

Fashion

by Susana H. Case

On the subway, I'm looking at a woman seated across from me, all dressed in pink. Pink clogs with pink jewels, pink socks, pink pants and shirt, pink jacket, pink handbag, pink streaks in her hair. It works—and I'm enjoying her style. When I get up to be near the exit, she says to me, I just want you to know I love the way you look. The skirt, eyeglasses everything—perfect. She's Japanese, young, holding a travel guide to New York City. It has a pink cover!

I'm in New York black—black shoes, black tights, black lace skirt, black top, black coat, black handbag. Funny, I say, I've been checking you out and thinking exactly the same about you. We're both all thank you, thank you and laughing. The people next to us start smiling. We're completely opposite, she points out. I know, I say. And for just a silly moment, on this ride to Brooklyn, disappointment, everyday violence in this city, this country, recede, and nothing matters but style.