Mall Flower

by Tina Barry

I've blown out my shag haircut and it's big. BIG-big. Cool

With the mirrored halter-top and jeans chopped into shorts. SHORT-shorts. I'm psyched for the mall

And its food court, where I strut the aisles on swizzle stick legs past Jahn's green whipped cream, past Beefsteak Charlies, past the crepes at Magic Pan, past the Nut Shoppe's chocolate turtles

To buy cigarettes at Mr. Pipe where Scott wears an afro and a star of David. ties a red bandana to the loop of white overalls, and asks me to meet him behind Cinnabon where I wait, back pressed against cinderblocks, face tilted to the sun, knowing, as I suck the smoke in deep, that I'm a fox. A total fucking fox.