

Day 23:

Conversation and Distraction in My Office

BY RANDY KOCH, LAREDO COMMUNITY COLLEGE, TEXAS

“Sometimes,” Sarai said, smiling, her eyes
looking past my shoulder, beyond the wall
papered with scissored dust jackets, “sometimes
I sit in my room and say, ‘You’re beautiful,

Sarai.’ My sister thinks I’m crazy,
but no one else says it to me, so. . .” Her
eyes fell to her hands in her lap, and she
laughed. I didn’t know what to conclude, infer,

or say. The waves in her black hair shone in
the florescent light. Dark eyes. High cheekbones.

On her right hand she wore a silver ring
on the index finger. We sat there alone.

Then she asked, “In class, am I doing okay so far?”
But I didn’t think of that when I said, “You are.”