

## **Postscript 55**

**DINA DEL BUCCHIA**  
**on “Back to the Door”**



## (1) Glamour Shot

Face, it's in there, pieces to make a whole. A smile. *Smile*. Strangers say to women on the street. *Smile*. People command because their brains will work with greater ease. A smile. But the rest, it's covered, camouflaged. Like we all do. Painting out the rough spots, the dirty spaces. Creamy shadows and shades get more expensive the more you believe skin deserves clearing away.

Did women used to look at Monet's ladies in parks and fields and wish for a fuzzy existence, their skin to mottle? Dream that one day a doctor could alter cheeks and lips, chins, the impression they make? Before we had insta-photographs and Photoshop, did they have hope? They imagined the future was full of ideals that couldn't be crushed under the weight of a wicker basket aching with fresh blooms. Things change. Magazines were things in drug stores that cost just enough to make you think it worthwhile to look at another woman that way.

We're supposed to find our flaws, supposed to envy a pastoral perfection, eyes green as leaves, sleek hair that probably saves lives. We're supposed to, supposed to, supposed to.

There's a reason women keep long hair, hide in plain sight. Big hair is full of secrets. Whirls of hidden ideas about who/what gets to be seen.

## (2) Psychic

***Hello?***

***Hello?***

***Is there anyone there?***

***Can you answer a few questions?***

***Can you see my future?***

***Do you know? Do you know what shirt I should wear? Do you know which flower to put in my hair? Do you know who's talking trash? Do you know him? Do you know if soap operas will become extinct? Do you know how long I'll be around? Do you know what gender means? Do you know what it means to drink with the right hand, the left? Do you know how long I have until this bathwater turns tepid, turns cold, turns me around? Do you know how to project empathy? Do you know how to reject sympathy? Do you know he's down the hall? Do you know I can't commit? Do you know where I'm supposed to be? Do you know why I keep coming back to the same questions over and over again? Do you know how to tell evil twins apart? Do you know when this dull ache will go away? Do you know?***

***Do you?***

***Hello?***

**So often, no one answers the phone.**

**That's why you have to pay for sound advice,  
anything resembling answers.**

**Mostly, people reject the beauty of  
exposition.**

### **(3) Cotton Candy/Fiber/Glass**

**Pink. You grew up loving pink. Then hating pink. Then recognizing pink again as something that could be loved. Pink was your favourite colour. Pink was the box Barbie came in, the colour of the Ferrari she drove and then your brother drove into the bricks of the fireplace, the pink windshield smashed, the colour of a satin robe, the underneath part of you when you got the tip of your finger severed in that small town American McDonald's. Your blood turned pink as it blurred down the drain. The tip of your finger held on by a pink thread. Pink drinks that taste like pink. Pink bottles. Pink polish. Pink holes in your body. Pink phones in pink games that showed you how boys would pick another girl. Pink cards in pink envelopes. Pink gum wrapped in an unfunny joke wrapped in a pink wrapper. Pink was the colour you threw up after you ate two pints of organic strawberries.**

#### (4) Back to the Door

**It never happens like that in real life. No one's life changes when another person walks into their conversation. Hardly anyone overhears. In a crowded room voices overwhelm, women in unbuttoned to bare silk shirts keep brisk catalogs of who else in the room. In other rooms two people quietly drink water out of crystal. Those things that ruin relationships come out slowly. In conversations, gestures, acts that remain hidden until guilt or happenstance blow them up. Glistening before their spark and flame. If I listen with a cup at a door the noises come out garbled, my heart plummets. Not because of what I hear, but because I can't make out anything worthwhile. One day is when it happens, you see the car parked beside a fire hydrant, a mark along the hallway. You notice. Then you have to talk.**

***I didn't say anything  
to you, I only told  
him  
that one thing  
about that one time.***

***And that***

...

***Well,***

***It was really nothing.***

***Nothing at all. Even  
though it caused  
a lot of drama.***

**DINA DEL BUCCHIA lives in Vancouver and holds an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of British Columbia. Her recent book of poetry *Coping with Emotions and Otters* (2013) was published by Talon Books and she was a finalist for the 2012 RBC Bronwen Wallace Award for Emerging Writers. She writes a monthly column for *Canada Arts Connect* magazine, and her writing has appeared in literary publications across Canada.**