Take Another One

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Take Another One (bathroom version)

You come out the bathroom still drying your face,

one earring in, trying two dresses for shape.

You hold up the blue one, then look over at me.

I know better by now. You already picked three.

Two shades on your cheek and both of them wrong.

One goes gray, one red before too long.

You wipe them both off like, "See what I mean?"

Then check the time because the driver's downstairs waiting.

Your cousin says, "Girl, you got dark this summer."

You say, "Good," then steal fries from under her.

She hits your hand. You reach back for two.

Now both of y'all laughing before the car comes through.

Blue dress on. Small bag close to your side.

You talk over GPS the whole damn ride.

Change my song halfway through the first hook.

Then hand me your bag like, "Hold this. Look."

August left more brown across your shoulders.

You look better every time the season gets older.

You pick at one spot beside your chin.

I move your hand. You move mine again.

Later you take my phone and open the camera.

First picture gets deleted. "Nah, I look terrible."

Second one gets zoomed until you find something small.

I'm sitting there wondering what you see at all.

The third one makes you pause for a second.

You turn the brightness down and check it again.

"Wait. This one cute." Then you send it yourself,

hand my phone back and start texting your friend.

By the time we get home, you've posted the third.

I'm still thinking about something you said in the car.

You spent all night checking how the picture looked.

I spent all night looking at who took over the room.