

A dress

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

My poetry is bare, showing its pink and purplish imperfections and its injuries. I buy it a dress to hide its bruises, to ornate it a little, to make it smile. On its rather ugly and mishaped body, the dress looks comical, ridiculous, clumsy, like a bird with a broken wing. I ponder... look for words, for images, think of lace, of tulle, silk and satin... Yes, a couple of changes would help. A red belt might also be pretty, or small yellow round buttons - a delicate and laborious task. Ready now for a last glance, a last fitting. I look at the retouched picture and turn on the lamp to add some reflections. A tear manages to slide towards the light: the memory of a certain dress... I strip my poetry, let it be bare again, and place it in a sunray.

