

A Dutiful Daughter

by Elizabeth Kate Switaj

The first indication I had of what I look like came when a man put me back on the rack, remarking that I was too pink. Over the weeks that followed, I gained a few more ideas about my appearance from the comments of people in the shop. My photographic side had been taken at sunset, or maybe sunrise, and depicted some church. There was disagreement as to which one; I've never seen any of them, so it doesn't matter so much to me. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure what a church is supposed to look like at all.

When I was finally purchased by a young woman, I had grand hopes of being sent to her lover, of feeling words of passion etched across my back. As it turned out, she sent me to her mother.

Having a wonderful time in Venice.

Wish you were here,

Lynn

She didn't even mail me until she got to the airport. Not Marco Polo, the dingy Ryanair one.

I just hope her mother displays me somewhere interesting.

