

BLUE

One morning, your skin is the color of peacock feathers. It glitters in sunlight, diamond-dusted.

You've always folded your soul up small and tucked it away. Now you tug your shirtsleeves over your hands. Smother your face with makeup. You needn't: your husband only sees your shape. He kisses you goodbye, not noticing when your blue fingertips pluck lint from his collar.

In the empty house, silence coils around your feet and legs, your chest and face.

You strip off your clothes. Flick on the lamps. When he comes home, that's how he finds you: naked, breathtaking, covered in light.