

## wearing a dress for the first time

luna rey hall

*do you want me to be honest?*       my mother says  
after this long pause       over the phone.

i had just told her  
how uncomfortable

i felt at work all day.  
the luminous fixations,

the let-me-turn-my-head-away-  
from-your-non-binary-ass

looks, the chewing       at the surface  
of my lips       until they were raw,

an anxious tic  
all day turned

wild shame.  
dancing, throbbing shame.

molten booms  
of lightning shame.

*yeah,*

i finally reply.  
the word tumbling off

hall

the cliff of my swollen lip.  
*i'm just absorbing*

*what you told me.*  
*first the new pronouns,*

*now women's clothing.*  
*does that mean*

*you were a woman*  
*today*

*or how does that work?*

i can hear the quivering swell

in her breathing,  
the strained coughing

between sobs before  
*i'm sorry*

*that i don't quite*

*understand.*

