

The music was incredible even outside of the club. Streetlights cast a dim glow through the fog swirling in the air. Brick and wood on the façade even felt like history.

How could I not go in?

I stood with my drink for a bit, watching as the trombone soloist finished 'Jubilee Stomp', then picked up a plunger for a mute and slid into 'Harlem Nocturne'.

That's when I saw her. Eyes beacons in the darkness, broadcasting intensity throughout the dimly lit space. Light from the the single candle in the center of her table flickered against her flawless dark skin. Unbound hair and a spaghetti-strapped gold dress that hung casually across her chest and low on her back... She seemed to blend into the place and stand apart from it at the same time.

She was almost too impressive to look at. To speak to her would be impossible.

Once the song ended, I moved to her table and sat in the available chair beside her. Those eyes focused on me, and I did the only thing I could.

I said hello.