

The Real Story Behind The Lipstick On Obama's Shirt

by Jennifer Donnell

The lipstick on your collar walked up the steps and through the front door, without a key. Her smile was hypnotically red and bountiful. The guards standing around didn't dare frisk her for weapons, her lips were weapon enough.

"Do I know you?" I asked, my contempt ringing as loud as a bell, so that angels everywhere lost their wings.

Her lips, crimson as ever, muttered a few mock apologies- still consumed by the way they'd brushed the baby blue of your shirt. They quickly lost focus, remembering how dapper you were in your purple tie and black suit jacket. She admitted that she wanted to embroider your American flag decal on her undergarments and have you show her the oval office.

I offered her a Bellini, to take the edge off, but she didn't want to waste her pout on the glass rim. I tried to explain that he's just that kind of man, warm and friendly. He didn't mean anything when he spoke about her "show of warmth", the not so accidental smear of her freshly applied gloss (as if she didn't know he was next at the microphone).

She played tennis with the idea, debating it, until I poured myself a glass of the beverage she'd rejected. That morning, I'd chosen an amber-rich long lasting lipstick, which wasn't going anywhere.

She sunk back into our custom designed chair, renovated since Franklin D. Roosevelt acquired it, and began to tremble from toe to head. It was her lips which trembled last. Sheepishly heartbroken,

she bemoaned the failure of their brief interlude, "....But he had a pet name for me. He called me..."

"...Auntie?" I interjected. Her lips now parted in awe, wondering how I knew.

I thought back to the law firm, the first woman I'd caught him with, the summer after we met. She made him waffles for lunch and he called her "auntie", too, though I never knew why. Then, there was the massage therapist during our vacation in Hawaii. She picked coconuts straight from the trees. Others since, too many to count. It's one of those things you overlook in a marriage. Marriage is like a big plate of genetically modified vegetables. When our chef prepares them for dinner, they look as colorful and delicious as the real thing.

