

A Snapshot of Spades: December '95

Lexi Noga

In her new apartment my mother wears lipstick
the color of raspberries.

The record player gently siphons 60's blues,
she is unapologetic when she sings off-key,
or smokes inside to ease the tension of new sheets.

She's smiling, and its clumsy,
conscious of the gap between her front teeth,
but still, it's honest.

She bridges a blue deck of cards forming,
a kaleidoscope of numbers and patterns.
Her beauty distracts, though she doesn't know.

In my mind, she shuffles again,
each number counting the times she wished she were fearless.