

I could tell you about  
the body that fills up  
this dress

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# I could tell you about the body that fills up this dress

I could tell you about the body that fills up this dress  
A body that touched softly on silk  
We could talk about the absence of the small breasts that lay beneath the  
neckline,  
The straps that held the shy weight of silk with delicate knots sitting on the  
shoulder blades.  
A lean body, a fragile body  
Silk tells of fragility, the fiber of a careful touch, of hips and a budging seem,  
of skin pressed on fabric leaving warm silk imprinted and stained.  
The knots have left tiny impressions on the shoulders when taken off  
Taken off either over head, disheveling hair or streaking stubbles, when being  
pulled Overhead a face is lost in hair and silk  
Or knots released by a light pull  
Releasing the dress silently sliding down a body in a brink  
Knots constitute dress being dress, once firm now dissolved, marks merely  
No more dress than sheath, deprived of body recalling touch  
What if there never was a body?  
Blood stains the dress, you imagine violence because it thrills you.  
A fragile body left undressed  
Yet there never was a body  
Inside the dress that mirrors features but encompasses void.  
You ask me why there is blood, you ask since blood seems trace, hence proof  
While I stitched the straps I stung my fingers I touched the silk I stained the  
dress,  
I wept a little too, if you will  
But maintained my distance, composed, a handling.