

A Study of Three Women in Transit

I.

Jowls hanging low like a beagle, she shakes her head: a perpetual frown in agreement with her neighbor. An Obama pin is centered on the forehead of her pink vinyl hat, its brim wide and unbent. Her cane a third leg to lean on as the bus lurches forward into its brakes.

II.

Desperate Magenta lipstick, overdrawn past its purpose.

She has electric blue eyes, a tank top and no bra. Two clumsy navy blue tattoos on her neck and down her chest, drawn heavy like sharpie markers. No delicate line work here. She slams the payphone back on its handle urgently and turns to the crowd waiting for the bus, “-cuse me, do you got a dime?”.

III.

Pitter-pat a dab, a tissue pat on her forehead catches the sweat over her nose to the back of her neck. “She threw the nail polish at me, and she, and she, and SHE.... SHE wanted to know why I threw it back at her... she...naw mean?... naw mean?”

Her heart shaped wire hoops swinging.

She is pale pink like her t-shirt, flabby and exasperated. Her stuttering cat-fight looking for allies on her morning commute.