Bag

by Matt Potter

He had a C & A shopping bag, sweet sleepy eyes, and white socks above blue sneakers.

The U-Bahn sped on for Gesundbrunnen and I grabbed the overhead rail, flexing my biceps and easing my pelvis in his direction.

Behind me as I flipped the door handle to get off, sleepy eyes caught mine in the reflected glass. Definitely Deutscher.

No chance for *Hallo*, we sank into an unlit station doorway and he fumbled through my shorts. *Nicht hier*, I said. And followed him in the dark to a nearby park.

Swatting bendy boughs, striding through the thicket all purpose and haste, the C & A shopping bag rustled as he tossed it on the ground. Kneeling in front of me and unzipping my fly, *Hast du einen Partner?* I asked.

A breeze blew. Passers passed by. A gate clanged, feet shuffling as they followed a footpath.

And I wondered if his purchase, nestled amongst the dirt — perhaps an inexpensive t-shirt or two? — was for him or the partner he might have.

I groaned. And zipped my fly.

Danke schön, I said, so perfectly polite in the English language way.

He wiped his smile, grabbed the C & A shopping bag, and left.

As I walked back to the station, I caught him lighting a cigarette and exhaling as, getting into a car, he kissed a man on the lips and began talking with great animation.

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