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**A Dream Dressed in Steam**  
**Beth Fontanarosa**

When she's miserable  
she sings show tunes in the shower.  
Turns the faucet all the way to the left and  
the steam creates company, crowding  
the room.  
She can finally disregard her loneliness.  
She forgets her thoughts of him for awhile,  
washing them away.

She stands on the scrubbed marble tub.  
She plugs her ears  
and leaning her head back  
shuts off the world.

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The water rages down  
like hard rain on a wide windshield.  
The noise is echoing.  
In this moment she is numb.  
She wants the return of sensation,  
but can't even feel  
the scalding water.  
She only feels her stomach  
pulsating with anger  
for pulling over  
in that church parking lot,  
full of snow banks and Trojan wrappers.  
Angry for giving in  
as his pupils dilated,  
and sucked her in like a black hole.  
Ironic that when he smacked her  
she saw stars.

She scrubs her skin in circles with  
sweet Ivory soap--  
until her delicate skin  
bleeds red.