

The Right Word
by Jeremy Damato

Suddenly Ray didn't know what to say, this happened to him a lot. He knew what he wanted to say. He thought about whether it was what he meant. But when the moment came to speak he couldn't say it. He was afraid of not finding the right word.

She had eyes like Anna Karina wide open to the world. Wearing an old man's raincoat and worn out shoes, she carried a lucky handbag and held it close to her. She reminded Ray of a French movie, as ready to laugh as to cry. Her charm was herself, the fall of her shoulders, the elegance of her neck. The mirror of his dreams, she was his idea of a woman, tender and tragic. He looked at her amorously. She smiled behind a magazine.

From the corner newsstand in the market, shouts of fish-throwers in the distance mingled with the scent of fresh donuts. Ray spun through a postcard stand with pictures of Seattle. She has a mouth like Jean Moreau he thought.

Ray pulled an issue of *Hello!* magazine off the shelf and thought of pointing to the word hello. She tucked her hair behind her ear. Ray searched but couldn't find the right word. Closing her mag, she started for 1st and Pike, turning into a crowd on the bustling street.

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