

People I Regularly See Outside My Window

Written by Greg Mills



1. The extremely tall, extremely butch woman delivering documents.

She'd be a good looking man, but she's a very tall lady. She pulls up in a little white van and she wears slacks and a men's dress shirt with the collar popped. She wheels out a little document cart stacked with boxes and rolls into the building with a loping stride, straight back and a very intent look on her face. She reminds me of a golf caddy.

2. The smokers. Two women and a guy, all Asian, all in their early twenties. They come down in a group -- once in the morning, once in the afternoon -- to smoke down in front of the red brick building across the street. There is the tall willowy woman who mostly listens with a half-smile to the shorter woman, who seems to talk an awful lot. The taller woman smokes and the shorter woman doesn't. The guy has a little moustache. He doesn't say much and he looks furtively at the tall woman from time to time. I think he's got it going on for her.

I think the tall woman is the leader.

3. The little guy with corn-row braids in the ridiculously souped-up truck.

Chrome side exhaust, chrome trailer hitch, big knobby tire, locked cover for the bed, chrome tool box. He pulls up and parks illegally and then a couple of his friends come out from the building to check it out. It's a mystery *what* they're checking out, because the truck looks pretty much the same since the day I started watching this little ritual.

His buddies are a big, BIG rotund guy that wear a t-shirt with a Cadillac logo stretched out across his chest, and another little short guy who wears a mechanics type suit. Is he building maintenance?

4. The guy who used to work at Starbuck's He was working at the Starbuck's down the street, but now he works in the brick building and is usually pretty well dressed. Interesting.

5. The staff of Meh Wei Co. (Not the actual company name, but close) About five or six middle age Asian women come bundling out of the Meh Wei Company to stretch, smoke and yack it up. The building they work out of looks like it used to be a real estate office -- sitting from my desk I can see the little mini-atrium with creeping plants and chromish fixtures. The truth is a lot stranger -- seems they import "Italian-style" silver charms for charm bracelets.

I imagine those who make their living through silver charms and their import is a rarified profession. I am honored that I can work near people who pursue the calling. It's the closest I'll

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ever get to working in the Vatican.

6. **Ancient Hipster Hailing A Cab** Dressed in black, with Buddy Holly glasses and sort slicked backed hair – craggy, leathery tan. Seems to smile a lot. Goes for coffee every so often. In late afternoon he hails a cab. Sometimes has a portfolio case with him. Graphic designer?

7. **Black Kid With A Mohawk** Dresses like an indie-rock kid rather than a proper punk. Strolls out of the Brick Building to hang out by the standpipe for what seems like an inordinate amount of time. Sometimes he watches the smokers smoke, but doesn't interact with them. I like him.