

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## Without Makeup

By Dzvinia Orłowsky

— for my sister

I didn't know your late-in-the-day eyes,  
cool, easy, calm lake of tired eyes.  
You would say a *nothing green*.  
*Nothing anyone would notice*.

I'd never know you hadn't slept —  
*face as bland as a manila folder*  
without the smoke blue pencil  
drawn along your lower lids,

silver pewter smudges  
running like paths of winter rain.  
I didn't know your eyes set  
the dinner table, made the bread rise,  
turned violets into jelly.  
I didn't know your eyes had candles.

Maria, we are the only two  
left of our first family —  
our parents now streaks  
of bygone stories  
even the brightest tangerine lipstick  
can't bring back.

Something has washed the mascara away,  
Vaseline-rubbed your lashes.  
You call it tired, unmotivated, grouchy looking,  
apologize for apologizing,  
I'm just beginning to see —

spring grass under snow  
deciding which green.