

Green Looks Good on You

Five dollars went missing
from my best friend's babysitting jar:
hours of puke and play and patience.

Sitting on the wide window ledge—
coins of light beam green
from the sugar maple outside.

I laid the bill flat in my training bra,
hand hot, Which one of the kiddos
do you think it was?

Your mom taught you to start
with clean skin, your face a dollop
of Estee Lauder golden. Shoplifted at CVS,

Wet N Wild camo-flaunt shadow and
cherry
Coke lip smacker shade me in clown
colors,
a clumsy impersonation of Diana Ross.

You got caught, unknowing accomplice,
got grounded. Sun-kissed yellow halter
and chunky wedge sandals were not fast

and loose crime scene attire; boy's
second-hand sneaks propelled
my calves home free.

Homework on fall afternoons,
I watched as your parents walked
the wood's edge, hands clasped.

When my Dad left for work, Mom held
high the newspaper, her arms
ten-foot poles of cold shoulder.



Sometimes my grandma sent me
a birthday card, five dollars
crumbled
inside. When your Nana calls out
for tea,

I tease, She's senile, as you steal
out of the room, your indulgent
smile knocked over.

Cowl neck sweaters and leather
boots
made you sharper in winter. First
to get a blowout, your feathered
bangs

a showstopper. You start to strut,
you don't lipstick—you gloss.
Pop one hip out, fingers to chest,

the boys were bees to honey.
My tortoise browline glasses
attracted
a party of wisecrackers.

You covered a smile, returned
to the hive, report a not-so humble
brag about being Queen.

The herd hovered, no room
for cocky showoffs.
I shoved you into a ditch

that snowy day; ass to ice
in brand new wide-leg denim,
strut slowed to a weary tiptoe.

Your Dad's job moved to Texas,
you left me. For good.
You visited us at school once.

Full-blown diva, your words
a mystified Google translate,
twanged
and comical, made-up Texas
pretty.

Too old to beat up, we mocked
your drawl, made toast of you.
Shimmer shadowed eyes didn't
cry,

but smoked like barbecue
left on the window ledge,
prisms of slight glaring back green.



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educator from Chicago. She
received an M.S. from
Northwestern University and
a B.A. from Michigan State
University. "Jealousy drove
me to make amends via
poetry. The first time when
my younger sister raced by
me on her birthday bicycle, I
turned my wheel into hers
and she fell into oncoming
traffic. It worked; my parents
forgave me." Her work has
appeared with Anti-Heroine
Chic, Corporeal, Dulcet
Literary Magazine, and The
Quarter(ly) Journal, among
others.