

Dreaming of Angelina

I'm Mrs. Smith and you're Mrs. Smith. We play house. I teach you how to cornrow Zahara's hair. Later, you practice on me. I sit on the floor between your legs; your knees press into my shoulders as you oil my scalp and tug at my hair. Much later, I carve my initials into your trunk, capture your blood in a vial. I take the vial to a chemist and have the droplets made into Jolie Red lipstick to wear whenever we are apart. I paste your face from the Rolling Stone cover to the bedroom mirror and kiss, kiss, kiss until you are back here with me. Later, I am reincarnated as Josephine Baker, dancing topless before you, erect bananas at my waist. You kiss my neck and call me your black pearl. "Voulez vous coucher avec moi," you whisper. Much later, we retire to our château in Paris, playing in the garden with our children, you with your six and me with my 12. You're slightly jealous of my larger international brood but it only makes you hotter for me. I follow in your footsteps, become a UN ambassador, and our tribe travels the world on peacekeeping missions. Later, I make a long braid in your hair and you put on those little shorts that show off your thighs; I like it when you play Lara. You kiss me. I don't want you to ever stop so I tattoo the stain of your pout on my body. The needle hurts like you. Ah, jolie.

LaToya Jordan is a poet from Brooklyn, New York, whose poems have been published or are forthcoming in the *Splinter Generation*, *Mobius: The Journal of Social Change*, and *qarrtsiluni*. She received an MFA in Creative Writing from Antioch University Los Angeles. She works as a publicist/writer in higher education and lives with her husband and two cats in a tiny apartment with an infestation of books.

