

Tequila Rose

Tequila Rose sitting in the window, lightweight graphics of sweetness and leisure in an ungainly glass. An old lady in a hot pink handmade sweater emerges from behind a stock room parting the curtain to tend the register. She is watching me closely as I look over her shelves spaced with vineyards of the upstate. Varietals: all pink and red, blushing under the uncomely lights. Colonial Liquor, stock shelves half empty and sharing ownership with a closed Pharmacy next door.

She hands me my change over a crystal bowl of pennies and pens, hands blemished. She smiles, *have a nice day*, and she passes me my selection.