

A Point of View

by Maureen Marsh

‘It just depends on your point of view,’ he said , leaning forward and gazing deep into her eyes as the steam from his flat-white misted up his black framed designer lenses.

‘I mean, my point of view may differ from yours, but does it make it wrong? He paused, one eyebrow slightly raised, as if waiting for a response, but instead he continued, ‘my point of view is that despite the fact that we only met an hour ago and in spite of the fact that you may be a little younger than me, there is still clearly a chemistry, a connection...don’t you think?’

She half opened her mouth, as though to respond, but he continued with a smile.

‘As you may have discovered over this past hour, I am a man of decision and when I make a decision, I follow through. There’s too much indecision these days. Too many namby pamby indecisive men on the planet and I’m here to buck the trend.’ He paused again with a sense of satisfaction at his own rhetoric and then noted her gaze around the cafe. Her large aqua blue eyes fixing on the exit door.

He covered her hand with his and felt her jump as she turned back to fix her eyes back to him.

‘Do I scare you with my point of view?’ ‘Is it frightening to be with a man who knows his own mind? And he let out a short laugh, as if answering his own question.

She gazed back quizzically as he scanned her long neck, her pale translucent skin, noting a slight pulse, evident near her collar bone. Her chestnut hair was thick and framed her small face covered in a light sprinkling of freckles. Her slim fingers felt fragile and tremulous under his fist. Her femininity inspired a rash masculine confidence, but accidentally catching sight of his large slightly balding visage in the cafe window, he recoiled and was disturbed by his sad and angry looking eyes.

He was taken off guard at the sight of himself, feeling an uncomfortable vulnerability. Shrugging it off he turned back to her.

'So my point of view is that I like you and I'm not afraid to admit it and I don't care that 24 hours ago, you were just another unknown girl in a picture on a dating app. Look, lets say we leave this coffee shop now, we head over to my chariot just parked outside and we go back to mine and get to know each other better. What is your point of view on that?'

She looked towards the ladies, 'Oh yes, of course. I can wait,' and she headed towards the ladies as he picked up his brief case and reflected on the successful date. He felt he had conveyed an appropriate level of confidence. He began to make plans, to see a future with the girl, perhaps they might marry, perhaps they might emigrate, she would laugh at his jokes, have multiple orgasms with him every night, be the woman his ex-wife could never be. Be the prize for having suffered so much at his ex-wives hands. Finally life would make sense again.

He noted a nervous looking barista winding his way to his table.

'Are you Mr Cline? His accent was broken, he nodded, 'Lady want me to give you this' and he handed him a napkin. He gazed down and saw written in scrawling hand writing

'My point of view is, no.'