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## Green Eyes

The eyes follow me as I cross the room. They have been here since before I arrived. All day, searching. They are shaped like almonds and are dark green with just a hint of blue. It's the most beautiful color I've ever seen, but there is something missing from them. Those eyes are made to sparkle but they hold no shine. They're flat. Lifeless. As they follow me across the room, they seem to zap me of all my energy. I can't see all of the face that the eyes are a part of, but I can see short, wavy black hair that falls over a broad forehead. There are thick, black eyebrows above the eyes and the longest lashes I've ever seen in my life frame them.

"Do you see that guy over there? The one with the newspaper." I ask my friend Carol.

"Yeah." She's nursing a mug of herbal tea.

"He's been watching me since we got here."

"Really? Do you know who he is?" She glances his way and smiles.

"No idea." I sip my vanilla cappuccino.

"Well he would have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen if they didn't look so lifeless."

"You noticed that too?"

"I've seen more life in a dead fish." We both laugh.

"I wonder why he's watching me."

“Well I couldn’t tell ya but if I were you, I’d watch him right back.” She laughs briefly. “But that’s just me...I’m always watching hunks and he looks like he has definite potential.”

“That he does,” I say as I glance at him. He doesn’t even try and hide the fact that he’s staring at me. “You know what? I’m going to do it.”

“Do what?”

“Watch him. It sounds like a great idea.”

“Yeah and maybe it’ll lead to a love connection,” she says as she wiggles her eyebrows.

“Whatever.”

Now that I look back on it, I know that it wasn’t a great idea. It wasn’t even a good one. But at the time I figured it would give me at least a little satisfaction.

I can’t tell you how long we sit there locked in this embrace of the eyes. His green, mine brown. His dead, mine full of life. Carol leaves without me really noticing. I drink an iced cappuccino. I never notice that everyone is leaving or that it is getting dark outside.

My eyes start to burn and it feels like he’s burning a whole into my soul. This has to stop. It’s time for the real confrontation. I start to rise from my chair but a wave of dizziness sweeps over me and I fall back. One of the waiters sees what happens and brings me a glass of water.

“You okay, Jacey?”

“I think so,” as I drain the glass. “I must’ve drunk way too much caffeine but I’m cool now. Thanks.”

The waiter leaves to finish clearing the other tables. I glance around to see if the man is still watching me but he is no longer at his table. I can’t believe it. Quickly, I run outside and glance up and down the street. There is no one in sight, so I go back into the café.

“Did you see when the guy that was sitting over there left? I ask the waiter.

“The one with the green eyes?” I nod. “He left about an hour ago.”

“What do you mean, a half hour ago? I was just looking at him before a...my...a dizzy spell.”

“No you weren’t.” He shakes his head, confused. “He wasn’t there. He left but you were still looking. It was like you didn’t even notice.”

“I didn’t,” I mumble under my breath.

“I was wondering what you were starting at.”

I start to think I’m losing my mind. I never saw the man leave but the waiter is certain he had been long gone by the time I’d decided to confront him. Leaving the coffee shop, I slowly make my way home. Passing a store window, I decide to have a good look at my reflection. I don’t know why, I just need to. I have to make sure everything is okay. I seem normal. I’m still tall and thin. My hair is still long, straight and dark brown. Everything is in its place I think until I notice them. My eyes. They are no longer brown. They no longer sparkle. They no longer reflect life. They are the same eyes that had been watching me all day.

I can't believe it. The color was beautiful but the dullness was torture. I step back from the glass, horrified and bump into someone walking pass.

"Excuse me." The words are mechanical. Slowly, I turn to meet his gaze. His eyes are brown and full of joy, like mine once were. He has short, wavy, black hair that falls over his forehead. Then I notice the thick eyebrows and lashes that seem so familiar. Realization hits. It's him, the man from the café.

"No problem." His deep voice shakes with joy. Then he adds with a smirk, "has anyone ever told you, your eyes are the most beautiful color..." He gives a sinister laugh and runs down the street.

That's when I know what I have to do. Tomorrow, bright and early, I'll be at that coffeehouse and I'll get what was mine to begin with. Or maybe not. I always wanted to have blue eyes. I go home with a bounce in my step and a smile on my face.