Pink Lipstick & Cigarette Machines

by Tim G. Young

It was that pink lipstick found on the end of that brown filter yeah, think it was an Old Gold Saw that brand in the cigarette machine over by the juke box Lot of money for a pack of those Golds Five fifty in quarters was all it would take

You were standing next to that machine playing with your long brown hair with your back to me and then when you turned around everything revolved around your pink lipstick on those perfect shaped lips full and moist

Nearly fell off my chair

My friend Bob looked at me in the most strange way I ever seen his eyes move like he had never really seen me before or something But he didn't even fit into the picture Once I saw you turn around fix that lipstick and raise those long lashed eyes my way yeah, I was ready to hit the ceiling jump over to the bar turn on the tap and let them suds flow forever down my poor love parched throat

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And all that was just to demonstrate to you my Pink lipped lady to what extents I would move to impress my sweet self right on as next to you as I could possibly be

So when Bob walked up to you to offer one of my cigarettes I nearly tripped over myself in my attempts to tackle him to the floor just so he wouldn't get any more near to you before I had the chance but then that cigarette was already in your melting mouth and so I had to shout and that's why all the commotion came down and why I almost broke your arm dragging you out of there so my eyes would see only you and make Bob such a long distance memory

Now in that starry night I taste the real pink in those lips of yours and breathe the magic perfume in your hair on my face I turn softly and touch you and quietly tug that smoking cigarette from your mouth letting that pink gloss shine all over my face