

# *Poem Written in Revlon's "Fire and Ice" Lipstick*

MARIE HARRIS

I secretly wanted to be the girl  
you dreamed about as you stood  
staring at the phone number  
smeared on the tiled wall  
by the stalls in a basement jazz club  
in Greenwich Village back  
when Monk or Mingus or Miles  
could have been standing beside you  
between sets dreaming of a number...

and here's my chance.