

Wilderness House Literary Review 1/4

Shopping

Pushing the cart from the main isle to the center
Almost striking the cart turning in,
I stop and look at her
Much as she looks at me
An awkward pause that seemed like forever
As I gazed into her eyes past age lines and sun damaged skin
Revealing life had not been easy on her

I called her name as she called mine
Recognition of the eyes never seems to leave us
Histories exchanged we said our goodbyes
She as beautiful as that first day in Junior High
Handsome I once was, wondering if she thought so now.
The tastycakes in my cart suddenly were back on the shelf.