

False Eyelashes to Hillary

I don't ask for a life of luxury, the world's gold or its fine pearls. I ask for a happy heart, an honest heart.—“Calon Lân”

Days after losing, you appear on TV
wearing brown mascara, blush
and muted lipstick, yet viewers swear
they can't see an ounce
of makeup. *Must be too glum*
to line her lips, they say.
Why bother with mascara
when she knows she'll cry?

That night, you scrub the color off your face.
I watch from my small plastic case
where I wait, with nine others like me,
for you to glue me to your eyelid, pinch me in place.

I'm starting to think I'm the only makeup
you've truly quit. I'm the kind
not meant to make lovely features lovelier,
but to replace all women's lashes
with little uniform brooms.
I remind you that sometimes fake is better.

Viewers don't get to see your towel-blotted face,
your puffed cheeks as you swish mouthwash,
or hear your gentle hum
of an old Welsh song
so pretty, so undecorated.

Nail Polish to Hillary

Paparazzi think you and I
are strangers; they've snapped
bags under your eyes,
white scrunchies in your hair,
and pantsuits in every color, but never
your ordinary-looking fingers as you
shake hands with voter after voter
after voter. Not flashy
or loud like their cameras,
I'm clear and low-gloss.

One badgers *Will you beat Trump?*
as you near your campaign van
and you meet his eyes and shrug,
an honest answer, but it won't stop
doctored photos of you
beside the headlines *Liar* and *Crooked*.
You heave the van door open,
fingers showing, but nobody zooms in
for a shot of me, of us,
the headline *Transparent*.