

New Year's Eve, 1975

by Kitty Boots

in a black halter dress
I swirled around my candle-lit bedroom

shoulder-length caramel hair, golden highlights
lemon-scented and softly curled to my shoulders

contacts, false eyelashes,
strappy black open-toed sandals
perfect for dancing

touched at the pulse points with my mother's Faberge Woodhue
perfume, I waited for my desperado date

he never showed up, never called, never apologized

