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Lists
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LISTS

Every day she made lists and lost them and found them and lost them again somewhere in the jungle of her purse but remembered yes was sure she remembered item by item all the things she must shop for tissue for the bathroom soap for the laundry raisins just in case all those things impossible to do without and so troublesome to remember when roaming aisles that snaked from frozen foods to canned goods to flowers preening and nodding from the far wall and wines in their coolers and day-old bread (such a saving) and the temptation of brownies and half-and-half and exotica like papayas and mangos (in season of course) and the manager who was always so helpful and the cashier with her quick fingers and bag-boys pimpled and forever sneaking glances at centerfolds yes yes restless and weary she looked and priced and shopped and every day came home with her arms empty to hunt for the list of what she must shop for tomorrow.