

Gabriel Oladipo

DEBUTANTE

I walk as a peacock,
My dress bone-white.
In the distance
George and Chloe's bodies are
A sort of roadside crash. They're
Making out or
Strangling each other, and
Seem to be having fun, and

I'd like that too.
Still moving, I
Tear it off bit by bit,
Tulle and silk landing like
Broken gulls.
A breath. Then a step and

I'm at church,
Dress back and
Mom in the front row,
Face folded in on itself.
Except her smile
Twisting the light like
A cleaned set of knives.