

On Clearance

by Krista Clement

We met again at Wal-Mart. I needed a wrench, she was looking for contact paper. I thought she was another denim dowdy herding her three jam stained kiddies through aisle 28. By chance I looked into her eyes. Recognition lit a fire in my groin. "Diana?" She clutched her fat rolls and tugged on a pant leg. "I'm so embarrassed! You caught me on a bad day!" I told her it was nonsense and she was as beautiful as ever. I lied. She made her excuses. Give my best to Tom, I said. I touched her cheek. She flinched. We both remembered the way she'd looked at the wedding six summers past; light dripping into her smiling, rouged mouth. I walked out the automatic doors. It felt good to escape the rollback specials. I welcomed the mid-day sun.

