1979

Lipstick

Laura Jensen

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2450

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact lib-ir@uiowa.edu.
Lipstick · *Laura Jensen*

Cosmetics are your noble benefactors, far away at department stores where the counter girls glare at your pale face, thinking you shoplift. You try a perfume and carry it at your now-royal wrist through all the rest.

The store is crowded and terrible. The lips of the women are red like alleys of cardinals, eyes are green like alleys of bamboo. But none of the colognes is like the scent of snow on bamboo, or rutted snow by the trees where cardinals slum alertly, saying *light. Morning.*

In the alley of *now* the dusk is trying out the garbage cans. Among them I am looking around at the dark after squashing down the trash somehow. Suspended in the heavens of the third floor, steam is still blurring my mirror, soap still haunting the air. My lipstick clings, cosmetic, reassuring, its scent feminine and hearty.

Dream: I am an Oriental print. I turned to walk down the road after companions when suddenly my face stopped living, a window painted shut. Of me there were single hairs, brown with damp, I was looking up. In the white air by me there was printed an emblem in a black square, a signature. I was what was there.