

New Routine

by Tim G. Young

It was time to leave. I was hearing the force of the rain as it collided with the part of my air conditioner which is stuck outside my window. I needed to go but couldn't find my umbrella or my hat. I began moving quickly around the apartment. I realized I wasn't seeing anything. The umbrella could be screaming at me from my table but I wouldn't know anything about it.

Outside I'm walking on the right side of the sidewalk. There is some slim protection from the buildings jutting out. Thunder booms over my head just as a racing yellow cab splashes a puddle which tsunami like completely douses a young father pushing his three wheeled stroller. The bright green slicker he wears shines from the wet.

A drop of rain clings to my nose and drops. I don't remember hearing anything about precipitation in the forecast today but I really don't care about that now. I'm breaking my routine. I'm meeting a new person. It's two in the afternoon and we have decided to have drinks. We may even get drunk and go back to my place. I hope the rain will not delay the arrival of our rendezvous.

