
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.

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.