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## Something That I Do While I Wait For

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## SOMETHING THAT I DO WHILE I WAIT FOR

Ivan Faute

Margheritta opens up the heavy glass door and walks up the long, narrow flight of stairs to reach a frosted glass sign. "David P Matheson." And in script below: "Sculptor."

It is through her cousin Sarabeth that she's been offered this job. She needs the money.

The sculptor is so thin, she's afraid he is ill. Perhaps he will expire when she is here; perhaps he will give her something that can't be cured. His breathing is so fierce, she's unsure if it is the rattling of his breaths or his heaving chest that frightens her more.

He makes her take off her clothes in front of him, as he watches so indifferently, and makes her lie down on the metal table. Every time she shifts her feet or flexes her fingers, the table rocks on its uneven legs and makes a cheap aluminum sound. He takes out his straight razor and shaves his designs into the hair between her legs. After he has taken his eight-by-ten Polaroids, he hands her several bills, hot, slightly damp, taken from the front pocket of his worn, denim pants.