

LIGHT UNAWARE

The day they lied and took her to the hospital
She knew she was in trouble.

They had said she was getting a surprise and to dress up.
She did not like getting all fancy,
Putting on makeup, wearing high heels.
It all seemed like such silly pretense.

But they had looked so disappointed, she had agreed—
Just to make them happy.

So, here she was, in a padded cell, all dressed up.
She wondered what was so wrong, and so crazy,
And so threatening, about her
That they had to lock the door?

They had said, "You see things that aren't there,
So we need to keep you safe," but they had lied, again.

She had felt safe all her life,
Especially since menarche
When she began to notice the beauty
In all she encountered.

She smiled to herself and looked at her new abode.
The cell had a high window, brilliant with sunlight.
She gratefully breathed in the perfect light.

The gray metal door, with elegant hinges,
Complemented the creamy white walls.
It even had a small inset mirror, where a window might have been.

"How curious," she thought, and inspected her reflection.

Her skin was glowing with its usual light.
Her eyes were bright and clear, like always.
She tilted her Halo into a sassy position.

What on Earth do they think is wrong with me? she wondered.
I look just like everyone else.

Can't they see?

