

## The Big Reveal

She took off her dress  
That dress she labored over for a thousand years  
Were the buttons supposed to be on the right, left or center  
The neckline is important, showing off some flesh sometimes  
Was it too tight at the waist?  
Why did she feel so uneasy? For what and for whom?  
That dress would stand on its own even if she slipped out of it  
So stiff in its form  
She read books on Venus, Mars and color theory thinking that she might never slip  
out of it  
But since that thing floated in from the living room window,  
There was no need for any of this  
The curtain flapped like a butterfly wing  
And her journey flickered right before her eyes  
You, me, her, others  
The one I blurted out, you cried and she scratched with her nails  
The one we laughed about, you got hurt, they didn't believe in  
She took a deep breath  
A breath that said "My funeral seems too far away, I might as well live"  
Started laughing hysterically and almost dropped her cigarette on the carpet  
When did the rolling paper she was flipping around become this stub, she couldn't  
remember  
She looked at herself in the mirror, an old camera in front of her  
Disposable, dispensable  
She didn't even allow her own hand  
She could only touch  
    her scars  
    with her lip.  
    Snap.

Hande Oynar