowed down considerably. An observation he had heard from some of his friends involved in auto accidents. He clearly saw a number of facial expressions during this stretch registering shock, horror and consternation. This was certainly a kick, freaking out all these people in the building. None knew him. None certainly loved him. But all would for a time remember him.

At fifteen he saw another beautiful girl. A Redhead reminding him of a girl he had feelings for in high school. But she was a cheerleader and not suitable for a boy whose only skill was numbers.

Oh well, he thought. *You can't have everything. I've had most things and most were fun. Even the women who only wanted money. It might have been nice to be lucky in love. Gotten married. Known contentment.* But he didn't fret over this dream too long. On the first floor his engagement was over and he was married to the cement.

