Title
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Dear twenty something year old guy at the grocery store

By Maria Nguyen-Cruz

Did you know
that you’re a millennial whose phone
is sticking out of your back pocket?

So please don’t try
to talk to me and my roommate about
how much you hate our generation,
our obsession with technology,
and how we can’t read things that aren’t on our phones
or communicate normally.

He knows,
and I know,
that people suck at talking to one another
like we did
in “the good ole days”.

After all,
Grindr and Tinder exist,
and the guys who randomly send me pictures of their penises
or the guys asking my roommate
if he’s got a big dick because he’s black
wouldn’t exactly be considered great conversationalists.
You know what?
I bet your great-grandfather
wasn’t that great at asking your grandmother
for a sneak peek of what’s under her era-appropriate skirt.

So please ring me up,
I’ll pay for my things with the app on my phone,
and you can text somebody who cares.

Sincerely,
the girl buying three bags of chips,
two bottles of soda,
and a fuck ton of vodka on a Tuesday