

# What Do Women Want?

*Kim Addonizio*

I want a red dress.  
I want it flimsy and cheap,  
I want it too tight, I want to wear it  
until someone tears it off me.  
I want it sleeveless and backless,  
this dress, so no one has to guess  
what's underneath. I want to walk down  
the street past Thrifty's and the hardware  
store  
with all those keys glittering in the window,  
past Mr. and Mrs. Wong selling day-old  
donuts in their café, past the Guerra brothers  
slinging pigs from the truck and onto the  
dolly,  
hoisting the slick snouts over their shoulders.  
I want to walk like I'm the only  
woman on earth and I can have my pick.  
I want that red dress bad.  
I want it to confirm  
your worst fears about me,  
to show you how little I care about you  
or anything except what  
I want. When I find it, I'll pull that garment  
from its hanger like I'm choosing a body  
to carry me into this world, through  
the birth-cries and the love-cries too,  
and I'll wear it like bones, like skin,  
it'll be the goddamned  
dress they bury me in.



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