

# The Lady in White

The lady in white has twigs in her hair and backwards feet, and you want to comfort her. She is out of place, like a silent movie star whose touch will turn you into century-old film, whose touch will make you want to marry her. And you imagine all your deceased relatives at the wedding, embalming fluid running down their cheeks. She is crying beside a tree late at night. You are single. You think of the ghost stories about how a boy or girl is picked up by a car crash, only to disappear when you near their home. She is inconsolable, her hair of twigs, her twisted feet. You think of the legend of the lady in white, that only unmarried men can see her. She motions you closer, unbuttons her shirt, shows you what is underneath, and you think, *Who did this to you?* She pulls you close, whispers in your ear, *It doesn't matter anymore.*

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