

# New Year's Eve, 1975

*by* Kitty Boots

in a black halter dress  
I swirled around my candle-lit bedroom

shoulder-length caramel hair, golden highlights  
lemon-scented and softly curled to my shoulders

contacts, false eyelashes,  
strappy black open-toed sandals  
perfect for dancing

touched at the pulse points with my mother's Faberge Woodhue  
perfume, I waited for my desperado date

he never showed up, never called, never apologized

