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No Cuts

Beth Turner Ayers

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No Cuts

Beth Turner Ayers

You remember her
Sideling up beside you
Moving slightly forward
Cutting in line
Always, every time
In front of someone
She's "all grown up" now
Making maneuvers
In her mobile mini mansion
With no peripheral vision
Ignoring all rules
Rules of etiquette
Rules of safe deliverance
Gliding up beside you
Her two ton projectile
Moving slightly forward
Cutting in line
With phone in hand
She pauses for a moment
To bark some order
To her departing child
The girl who ignores her
And hurries forward
To cut in line