

RISHMA DUNLOP

## Cherries in the Snow

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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 Voodoo fighters  
curving away from the cauterized part of Viet Nam  
firebombed on the news  
on the TV  
in the family room.