

Under New Management

by Cheryl Anne Gardner

You always liked the color of your nose, raspberry red. It matched the glittery dazzle of your rainbow hair when the neon lights hit it just right, and man did they always hit it just right, the vibrant honey-yellow big-bird frizz and feathers, swaying to and fro as you tripped and stumbled in your oversize shoes. Those were the days, all sungold and velvet stardust. That was until the thugs came, with their gold teeth and their tainted food, all “step right up” like cherry liqueur and melted sugar. Somehow, somewhere, you'd dropped your compass. It was eight below that night, the last night you would ride your tricycle under the spotlight in the rain.

