

LOOK AT ME

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Look at me! See how pretty I look, week after week, wearing the latest fashion. I'm smooth, sleek, and strong. My curves are as elegant as the garments I wear. I model these expensive threads for your pleasure and fantasy. But you never notice the servant who can't answer back.

Am I invisible, being made of see-through plastic with a curved neck made of metal? You ponder over the garment, scrutinize the tags for size, price, and fiber content. Then you take me to the fitting room. Once inside, you hang me on the hook, strip me after you strip yourself, before you decide whether you look too fat or ugly to buy what looked good on me. You finally make your decision as I watch you from either the hook, floor, or bench. Usually you leave me behind when you exit the room. Frequently, I am not alone. Some of my sisters are there—veterans of similar ordeals. Sometimes you place the garment back on me. Sometimes you return me fully dressed to the rack outside—to hang next to my sisters. Many times, I look disheveled, being unzipped or unbuttoned. Many times, the clothes I wear are inside out, have lipstick and foundation smears, snags from your acrylic nails and gaudy rings, missing buttons, broken zippers, or body odor—evidence of your presence and misuse.

Occasionally, you take me to the ladies who remove my garment and wrap it inside a plastic bag after your exchange of money, credit, debit, or gift cards. I'm usually tossed into a bin nearby. Frequently, I am not alone. Some of my sisters are there—veterans of similar ordeals, surviving rotations of being dressed, undressed, tossed, and recovered.

Eventually, I find myself tightly shoved on certain racks where clothes, once in perfect condition, hang like rags. My age is showing. Scratches and superficial cracks now cover my smooth, sleek, and strong body. My curves are still as elegant as the fine garments I've once worn. I model inexpensive threads for your pleasure and fantasy. My sisters and I are still silent, but we show our anger when we get all tangled together, making it difficult for you to shop for bargains.

You untangle me, and finally, I snap in half. You acknowledge my existence
when my jagged edge cuts your hand.