

# The Messenger

---

Volume 1995  
Issue 1 *Messenger - Spring 1995*

Article 2

---

1995

## Blue Light Special

Kelly Pearce

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Pearce, Kelly (1995) "Blue Light Special," *The Messenger*: Vol. 1995 : Iss. 1 , Article 2.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol1995/iss1/2>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact [scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu](mailto:scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu).

## **Blue Light Special**

12:30 a.m.

In the fluorescent yellow of the 24 hour Shoprite  
Her nose is red and raw from the cold,  
And she's run out of Vicks.

Robatussin, Triaminic, Tylenol, Nyquil.  
Sorry, I wasn't looking she crashes into him with a cart.  
What beautiful startled blue eyes.  
That's okay, Blue Eyes flashes a smile,  
Bending to pick up the Kleenex she had dropped.

Up and down aisles,  
Suddenly her cold doesn't seem so bad.  
Blue Eyes makes her laugh--  
Stories of his mother's chicken soup and Crisco cold remedies.  
And in the frozen food section,  
They grab for the same bag of peas.

As the droopy eyed hairnet lady  
Puts their groceries in their bags,  
She writes her phone number out on the back of her receipt.  
Giggling at the Elvis Lives tabloid headline,  
She's confident that he'll call.

She watches as Blue Eyes,  
A brown bag under each arm,  
Climbs into the car with the baby seat in front.  
Suddenly her head hurts again.

---*Kelly Pearce*