

## The White Skirt

The fraught experientialist is pleased with herself.

She can add getting married to the list of things  
she will be able to say she has done.

More enthused about playing the bride  
than becoming a wife,  
she ricochets around town with a flashy engagement ring  
that makes shopgirls swoon,  
“It’s just like J.Lo’s!”

Rejecting everyone’s say about what to wear  
on the first day of the rest of her life

Her twice called off, never rescheduled  
wedding on Watego’s Beach  
would be a casual affair

Going native, she calls it

in a ribbed singlet,  
flip flops  
and a bias cut,  
flared,  
almost see through  
white skirt

an impulse buy  
from an overpriced boutique  
in an underpopulated city.

She spins it as love at first sight  
but the impetuous ensemble betrays  
an ill-conceived plan  
to escape her true self  
by marrying the effusive, adoring interloper

she'd met too soon before  
walking opposite directions  
past a seedy corner  
of a sometimes happening street  
in a dusty, country capital  
where kismet has no kin.

by Emily Lauren Burg  
COL 1996