



# Nobody Likes My Pink Shiny Miniskirt Except Me

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Hey there, little buddy. How are you feeling? Pink and really shiny? That's nice. I'm happy for you. We've had some good times, haven't we? Gosh, I remember the day we met like it was yesterday, or like it was 1999, which it actually was. The bells on the door jangled as I walked into that uber-hip, funky boutique, and there you were, hangin' on the rack, just chillin' and being you.

As our eyes (well my eyes and your pink shine) met, we instantly had an electric connection, didn't we? Goose bumps did not run up and down my spine, but they should have. A pink shiny miniskirt! Why, that was something my wardrobe certainly didn't have and obviously was in dire need of. And so I paid the shop girl (I'm sure others would have considered you overpriced, but you can't put a price on love), she wrapped you in hot pink tissue paper and put you in the leopard print shopping bag, and we began our amazing life together.

Whoa, all the things we did together! So many amazing things, I can't quite remember them all! Actually, I can't remember any of them, but I'll bet we did some nutty stuff. Why, I can only imagine that there were some nights we were doing cocaine off the hip of a prostitute in the back of a minivan! She was probably really tall and smelled of apricots.

Maybe that never happened, but this might have: remember that time I wore you to my uncle's funeral? No, I don't either, but I'll bet you if I did with each magical shimmer off your pink shiny corner a sparkle of joy would have shot into the hearts of the griever, and that funeral might have been transformed from a somber time of mourning to a celebration of life and all things pink and shimmery.

It's been a few years since I've worn you now. But there you've been, hanging loyally in my closet. You never once complained about the neglect, though I did feel guilty that the less pink, less shiny skirts got more time in the sun than you. It wasn't that you weren't special, no! Far from it! You are just SO special and so blindingly pink and shiny that I just needed to find the right moment...and the right moment never did seem to show itself.

Yesterday, though, you had your time to be the star again! Boy, I bet you felt triumphant! You got quite a lot of attention: stares, laughter, derisive comments, rejection by others. I hope none of this hurt your feelings. They just don't understand you like I do.

My boyfriend, what did he say exactly? "Laura, I just can't imagine us in a serious relationship. Actually, I think it's funny to imagine that you've been serious with guys before. In six months, we've just never had an emotional moment together."

Oh wait, that part didn't pertain to you. About you: he pointed, and he laughed. Pink Shiny Skirt, I thought maybe you had told a joke, so I didn't worry about it. A few minutes later, when he looked over at you again, he pointed and laughed a second time; if I remember his words right, he said, "What the hell is that?" I smiled; what fool doesn't recognize a pink shiny miniskirt?

In the end, though, I learned a lot about that man yesterday. For one thing, he doesn't love me and never has. But he also doesn't love pink shiny miniskirts, and I think that part hurts more.

His friends had a thing or two to say about you as well. Ignatius said you looked like something that would come with the box set of *Showgirls*, and being that he's a hardcore film snob, I suspected this wasn't a compliment. But you know what, I still wore you with confidence. He's a foreigner, and though Europeans are traditionally known for their sense of style (which he does have), I think of your pink mini-ness as out of this world. Maybe people on this planet, other than highly evolved creatures such as myself, of course, can't fully fathom your amazing presence and grace.

Richard, an attractive fashion and appearance obsessed gay male just smiled at the skirt and laughed at Ignatius' jokes about you. He didn't say anything, but I could see by the look in his eyes that he had some thoughts he wasn't sharing. Today on the phone, he said he had been talking about you later and came to the conclusion that while a big sweater and a miniskirt were theoretically a good idea for an outfit, in reality, your pink shiny material made you a faux pas.

He related a story I'd like to tell you, my dear skirt. He said that one time he was talking to a transsexual about bad fashion moves, and that person said, "But how can you know you can't pull something off until you wear it and people make fun of you?" I think there was a hint somewhere in that story.

So I wonder, is it time to retire you, little buddy? Have we had our fill of good times? What do you think? Do you want to brave the racks of the resale shops? You are too shiny and beautiful for the trash can. I personally don't know anyone who wants you...I wish I could find you a loving home.

Is this going to be goodbye forever? Should I bow to the pressures of society, fashion, and good taste or stay loyal to you? We have a rocky road ahead of us and our forbidden love, pinky. May God be with us.