





# Milepost 350, 2:33 AM

BY HEATHER J. MACPHERSON

*I walked into the restroom, recognized you  
immediately; and kept going. Flashback:  
twenty years ago when you were older,*

*leaning over the sink, checking your makeup,  
false eyelashes reset—your beauty is everything I lack.  
I walked into the restroom, recognized you.*

*The lighting is terrible. A short woman sweeps around stalls, looks up  
at the back of your head, you, braver than me in a wig cap  
twenty years ago when you were older.*

*I wonder what you're doing here, phone propped up, a youtube video on play;  
you watch and copy; draw a thick line across each lid, add triangles, all in black.  
I walked into the restroom, recognized you,*

*witness a red rash on the side of your right thigh erupt;  
you just got here—getting ready; practicing. Back  
twenty years ago when you were older,*

*I washed my hands at the sink next to you. The water is cold, but  
I say nothing. You knew what you were doing. Thank you for the lipstick. I want you to have it  
back.*

*I walked into the restroom, recognized you  
twenty years ago when you were older.*