

## **Red Never Lasts**

There's no doubt it's the most glamorous,  
the one you reach for first—its luscious gloss.  
Russian Roulette, First Dance, Aperitif, Cherry Pop.  
For three days, your nails are a ferris wheel,  
a field of roses, a flashing neon Open sign.  
Whatever you're wearing feels like a tight dress  
and your hair tousles like Marilyn's one the beach.  
But soon, after dishwashing, typing, bottle caps,  
the chips begin, first at the very tips and edges  
where you hardly notice, then whole shards.  
Eventually, the fuss is too much to maintain.  
Time to settle in to the neutral tones.  
Baby's Breath, Curtain Call, Bone.

*Anya Silver*

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