The Lady Frankenstein Looks Into a Mirror

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The Lady Frankenstein Looks Into a Mirror

What does the Lady Frankenstein see when she looks in a mirror?
Does she see a woman?
Or is it a stranger looking back at her?
What kind of brain is bouncing around, freely, in that skull of hers?
What’s it like staring into the mirror and seeing rotten mixed-tone flesh
And uneven, unmatched hair pulled from several different corpses
Trying desperately to find a woman underneath?
Painting her face with a thick coat of foundation to mask the scars from where the threads and staples used to be
Her skin hangs off the bone and her back is crooked and her eyes are black
Her breasts sag and her stomach is not quite right
And she is a woman, she knows that, but she cannot find herself in the mirror
Without a thick coat of foundation, some eye shadow, and a lot of squinting.

Nellie Bly Workman