

## The Dolls' House

Susan Darlington

It was anger that made the door shrink  
until she could barely fit through it anymore:  
her hand grazing the white frame livid red  
and her shoulders snapping it from its hinges.

It was anger that made the seams of her dress  
strain across her hips and the bud of her breasts,  
hitching the hem above flushed legs that kicked  
against the vermillion walls she'd overgrown.

It was anger that made her smash a china cup  
through the rain grimed window that confined  
the stagnant air and towards which her waxy neck  
craned, growing long as it twisted to the light.

And it was anger that gave her the voice  
to say *no more*; that made the dolls' house crash  
down around her. And as she rose from the debris  
it was the first time she could truly breathe.