

## I SAW HER

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I saw her. It was on the way out of Borders Books on the corner of Pearson and Michigan in downtown Chicago. I saw her. She was wearing the most amazing business suit. A deep, dark Armani-cut for women. Her hair was perfect. Her hair glowed in the sun with each strand screaming adore me, and I was. She caught me off guard. Her tan briefcase had her initials imprinted on the side. I saw her come through that door. Her manicured red nails dazzling the eye with reflected light. I saw her come through that door and let the door slam into a mother and child. ❖