

III

The girl was applying lipstick. She dabbed her lips with a piece of crayon as though she were trying to make her lips stay fastened to her face instead of doing a work of art. The sticky paste had already been pushed onto her white skin in several conspicuous places, but still she smacked her lips together while looking at herself in the compact mirror as though she thought she looked good enough to eat. The latter operation resulted in a paint job that was twice the size of what it was supposed to cover. She then held the mirror to the right, the left, and looked at it from the side the way a hen looks at someone who has just entered the barnyard gate. She hurriedly tucked her compact into her handbag and walked rapidly off, with much the self-satisfied expression as the same hen.

Frustration

William Craig

Your cry
will come at night
and echo in the black.
And I
must hear your fright
and cannot call you back.