

Red Dress Wannabe

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First Ever Red Dress

After losing more than 100 pounds, starting in a size 32 and ending in a size 16, I went to Costa Rica and had cosmetic surgery. Mamma Lieberman, one of my surgeons said that when I was all recovered, I'd be in a size 12. I just laughed at her because I couldn't even remember when I was that small (and I know that doesn't sound small to many of you). She said, "Size 12. Send me a picture. In a red dress. Every woman needs a red dress. Every woman deserves a red dress."

Now I know why.

What Do Women Want? by Kim Addonizio

I want a red dress.
I want it flimsy and cheap,
I want it too tight, I want to wear it
until someone tears it off me.
I want it sleeveless and backless,
this dress, so no one has to guess
what's underneath. I want to walk down
the street past Thrifty's and the hardware store
with all those keys glittering in the window,
past Mr. and Mrs. Wong selling day-old
donuts in their café, past the Guerra brothers
slinging pigs from the truck and onto the dolly,
hoisting the slick snouts over their shoulders.
I want to walk like I'm the only
woman on earth and I can have my pick.
I want that red dress bad.
I want it to confirm
your worst fears about me,
to show you how little I care about you
or anything except what
I want. When I find it, I'll pull that garment
from its hanger like I'm choosing a body
to carry me into this world, through
the birth-cries and the love-cries too,
and I'll wear it like bones, like skin,
it'll be the goddamned
dress they bury me in.

Wish I had written this poem!