

CORK HEELS

It's a Saturday. I've come to Roswell to volunteer for the Roswell Museum at the re-opening of the Goddard Planetarium. The news the previous week has been consumed with the wild fires ravaging the California wine country.

I make it a point to hunt down the Pecos Flavors Winery should post-volunteer time permit. California's wine production may take a hit so it seems a fitting time to investigate the products of New Mexico's vineyards.

I grab a seat at the wine tasting bar that is being shared by a threesome of out-of-town guests to my left and a well dressed young couple to my right. Pleasantries are exchanged and Susanne, the delightful PVW wine tasting ambassador, who's name I'm not sure I'm spelling correctly, takes me on a tour of the winery's selections. I choose a few to taste and settle on a glass.

The young couple next to me are sitting facing one another, deep in conversation, in a bubble of delightful libidinous tension. I am intrigued. My interest shifts from the liquid garnet floating across my tongue to the seated dance playing out beside me. It's beautiful and sets a smile to my lips.

I am in the sacred presence of flirtation. I'm quite conscious of the fact that I am an uninvited observer. Like I've stumbled unwhittingly onto a wild animal in the woods for a few brief moments before being detected. No, not voyeurism, just a delicious moment of the memories of falling in love.

As I reach for my purse hanging on the back of my barstool, I can't help but notice their feet. I recall something I read about feet, how they don't lie. They are reflective of your true emotions.

Her lacey high heels are demurely poised on a barstool rung, ankles crossed. His denim jeans look like they only visit the dry cleaners. His leg's positioning provides a protective moat around her stool. His black leather booted foot casually but attentively rests on her rung.

I do not want to miss this moment. I'm ready to leave. I must have a photo before they move their feet. I see a painting. I preface the inquiry with, "Please don't move especially your feet! May I take a picture?" And then I launch into my feeble, wine tainted explanation of what I'm seeing below the barstools...

It could've been a disaster, but then THIS happened...

He says, "Did you see her shoes? Her heels are made of CORK! Isn't that cool?!"

