

DRIP

by Linda Simoni-Wastila

Every day you Mama flirts with Constantine in this goddamn market, maybe he you daddy. But you lick you ice cream, little pink tongue like a cat's, flick, flick. Lick fast, girl, the heat's gonna melt it. Like summer's melting me. I 'member when I ate ice cream with my mama. Ten years? Twenty? Dunno how old I am, but I 'member how the cold creamy freeze my brain. What? You holding that cone out for me? Spit rushes, my fingers twitch close, and you jump, drop the damn thing, laughing at me scooping the mess off the sidewalk, all greedy.

