

“Motherhood and lipstick” by Belen Salamanca, Chicago

My mother wasn't fond of the way I wore lipstick. She said it was clumpy and went over my lips, and she was correct. My mother wore red lipstick on dates with my father, these were the days I wished she came home sooner. Stuffed animal in hand I stayed up, just as I stayed up to write this.

I always wondered what this lipstick was made out of. Lucky for me it was made out of the same thing all mothers wear on their lips, the reasons mothers did anything, or yell at their child the way they do, love.

We put pressure on love to be a lot of things, and we confide in love for reasons for pain, no matter how much it hurts. We refuse to stop loving, that's when the love turns passive. we refuse to say the words I don't love you anymore.

Every lipstick that is worn is bold and passive in fear of not loving.

Sadly for my mother, her mom's lipstick was rough on her. So my mom learned to put lipstick on herself and promised to teach her daughters.

Her daughter didn't like the way their mother did her lipstick as no one taught her, and just as their mother so did they, they learned to put on lipstick by herself. Instead I'll let my daughter figure out how she want to wear her lipstick.

I never did end up perfecting my lipstick but I perfected my lip liner. Over lined my lips with power to come , that I was robbed from because generations of mothers, with clumpy lipstick.