

disjointed people observations, lazily scribed

Noah Stephens

—Burger King, 7:35 pm on a February Thursday: Obvious queen, Little Richard-looking man, small frame, steps from public bathroom and strides quick to the exit feeling blasé — his expression, it momentarily locking with mine, informs me — about whatever just happened inside. He is one of countless many here each day, but especially night, whose very presence proclaims ‘this is the Village.’

—Woman: At the table almost directly across from mine, overweight, eating (masticating long each mouthful the slow-piston jaws) while talking in Spanish to her equally obese counterpart, she sits looking at certain moments uncannily similar to a chow dog.

—There are others still. Thirteen counting myself and three at the counter contemplating the bright menu. Some are strikingly unstriking. The kind you don’t really choose to take in but do just because you were looking when they came in. The type is the last person you would ever remember, those you would never venture much into describing.

—One man newly arrived sticks his head forward always, is rat-like, and somehow has the air of an invalid, though he functions. I can see the sweat in drops where his nose falls off its ridge, just below the glasses, when he passes close.

But without feeling transition, the only one now present I can think about, though listlessly, is an oriental woman, young (probably beginning twenties), in a long jean skirt.

Her face is inexplicably very appealing and in one moment I found myself answering ‘yes’ to some question about whether I would like to kiss her lips and just once bed-fuck her (sure, more) from the moment before.

So...it was decided then.

Her boots were high and black.

Up at the mouth again she dislodged some food, maybe a sesame seed, from between teeth with her tongue.

After this, she seemed to be gone — mostly just the song was on.

From a single quiet speaker behind me something corny made the vibe (cacophonous humanity enjoying American fast food, their noise reminding me of children not present).

Outside I masticated / Not on sheep, but plastic mould / It was dilapidated / By what I could not control