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## Lipstick Tease

The islands burn bright,  
transforming the Winter's night  
into a private paradise  
where young emotions run wild  
beneath the neon lights;  
Glamour girls polished  
in painted nails and faces,  
drive by in sleek automobiles  
to flirt with the new boy of sixteen,  
manning the pumps at the filling station;  
Some slide into the warmth  
of open bays in a seductive way,  
past the row of parked cars  
serviced earlier that day;  
Rough engines run smooth,  
and purr to the borrowed echoes  
of second hand shop stereos  
when he sends the vehicles away,  
offering a humble wave  
to tuned rear-view mirrors;  
Lights that once burned bright  
begin to drift and fade away,  
joining the steady, scarlet stream  
of tail lights racing along the highway;  
A new customer  
swaggers up to the island:  
Tinted, power windows  
move with the ease  
of a stripper's tease,  
revealing a subtle hint  
of the driver's intent;  
The attendant smiles  
in his usual, casual style  
then exhales silver, smoke rings  
over the slippery memory  
of some lovely, young girl  
he knew only moments before.