

# If You Have to Have an Ism

*by* Robert Vaughan

She twirls her cell phone end to end. She's waiting for someone to never arrive. Stands there smirking with her border-lined hoodie and her sellout sadsack song and dance. Flip, flip. This is a lady who never got a break. This is a woman scourging the day, the snow, the *the*. Flip, flip. This is a person, goddamnit, not a woman. It's a person who wishes she was an individual.

