

Diana Clark

Pink

One morning she wakes up and is a virgin. She puts on a dress—a seamless halter top; all white — and walks down to the dock. The water is still, albeit the occasional plunge of a pelican. Beside her is a basket full of pomegranates. She brought them with her that morning, along with a notebook and pen for writing.

She breaks into the skin of the fruit with her teeth, too absorbed in the taste's sting to notice a runaway seed. It falls onto her lap and onto the fabric of her ensemble. She knows she should be mad; it is new and cotton and white—the red will be impossible to wash out. The seed rests on the fabric of her dress and creates ringlets, spreading out over the material like the taste on her tongue spreads over her. She takes another bite and another, letting the juice fall where it will: on her legs, on her hips, on her thighs.

Later, when she's back home, she doesn't try to wash it out. Instead, she twists the cloth of her dress into a spiral, wraps it in rubber bands, and splashes ink into every corner. In just a few hours it is fully tie-dyed.

The next day, she wears it to the same dock, sits down with her notebook, and writes. Beside her, a basket of fresh coconuts, the shell already removed.