

Wilderness House Literary Review 2/2

I Didn't Go

He looked good they said, beautiful smile excellent coloring.

How could he look good?

Stunned, they said what an offensive thing to say.

Offensive ?

Yes, offensive they said.

You all offend me

But how?

He can't look good, it is impossible.

But he did, he looked good!

That is the dumbest thing I have ever heard.

He had a perfect smile, great haircut, impeccable suit and his tie was knotted just so.

Did he walk over and shake your hand?

No! They said in unison.

You know when he looked good?

Silence greeted my question.

He looked good sitting at a bar smoking a More, sipping CrownRoyal and chatting up a thirty year old who had no idea how old he was! He really looked good the day after if he got lucky, you know when he walked and that little extra jump was evident in his

gate! Yes he looked good then.

They all stared at me saying how I should have gone. If I had then I too could say how good he looked.

You can't look good when your dead, you're just dead! You only look good alive!

The gathering broke up, no one the happier. A thirty something lady stood there looking at me.

I didn't go either.

Really?

How old was he?

Sixty Eight

Wow, I thought he was in his forties!

Really?

Yes and I can tell you one thing.

What is that?

He was real good!

She walked off, her hips swaying a little more than normal. I smiled glad I didn't go. Memories were still intact and now with a smile on my face.

- G Emil Reutter is an author/essayist and traveling poet from Lower Bucks County Pennsylvania.

His website is www.gemilreutter-author.com