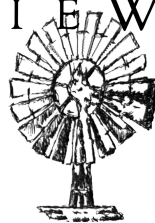


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## The Pie Lady

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# The Pie Lady

By Shiann Dawson

You again.

You don't even remember me.

I can tell by the way you're smiling,

Two-dollar pink lipstick smeared

Across aged, yellow teeth.

So, I smile back,

Lips curling into something

That wants to be a snarl.

Last week, you told me how

The company I work for is evil

And

How I, personally, am a liar

All because someone else

Put some pies in the wrong spot.

Under a sign for \$3 when they should have been \$8.

I just work the register, I told you

And you shook that long, gnarled, dirty finger in my face

But you're smiling now.

"Find everything okay?"

"Oh, yes," you reply, "I hope these hoses ring up correctly.

They were on clearance."

The words are out of my mouth before I can stop them.

"Oh, God, I hope they do, too."

You look a little puzzled now,

Head tilted, evaluating,

But you keep smiling.

You still don't remember me.

Suddenly, I realize that

I prefer it this way,

so I keep smiling too.