

This Outhouse Reeks

by Cheryl Anne Gardner

The bathroom had exposed rusty pipework,
A minty lemonade smell,
Ice in the urinal,
And a wall of stone-cold mirror.

She put some lipstick on, but it looked fake under the lint-covered bulb dangling overhead. She wiped off the lipstick but then thought her mouth looked kind of fake, so she pulled out all her front teeth, one by one, and lined them up neatly on the vanity next to the grungy steel soap dispenser.

The teeth looked grungy too,
Maybe from the bad lighting,
And people were banging on the door,
So she slipped her smile into her purse,
One by one.

She thought she might bleach those teeth later ... and see what happens.

