

## A Bitter Pill

The Uber driver gave me a queer look. I guess he's never seen a person with lemon drops for eyes.

Can you see? He asked.

Mostly, I sighed. But had to give up driving.

Strange affliction. Been to a doctor?

What do you think? I snapped. I've begged to have them removed. I'd rather be completely blind than see the world through candy.

Oh, he cooed. What is that like?

It's like the good ship lollipop! I snorted. All I see is happiness. Positive vibes, man. Birds singing from the hands of fucking Snow White kind of joy.

Hmmm, he murmured. I wish I had that kind of problem.

Do you? I asked. Imagine seeing the best in every person you meet. No judgement. Imagine seeing the up side of every tragedy.

The Uber driver looked back at me, chuckled. I still don't see the downside, ma'am.

Maybe you and I should switch eyes then!

He shook his head. I think you need those lemon drops more than I do.

I tried to roll my eyes, an involuntary phantom movement from BC (before candy).

Your destination, ma'am. He stopped the car. Have you tried looking in the mirror? At yourself?

I'd had enough of this wise ass Dalai Lama Uber driver.

I avoid mirrors like my ex-husbands, I hissed.

He nodded, I slammed the door in his face.