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Saved

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Sheryl L. Nelms

Saved

On 12th Street outside
the Muehlebach Hotel
in downtown Kansas City
a man hunches into the warmth
of a dirty black trench coat
his top knot of hair
flairs out like long white pinfeathers
prickling his head
in the iced March wind
he holds his place on the sidewalk
going the wrong way
upstream against the other pedestrians
we four women break and snake around him

He turns and hollers to our backs
"I know what you're thinking
you're thinking that I made
a pass at you
but I didn't
you know I didn't
that's a sin
and I'm saved!"

The four of us trade stares raise our eyebrows frown

And sprint into the open door of the Muehlebach Hotel bar.