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Eyes of a Table

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Eyes of a Table

Eric Garcia

目 (Me)

As the rain trickles down from the sky, you stand in between the crowd waiting for the light to flicker green. With each dot vanishing from the sign, you waver, unsure if you are to continue onward. Then the crowd moves, so you do as well. Tired from the day of pacing around the city, snapping memories for later, you search the streets for a place to rest. Out of the corner of your eye, a cafe appears. With nothing else but restaurants and stores, you enter.

At the table of the coffee shop with no name, sits a man. There is nothing particularly special about this man. He is neither tall nor short. Not thin and not wide, but nevertheless you stare. Across the room in the corner against the window, your eyes cannot move away as he continues to sip his coffee just as you sip yours. Neither of you are that much different, but in between the sips of coffee, your eyes dart back towards the man.

However, unbeknownst to you, the man also stares at you. With each flip of his newspaper he takes a glance. Back and forth you go, up and down just as a seesaw does, but like a seesaw, the wood will never even out. The exchange continues on until the last drop. You look into your now empty cup, but with a different twinkle in your eyes. You hear the sound of a chair scraping across the floor, your eyes veer upward, and the man is folding his newspaper, preparing to leave. You watch him walk to the door, and as he disappears from your line of sight, you decide it is time to move on as well. Before you depart, you stare back at where the man was sitting, still unable to avert your gaze. Then, you notice something else. You shift your vision to a girl sitting at the next table. Again, she does not stand out, much like the man that had left. Just as your eyes seem to meet, her eyes move. As if her eyes just happened to pass by yours. A small smile appears on your face.

The rain has stopped.