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A Letter to a Pretty Girl

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A Letter to a Pretty Girl

Remy Sutherland

To the Elderly Woman who operates the Duty Free kiosk,

I wonder if you see me here, lounging in the black leather seat bank of Gate A9, gazing at you as you fiddle with your iPhone. I wonder jealously if you are texting your decrepit husband back home or trying to forward some innocuously annoying chain mail to unappreciative grandchildren. Curiosity gets the best of me. I gingerly stand up from my recline and saunter coyly past your post, inconspicuously peering at the minute screen you hold in veiny glass-like hands. Only to find, the screen is completely black. My immediate confusion and dismay concerning your apparent senility soon turns to relief and pride as I realize an alternative rationale that quickly becomes unmistakably obvious in my mind. You were completely aware of my peeping-tom perch in the camouflage of Gate A9 and were simply faking outside socialization in order to perk my interest. Just as I remember doing in middle school upon going to see *Pirates of the Caribbean* for the third time with, among others, that girl whose legs came out of her knee-length plaid skirt so nicely and whose highlighter-pink bra showed through, insistently it seemed, her white polo. One might think I saw your flirtation techniques to be juvenile and off-putting, but honestly I was relieved. As I felt about it, it simply leveled the playing field that you inherently dominated, due to your septuagenarian status. The fact that you had lived through eight American wars (compared to my measly three) was counteracted by your ineptitude in standard flirtation. Now my grandvision of you accompanying me to that new black and white movie about an actor of the silent cinema coping with advancements in audio technology seems all but tangible. I envision you striding along myself in sexy six inchheels usually reserved for younger women, but that you occupy like a seductive flamingo. But Oh No, I suddenly have a potentially catastrophic thought: the temptingly svelte body that you occupy, and for which I anguish, is one commonly found on taller ladies. I could not stand to be a Tom to your Kate. I walk once again by your domain, daring an outright look in your direction in order to measure the relative locations of our heads, my sickeningly young piss yellow compared to your holy crown of aged silver. This being maybe my fifth pass by your kiosk in the past minute you finally address me, "Anything interest you hon'?" you ask mischievously. I leer at the little bit of tree bark textured cleavage peaking through your uniform, chaste as a catholic schoolgirl. I smile awkwardly and shake my head like a twitch. "No ciga-ettes?" The phallic symbolism is certainly not lost on me. Unable to make eye contact, I glance at the tourist advertisement to your right. I wish it were you and I on the beautiful beach pictured, the brilliant waves softly lapping at our toes. I look closer at the image just to have anywhere to look other than your

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sweetly fermented face. It shows a small girl running on a sunlit sand dune, waves in the distance. I realize somewhat shamefully that it is an advertisement for the “Make-A-Wish” foundation that is the instigator of my sexual fantasy. I’ve hesitated a moment too long. You, silver-headed nymph, are back to toying with her dead phone with all the inane boredom of an Alzheimer’s patient. I shuffle off to glean shameful peaks of made-up 20-somethings headed for MTL, who will at the very least grant me a rejection that is a little more familiar.

Yours.



Patrick Liu