

The Station

by Phillip W. Weiss

I had just departed the train that had pulled into track 33 at Grand Central Terminal and was walking through the station, past the confectionary, past the ticket machines, past the mobile police station, past the newsstand when I noticed to my right a person. She was a young lady, petit and demure, seated on the floor, her back leaning against the wall, her head buried between her knees. I stopped and stared at her. She looked up and met my eyes with hers. They were soulful eyes. I was enthralled. I slowly approached her. She did not move. I felt the blood surging through my body producing a feeling of excitement that transformed my long dormant loins into a volcano that was ready to erupt. Sweeping all caution aside, I approached her and standing over her, asked her name. She said Jennifer. I asked Jennifer if would like to stand up. She nodded yes. I reached down, grabbed hold of hands, and gently pulled her up. I liked what I saw. She was a few inches shorter than me, thin, had a clear complexion and long blond hair that reached the top of her shoulders. My excitement building, I asked her if she needed a place to stay. She nodded yes. We left Grand Central Terminal together, hand in hand. I hailed a taxi and a few minutes later we were in my apartment. I asked her no questions. I decided to let time do its work.

Ten years and three children later, I am still enthralled. I still don't know Jennifer's last name or where she is from. We were never formally married but for the sake of convenience and for the children I refer to Jennifer as my wife, and she took my last name. Jennifer is the perfect companion, much better than a wife. She rarely talks, keeps the house clean, is kind and caring to the children, makes no demands and is always there for me. At night she is open, giving and loving. We make love often and it always leaves me satisfied. I do not need to know her last name. She has mine. I don't know how much longer this arrangement can last. I always have this gnawing feeling that something terrible will happen to bring our relationship to an end. But if that happens, I'll know exactly what to do. I'll depart from a train, wear a smile on my face and exuding all the charm I can muster, take a nice, pleasant walk through Grand Central Terminal, the place where I first found love.