

He was beautiful and I was feeling adventurous. The way he was looking at me and shyly smiling to himself made me want to know him... know him in a way I hadn't known anyone in quite some time. Contrary to my nature I didn't approach him first; I waited, instead, with baited breath. I found my thoughts wandering down a path less traveled. My fantasies came one after another as quickly as my synapses could fire. I wondered what his kiss would taste like, the feeling of his voice whispering sweet nothings into my ear, and the touch of his hands on my waist.

I made sure to play coy as best I knew how. I glanced up at him--more than once--from under heavy lashes. I pursed my lips invitingly as if to convey at a distance that they were ready to say "Hello." Whenever his spectacularly deep brown eyes caught mine I made myself look away. I wanted to reel him in, I realized suddenly. My normally bold and assertive self hadn't escaped me after all. Conversely I found myself feeling like I was stalking my prey; a spider in its web.

Each step he took reminded me of the first dance we had yet to have. I saw myself in a vision of what our wedding would be like, our honeymoon, and our early retirement. I had a beautiful story playing itself out within the creative currents of my mind. You can imagine, then, how devastated I was when he just walked by. My fantasy came crashing down around me and I was left with my reality. I suppose it is for the best; my husband wouldn't have appreciated it had I walked off with someone else.