

The Makeover

As a little girl
I used my finger to pull my mothers eyelid
Making it smooth enough for powder
Why was it so wrinkly and soft, I wondered
My eyelids are smooth
And they will always be that way —

“You know, your gran
Used to let me put makeup on her”
I tell my daughter

“In those days we had to use mauve
And taupe brown colors,
Not these bright fancy colors you have now”
“Hold still,” she tells me,
A tiny finger pokes me in the eye
Lifting the lid at the brow.