

1<sup>st</sup> Place, Poetry

Lady in Blue

By Jennifer Ruth Jackson

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It's much too soon... too soon, they said,  
for her to wear that dress  
(the sexy, slinky, silky one with a cut to her mid-thigh).  
Former friends whispered about her loss,  
like tabloids with pursed lips.  
Even family wondered if she was okay enough  
to take this step so early on, to take it on alone.  
She just smiled and walked into the bar, black prosthetic  
winking through the slit fabric with each step.