

BECCA

The Search

*An excerpt from the verse-novel
The Riddle and the Sphinx*

She liked to experiment with the face in the glass.
Then how come this normally reassuring form
of professional play made her uneasy today?
Minutes would pass when all she could see
was the element of her face she was working on;
but as soon as she tried to assess how what she had drawn
affected the whole, her face would seem far away,
like a word repeated until it became devoid
of familiarity, meaningless.
The fresh and wholesome mood was completely destroyed.

Maybe she could buy it back with a dress.

{...}

She drove from store to store, but didn't go in.
She'd get out of the car and stare at the mannequin
in the window, and think that this wasn't it, and go
to the next, although she knew there was more to see
inside. She didn't want to choose, but to be
grabbed by what she saw, like love at first sight:
an outfit so good it would say, "Everything's all right."