

April Ayers Lawson

Beautiful Feet

Anyone watching me from a distance, anyone paying the least bit of attention might have thought me a clichéd fortune hunter, or maybe a bizarre but romantic girl-woman who had seen through Crandall's wrinkled speckled body to the unblemished soul that was my perfect counterpart. Or maybe they'd have simply thought I had Daddy issues. No one at the club, not even the most thoughtful observer, could have guessed I was trying to entertain my twin brother Tim, who sat in the parking lot, in the car, while I mingled with strangers wearing expensive dresses and suits and smelling of sour cocktails, and the kind of heady floral perfume wealthy middle-aged women prefer. There were a few younger women, nearly my age, but close up their faces looked swollen with botox, and if one couldn't guess their age, did it matter? Probably not.

I had told Tim I was going to get a rich old man to marry me.

In Miu Miu black and white printed silk purchased secondhand from the Internet, and the sort of heels sharp and long enough to double as weapons, I shoved spanakopita appetizers and tomato slices on spongy circles of bread into my mouth. When my Bakelite bracelet slipped into shrimp sauce, I considered that there were two kinds of women—the sort that would nonchalantly lick the sauce away, like certain domesticated pets, and the sort that would use a napkin. I was the former. The mature women, the sleek ones with well-dyed hair and tapering waists, gave me wary looks. “My, you eat a lot to be so thin,” said a tall one, wearing beige lipstick.