

## Costuming

By Luisa Rovegno

A thin nylon hat, black,  
pointed, wide brim,  
shaped tall with a thin wire.

I strapped its elastic  
under my chin, smeared  
green eye shadow below  
my brow. It sparkled.

At work, candy corn  
beckoned from a plastic  
jack-o-lantern. A jar  
of pumpkin flavored creamer  
sat aside two pots, one  
labeled “coffee,” the other  
labeled “why?”

She complimented my makeup  
and went willingly  
to the ultrasound, concerned  
for the babies, dangerously gestating  
in one sac, where entanglement  
in each others’ cords was always  
a fatal thought away.

When the call came, I rushed  
to the consult room  
where she awaited the grim advice  
on how to proceed, where once three  
hearts beat, and now  
hers alone remained.

Later, she said she was glad  
I hadn’t removed the hat.

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Luisa Rovegno, whose work has appeared in Uppagus, is beginning to write from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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