

Cherries in the Snow

When my parents go out,
I reach into mother's
bureau drawer,
the top one

as tall as me
and wind myself in the white
silk scarf father bought her in Paris,
and roll on her Revlon Cherries

in the Snow lipstick.
Then, I dab perfume on strap lines
that cut across my brown skin

like trails of fighters
curving away from the cauterized part
of Viet Nam
they just firebombed

on the news

in the family room.

