Flip

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Flip

You see me.
You smile back in acknowledgement.
I'm here.

   You're there.
   Yet you do nothing to change that fact.

Flip, scan, wet thumb.

Flip, scan, wet thumb.

Flip, scan, eyebrows perk.

Flip, something has keened your interest. Jerk.

This latte has frozen while being clenched in my hand,
developed from this hatred that I have for you now.
   LOOK UP! is now your command

Screw GQ! What’d they know?
Lounging in a “vintage” Stones concert tee; $80 bleached jeans meant to look as old as your shirt and $47.50 leather Timberland flip flops = $200 to blow
   No fooling me. I'm the icon
   But only because I have the same thing on
The shirt was my dad’s from the ‘72 tour; $9 thrift shop jeans that were put in with the bleached whites by said dad attempting to do laundry and faded navy plastic flip flops
that I have had for the last three summers, 3 dollars at Walgreens= $12 forgone

Clear your throat - always works for attention. Ahem.
   You could potentially use a knife to cut the tension. Ahemmmmmm.
   Wait, wait he's
      Yes! He's...

Eyes Lock.
You smile in acknowledgement.
Flip.

GAAAAAAAAAAH! Men.