

Pink Lipstick & Cigarette Machines

by Tim G. Young

It was that pink lipstick found
on the end of that brown filter
yeah, think it was an Old Gold
Saw that brand in the cigarette machine
over by the juke box
Lot of money for a pack of those Golds
Five fifty in quarters
was all it would take

You were standing next to that machine
playing with your long brown hair
with your back to me and then
when you turned around everything
revolved around your pink lipstick
on those perfect shaped lips
full and moist
Nearly fell off my chair

My friend Bob looked at me in the most
strange way I ever seen his eyes move
like he had never really seen me before or something
But he didn't even fit into the picture
Once I saw you turn around fix that lipstick and raise those long
lashed
eyes my way
yeah, I was ready to hit the ceiling
jump over to the bar turn on the tap
and let them suds flow forever down
my poor love parched throat

And all that was just to demonstrate to you my
Pink lipped lady to what extents I would move
to impress my sweet self right on as next to you
as I could possibly be

So when Bob walked up to you to offer one of my
cigarettes I nearly tripped over myself in my
attempts to tackle him to the floor just so
he wouldn't get any more near to you
before I had the chance
but then that cigarette was already in your
melting mouth and so I had to shout
and that's why all the commotion came down
and why I almost broke your arm dragging you out
of there so my eyes would see only you
and make Bob such a long distance memory

Now in that starry night I taste the real pink
in those lips of yours and breathe the magic
perfume in your hair on my face
I turn softly and touch you
and quietly tug that smoking cigarette from
your mouth letting that pink gloss
shine all over my face

