



Debbie was born in Mountain Home, Arkansas but wasted no time in getting to Texas. At the age of 6 weeks she moved to the Pasadena area and has lived there all of her life. She graduated from Milby High School in the 70's and the University of Houston at Clear Lake in 2005 with a degree in Literature. She is the mother of two; son, Johnathon and daughter, Jill, and grandmother of 3 beautiful girls, Angel, Kimberly and Morgan. Currently, she is employed as the Administrative Manager of the Harris County Office of Fleet Services and serves as the Treasurer for the San Jacinto chapter of the Texas Poetry Society.

Eye Contact in Rush Hour Traffic

By DB Webb ©July, 2009

Rush hour traffic in the big city.

There are specific protocols that everyone knows and understands.

After years of driving, one gets a kind of intuition about other drivers

A gunning engine, a slight swerve of the vehicle lets you know a driver is getting antsy

Or wants a lane change

Little subtleties let you know that the other driver is getting ready to do something

And you know to watch out, be prepared, so you can react accordingly.

Today, I experienced a new one – an action so bizarre it rocked me to my very core.

A vehicle pulled up ahead of me in the lane to my left.

I glanced at the vehicle looking for any tell tale signs of its intent.

Suddenly without warning, the other driver glanced over his shoulder and made eye contact with me.

Not just once but twice. What was he doing?

Didn't he know that you never make eye contact?

That makes everything you do personal – not just necessary to get to where you are going.

I had enough time to notice that he was an attractive man, clean cut with handsome features.

And those eyes – they were amazing.

I had to see where he was from because obviously he was not a local.

Sure enough, when he pulled a little ahead of me I saw that his plates were from Tennessee.

Oh, I felt sorry for him – he's not from around here. he doesn't know proper etiquette.

Then without turning his head again – he changed lanes in front of me.

Not only did he change into my lane but he continued on to the lane on my right and immediately exited

the freeway.

He was gone.

He played me – I felt so used.

Fine then, let him go make eye contact with someone else. See if I care.