

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.