

## **Sadie, in Petite Spot Noir**

Sarann Spiegel

The part of the story I choose to forget  
is the girl in the casket, polka dot  
dress fitting just right. Goldilocks even  
in death. She is just right: virginal  
rosy, easy to be with. She is not  
too good to pluck her eyebrows. In the dreams,  
I sit in the back, hood up, striped & poised  
to go. No one pays me any mind. They  
sing her praises, mourn their little woman.  
Stand & kiss her cheek. She's more beautiful  
than I could ever be, despite wearing  
my face. Gone before our time. I do not  
study the shell. I exit out the back.  
The sun's setting. I smile

& r e l e a s e

Written & edited December 2024. Named for a Réalisation Par dress.