

# 1957: Kathleen Eulalie, Widow

*by* Nonnie Augustine

My lipline's retreated since Tuesday. I'll toss those Hazel Bishop reds, (lipstick on shriveled lips rattles men, scares little children) skip Woolworth's cosmetics counter, save backaching, ankleswelling pondering of powders, rouges, Max Factors or Revlons; sally forth with my own eyebrows and naked eyelids; spend my mad money on good causes, books of poetry, a decent handbag; carry on with less flounce, bounce, and better girdles; forgo fuschia; choose smaller hats with conservative feathers. (My Harry said I had panache when it came to hats.) If I've gotten through the Depression, two goddamned wars, the death of a child, and Harry's stomach cancer, I can damn sure get the hang of being old. I'll pray to St. Jude. And I'll go to confession.

