Blue Light Special

Kelly Pearce
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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.

Robatussen, 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