

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

