

Cream Base Neutral Tan

by Ginnetta Correlli

Face defined-front part of head

Cybil's eyes stick to a mirror and guard the woman's skin. The woman's image could be the result of uncontrolled narcissism, yet dry wrinkles are visible from her reflection. Disguise cream covers some of the woman's crinkles. A move in a slow circle of sorrow, She works the cover foundation with warm fingers. Mature skin exposed, the prospect of a grim future covers less. Cybil applies more tan-colored base.

When Cybil was a girl, she used to get zits and pinch them in the mirror, concentrating on a blister growth about to pop. Cybil couldn't wait for the ooze to hit the glass. Squeeze 'em with dirty nails and watch the thick, smooth, white sauce. A hard, straight squirt hitting a target. Poison out. Her finger wiped the glass clean and poked puss inside her mouth. No one but Cybil, the girl, believed a pimple could taste sweet and remain pretty. Daddy thought the insert of his damp salty rod could replace the experience. A strong belief in dignity and the girl's elusive allure kept Cybil in social tact. Eventually, the blush of tan oil skin fades. Now, only the woman's dry, angry character shows. It's a fact. A face lift in the woman's future soon.

One last, brazen hockey match for the woman (Cybil), who confronts the frosts of frozen time. A cool referee dangles the puck and sucks a metal whistle. Two women stare at the ground. A young, dark, exotic female with shined black skates wears a blue pad uniform. The young female's nose long and Romanesque. Cybil's nose a sharp beak. The aging woman's skull close to the ice. Cybil holds a cracked wooden stick near her purple feet.

Both females face opposition. I'm gonna fuck you up... Each woman wants control of the play. Together, inside the penalty box nearby, Ovechkin and Gretsky fixate on the face-off with arms crossed. "She's gonna fuck her up" Gretsky whispers. Gretsky doesn't blink.

Grandpa Herman and Grandma Elsie watch from stadium seats with pitiful looks. "Herman, I can't watch. It's just so sad. That poor woman's barefoot and naked."

"Elsie, it's only a game," Herman smiles.

With an angry punch, loud, ivory piano keys on speakers repeat a concerto reverb with four angry strokes: da/ da/ da/ daaa... The puck drops and a cockfight unfolds. We hold our breath and gasp. A lonesome, weak bird plays a game. Elsie weeps. Gretsky blinks. Herman eats his hotdog. Who cares about Ovechkin?

That night after the fatal match. A cold, old woman hangs the broken brittle stick near a bed and examines Cybil's gangrene toes with a sharp chisel. Cybil's feet face a fast relief of danger. The thin metal rod could puncture the cuticle cover of the old woman's skin fast. Unlike, how slow time and stress can fail a car engine. The woman swings the chisel above Cybil's brain. Good bye to you... Cybil's skull hung low.

Opposite end of head-foot defined.

END

