

And behind the woman in the wedding dress is your whole life, everything you have ever known, everything that Los Angeles has been to you sitting there in the reflection of the store window. All that you are and have been, all the long Santa Ana Wind days of your life, all the strip mall love affairs and traffic – all that lies behind her is a blessing upon your life. Bless her then and the world that is reflected around her. Give her blessings for her wedding, blessings for the man who will cut you off on that street, blessing for the woman who will fall out of love with her husband and children in that market. Bless the iron cage behind the window and the shop owner who sees evil everywhere he looks and thinks he needs an iron gate and bless the man who would smash the window and take his vodka except that the gate is there. Bless the wind that whips around her head and makes her dream of the man she wanted to marry, the man she will never marry, the man who sits alone across town thinking of her. Bless the children she will have and the memories she will have of today. Bless her loneliness and your loneliness and the loneliness that exists in all of us who walk down a sidewalk in North Hollywood and watch our lives pulsing away in the reflection in a glass pane.

John Brantingham