

Superstore

Observe two mirrors, facing each other. One is oval, the other rectangle. Both are tall. Take a step towards them. Try to see the price tag. They shatter into cracked, silver panes.

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Turn around. See a porcelain girl holding her mother's hand so tightly it turns purple. Know that they are watching you. The girl's nose begins to bleed. You startled her.

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Back away into aisle 6, cold medicine. Step around the body of a man, lying prone. Soft, plum bruises ringed with ochre polka dot his back. The clear plastic containers on the shelves fall to the floor. Their sides crack and spill purple, yellow, teal candy. They melt on the laminate floor. Remember what hot sugar does to skin and leave.

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Enter aisle 8 to see an old man with long, grey nose hairs staring at the displays of fleshy paint. You wish you had eyelashes as long as his. *What's his secret?* He turns to you and reaches to the crown of his head. Splits his skull medially so you can watch the pink pink pink pink pink lip gloss spill out. Nod in thanks.

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Leave. Walk to aisle 4, stationery. Patiently wait for the woman in the aisle to finish stacking tape on the shelves. Admire her bright, red wig. Red gloves. Red boots. A tight, black dress. Watch as she turns to soup, swishing on the floor.