

thebeautycloset

Beauty editor **Jean Godfrey-June** stays out of the midday sun and at last finds a lip scrub worth writing about.

Every few months,

some magazine article reminds me to drink lots of water! Don't share mascara! If symptoms persist, see a doctor! My personal least favorite is the old, faithful "scrub lips with an old toothbrush to get rid of dry skin." If your lips were truly dry, the last thing you'd want to do is scrape an old toothbrush across them, never mind the unappealing aspect of keeping all the ancient toothbrushes rattling around in the back of a drawer somewhere like tragic William Trevor characters, faded, stiff, and listless, waiting for their moment in the sun.

Alternately, there are lip scrubs, but they involve a washing-off moment that I find awkward. That and the fact that some of the not-tasty scrub invariably infiltrates your tightly closed mouth.

At last, a solution, one that should erase the old-toothbrush saw forever. Lip Refinisher from Sally Hershberger Face Place is a combination of smooth, cushy, amazing-feeling lip balm spiked with grains of sugar—actual sugar that requires no washing off and tastes good when it infiltrates your mouth. I was forced to give up my sample when another editor came in with desperately chapped lips—and she loved it so much, she's refused to give it back.

"You almost don't need lip balm afterward," she observed.

I, lover of all lip balms/glosses/salves, of course, will be ignoring this last bit of advice. Instead, on the newly perfected mouth: Glossy Rose from Revlon, which is the ultimate, springy, superflattering shade.



SALLY HERSHBERGER FACE PLACE LIP REFINISHER, \$18, SALLYHERSBERGERFACEPLACE.COM

REVLON SUPER LUSTROUS LIPGLOSS IN GLOSSY ROSE, \$7, DRUGSTORES

DAVIES GATE ALLSPICE BATH FIZZ POP IN CINNAMON AND PINK GRAPEFRUIT, \$12 EACH, DAVIESGATE.COM



These bath bombs

on a stick are a source of endless delight in my house: Once the fizzy part has done its boiling, bubbling, fizzy thing and disappeared, faintly tinting and scenting the water, a tiny packet of aromatic oil is revealed to have been hidden inside. The packet bobs around as you (or your wildly enthusiastic children) finish your bath; you step out, crack open the now-perfect-temperature oil packet, and massage it in. Heaven. At first I thought it'd just be a kid thing—I imagined they'd be too zingy and over-the-top for adults, but they are subtle, subtle, original, and beautiful, too. Every flavor is good, but the Pink Grapefruit and the Cinnamon are in a dead heat for the best of the best.

High noon terrifies me.

The light is bright and unforgiving and flat and depressing, no matter what the weather; it's certainly not the moment for a first date, or a photograph. Waits seem interminable at noon, I suddenly feel trapped in all of my relationships, everything's boring. I'm sure there's some deep-seated trauma at the base of this phobia, but there it is.

Morning, on the other hand, is the New Year's Day of any day: I fill with resolutions (I *will* get it all done, I *will* try the new blush) and hope (things *are* going to be different now).

I again fill with resolutions and hope right before I go to bed. So I didn't do everything I intended today—well, if I get a good sleep, tomorrow is another day. This feeling is heightened significantly if I've just taken a bath (the morning feeling is similarly amplified by a shower). These roll-on vials of essential oils are, by turns, citrusy and invigorating, lavender-spiked and calming (you guess which goes with which time of day), and I could not love them more. They further amplify the resolutions and hope, plus I smell fantastic. *For those utterly unlike me, there's a Noon flavor. Be my guest.



LATHER AROUND THE CLOCK AROMATHERAPY FRAGRANCES IN MORNING AND NIGHT, \$32 FOR SET OF THREE, LATHER.COM



ILLUSTRATION: AMY SAIDENS/WWW.ARTSCOUNSELING.COM. STILL LIVES: LUCKY DIGITAL STUDIO.