

Red Dress

Hands twist and fold to keep you busy,
lungs hammering from inflating and deflating too quickly,
heart pulsing erratically,
knees quivering because the dress is too short—
a combination of visceral reactions
from the thoracic cavity and skeletal system.

You wonder if he can feel it too.

Your nervous system—struck by lightning;
a casual graze of the hand
sends millions of neurons across synapses.
Your adrenal gland is electric.

You wish you hadn't worn it.
Red—the implication of impurity
and your face as you take a hit.

When you stand, your blood rushes to your feet,
which feel like stones, and your head is
detached from your neck.
This hypotension is normal,
or so you keep telling yourself.

For a moment, your perfect future floods with
uncertainty, waves of electricity crashing and
tearing down your precision and caution—
your heart, still recovering from its thousand voltage
shock—he makes you feel like you're drowning
even though—
you're already someone else's someone.
You haven't done anything wrong.

You wish you hadn't worn it.