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Old Woman

Erina Lynch
Dominican University of California

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Old Woman

Erina Lynch

She sits across from me in all her purpleness. Same table, same drinks on the table. Each and every day the same. Three drinks each day at 11:45A.M. – one venti caramel frappuccino, one venti mocha with whip and one grande iced coffee. She is strange. The drinks, ordered together, sit on the table slowly being sucked dry as the old woman holds court at her two-seater, window, table for hours. She is strange, arriving at the local McDonald's version of a coffeehouse referred to as Starbucks on her purple beach cruiser bicycle that is seriously tricked out in some sort of senior dementia version of MTV's *Pimp My Ride*. Her two-wheeler has over sized mirrors, large wire basket in back, small one in front, a cup holder between the handles, and a bell that she must have ripped off from the Good Humor man.

She is arrogant as she enters Starbucks looking for her table. Today there are no empty tables...except for one...the one across from her table. The table is identical to hers, just not hers. She glares and huffs as she takes off one of the three layers of fleece she is wearing; letting the other patrons know she is put out, disturbed that her table might be commandeered by someone less worthy than she – the old woman is strange. She takes her stance in a purposeful manner – like an eagle waiting for its prey – her amber, cataract glazed eyes focusing straight ahead on the customer at *her table*. Nothing detracts from her mission of sameness *certainly not some parvenue at my table* she casually mentions to a regular through clenched dentures. Regulars approach her purpleness to converse. The same conversations they had yesterday the worst thing about *the worst about a colonoscopy is the prep, those damn Socialists running our country in ta the ground I tell ya*. But she can't hear THEM, her equilibrium has been thrown off *if I stare they will leave, if I stare they will leave...*she continues in Dorothy mode clicking those purple bike shoes...until they leave. She smiles as she moves tables. She is strange.