

## **The Reflection**

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Look at him. Just look at him.

The gentleman whispered something to his lady friend. She laughed.

Look at Mr. Starbucks. Mr. iPod. He is disgusting, repulsive. I've seen prettier dog shit.

The gentleman put his hand near his pocket. His light khaki pants perfectly balanced out his cashmere sweater.

Oh, look at this. Mr. "I'm-too-good-for-these-clothes." Put your wallet away you arrogant prick. Just put it away. Wave those hundreds elsewhere, at something worthwhile.

The gentleman picked up a pair of Sting sunglasses. The sales girl joyously exclaimed how they just came in from Europe last week.

You pathetic piece of trash, you're just throwing away your unearned money on more useless plastic and metal. You think they look good on you pretty boy? You think they'll protect your eyes? They're clear lenses you moron, what the hell are they even for? Oh, right, to show everyone how many expensive, worthless toys you can afford. Of course they look good, but not as good as you'd look in a six-foot hole in the ground.

The gentleman asks how much they are. The hopeful sales girl raises five, long anorexic fingers as her face tries to hide the anticipation of a sell.

Five hundred! Five hundred dollars! That's five hundred starving children you could have saved, five hundred drops of blood to keep some poor old lady from dying, five hundred crumbs falling off your slice of French bread, five hundred dollars your dying cousin could have used, five hundred cheap espressos to kill you faster, five hundred seconds you could have devoted to someone who needs you.

The gentleman handed over his Mastercard. His lady friend whispered something to him. He put on the shades and smiled his pearly, post-whitening smile, raising his eyebrows. The pair erupted in laughter.

You smiling sack of shit!

The clueless salesgirl looked over from behind the counter and forced a fake giggle.

You waste of human space.

Soon all three were hideously laughing.

It feels good doesn't it? Being able to throw anything away, solving all your empty heart's worries with a rectangular piece of plastic, it must feel so powerful. It must feel good drowning your black soul in another ice-mocha-cappu-whatever-the-fuck. Those teeth, those too-white shark jaws, should be that color. They should reflect all the living, breathing, heaving, constant shit that repels from his mouth and settles in that uncomfortable place in your stomach.

The gentleman signed the check.

Take them off. Take off those goddamn mirrors.

Under the glare of the suffocating fluorescent light, his eyes could no longer be seen through the clear shades.

Take off the mask. Stop hiding. Why don't you look at yourself? Buy a five hundred fucking dollar mirror and take a good damn look at yourself. Not at your shiny, lacquered Placido shoes, not at your soft, beige pants with their silk-lined pockets, not at your Hugo Boss shirt or your creamy jacket or your black Rolex or those pearly teeth stained with all your invisible shit; no, take a look at yourself. Open those charming, lying eyes and take a deep look into those pupils, darker than that slick new Mercedes Benz SL500, darker than your past, darker than a black hole.

The gentleman took his bag, with his receipt and all the unnecessary items: the sunglasses case, the lint-free cloth, and the certificate of authenticity.

Look at yourself you fucking vampire.

His lady friend kissed him on the cheek and promised to meet up with him later.

Look at yourself you...

He walked over to me. I took one last sip of my cappuccino and pressed play on my iPod. He looked at me and smiled, "Ready to go, son?"