



AN OVERPRICED MARKET WITH LIMITED GOODS

BY

MARGO GRIFFIN

WHY I LIKE IT: *Fiction Editor JOEY CRUSE writes...*

Margo Griffin's, "An Overpriced Market with Limited Goods," a sad, heartfelt, and hopeful story about the price that we all must pay to find our soul's connection with another.

I still think about sifting through the wreckage of all my failed relationships – some good, some bad – and the highs and lows of feeling the elation of meeting someone new and the desperate insanity I was drove to when they inevitably crashed and burned. I've screwed up 4 year relationships, been left for a dog (she wanted a dog and not a boyfriend and the dog was cute), dated women 9 years my junior to avoid baggage while hefting my own, driven 18 hours to get laid, get drunk, get in a screaming argument, and leave, been cheated on and done the cheating.

I guess to find the one, you've got to wade through a lot of dicks (figuratively and literally).

Griffin's piece taps into the gamut of emotions that we all experience when we make ourselves vulnerable enough to try and relate with someone, when we try to give all of ourselves to someone else and end up making a small pile to rebuild from the broken shards.

I like this piece because of the style in which Griffin crafts this recipe for what could be love but more often than not is a disaster. The lines are witty and humorous, yet hold and control the deepest depths of our pain and disappointment.

In the end, we watch ourselves smile, because life is fucking hysterical, and learn to move on to new love.

Five Stars.

QUALITY QUOTABLE *(for the love of language...)*

Feed your ache with whatever scraps from him you can salvage and store them with your unmet needs in the large Ziplock bag that you keep on ice.

An Overpriced Market with Limited Goods **By Margo Griffin**

A Tender Heart's Shopping List:

1. Loving
2. Compassionate
3. Honorable
4. Intelligent
5. Affectionate
6. Attractive
7. Fun

Hungry, I booted up my laptop and jumped head first into the virtual meat market. At first glance, I found it hard to discern which of the available goods were fresh and new, unbruised by others' careless hands or by their own device. But then an appetizing smile as sweet as pink-frosted cupcakes caught my eye, and so I clicked on the image for a closer inspection of the product.

Description: Honest, passionate, empathic, and adventurous

The list of tasty ingredients listed on the attractive package contained no mention of artificial sweeteners, saturated fat, or an inflated price. So, I swiped right and sent along a message, salivating as I awaited a response.

Recipe for a Failed Relationship	Cost
3 cups of unanswered over-ripened texts	\$ Low Expectations
5 promises, broken and beaten	\$ Doubt
2 tablespoons of confusion sprinkled with fear	\$ Anxiety
2 cups of spoiled dreams blended with bitter disappointment	\$ Resignation
1 teaspoon of stale, decaffeinated love	\$ Lack of Self-Worth

Directions:

1. Select a partner not right from the start in hopes he will mature.
2. Check your relationship for cracks and smooth over lies bubbling up from underneath its shell.
3. Cover the rotting aroma from your decaying relationship with three splashes of your denial.
4. Feed your ache with whatever scraps from him you can salvage and store them with your unmet needs in the large Ziplock bag that you keep on ice.
5. Then, arrange your bruised ego and broken heart on a platter and garnish it with the fall-out from your choices.
6. Finally, place the remnants of your dying love on the table and watch his saccharin smile widen as prepares to eat what's left of you for breakfast.

The End

AUTHOR'S NOTE: *After 23 years of marriage, I found myself a divorcee at 50 with two late-teen daughters and too much time on my hands. The on-line dating scene seemed to be the predictable next step into my renewed singledom. Little did I know how saturated the online dating market would be with men with fake profiles, men with wives who don't understand them, men too young, men with more baggage and inevitable disappointment. The search for a decent match felt just short of finding a needle in a haystack. While not every experience has been awful, this piece was inspired by a particularly challenging on-and-off relationship I formed during my post-marriage adventures in online dating.*

Most of my writing grows from small seeds of my own personal experiences and relationships, but are brought alive with quirky characters, imagined settings and unusual details. I don't know if I am much of a literary artist, but I mostly lean toward writing solid narrative stories full of realistic characters, situations and dialogue. However, I enjoy a wide variety of genres, authors and styles for my own reading pleasure.

AUTHOR BIO: Margo has worked in public education for over thirty years and is the mother of two daughters and the best rescue dog ever, Harley. Her work has appeared in Maudlin House, Dillydoun Review, MER, HAD, and Roi Fainéant Press. You can find her on Twitter @67MGriffin