

Contraband—A Novlet

He passed her in the bottled water aisle
And noticed summer skin—not thin, but slim—
And no overt intention to beguile—
She's shopping now, oblivious to him.

Six minutes later, at the register—
A second chance. Although it only was
A stolen glance—he didn't stare at her—
She felt its pressure, as a woman does.

Her right-hand fingers moved to touch her ring
As if to say—*I'm married—Can't you see?*
But then he glanced again, while debiting
His groceries—so that she, unconsciously,

Began to tug and twist her wedding band
As if to say—*Oh damn! Get off my hand!*