

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/3

Sandra Giles

Cowboy Boots

She's outside the convenience store, waiting, dirty diapered child on one hip, two more in poor-fitting jeans jumping barefoot in oily puddles. She used to be a cheerleader, homecoming queen. Earned the affection of all. Now she listens for the sharp-toed cowboy boots, his steps heavy for a small man on account of the 12-pack he will carry, if they can afford it this Friday. Or even if they can't. He'll say, "Get back in the truck." And when she hears those pointed boots, she will.