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.