

You're sitting behind the wheel of your van at an everlasting traffic light. The only thing slower than the traffic is your perception of time's passage. Then you notice her. She appears at the curb, waiting to cross. No, she's not the love of your life. She's more like the heat of the moment. It's fortunate that your wife isn't there, otherwise you'd be in deep trouble as you take in the stranger's hips and breasts, and the way her waist scoops in to accentuate both.

