

# The Naked Shadows Inside Her Dress

*by* Jerry Ratch

When the truth is spoken, we don't know  
Where to look, as if we only know someone  
Has gotten away with something big

Or stolen someone's heart, knowing how easy  
It was, how fragile, how true to itself  
So open and weightless, without guile

Or only a glance was stolen, the naked shadows  
Inside her dress, thinking we could only  
Afford to look at reality for a moment

Before going blind, as if it were the sun  
And she was the one, the only  
Reality staring us right in the face

When it was so much easier, we thought  
We believed  
To look the other way

