

And no one will notice. This is a good outfit. Stylish. Fits in, yet says, individual. Grownup, but youthful. You might wear it again, and again. Why not wear this but stop drinking. Why not wear the same thing and burn Facebook. Except it's not a real book. So delete it, and imagine the ash and stink. Imagine. What if you read books everyone else is reading. That's real, but good, and words between friends make connections. You could even write words in this outfit. Small words written consistently become small books. The same clothes may not win you any prizes or put you on top ten lists, but you will win smaller awards, be known in smaller circles, people love you there. What is winning about anyway — this is a good outfit. Shows your length, slim lines, colors that compliment. This is not an outfit inspiring hate mail or internet bullying. You don't want that. No one takes time to cut tiny letters from newspapers, glue them to paper and rage, rage for this outfit. Most people can't even find their scissors. This outfit does not arrive enthusiastic, overstuffed marked Postage Due. Who pays that anyway? You could wear this outfit to work, if you had a job, then to Mass. It will hold faith between the last button and frayed hemline. This look says transparency. You're not hiding anything, except honesty. Truth is not trending. You can wear this outfit with confidence knowing no one knows you at all — that no one will notice you are not talking — just open and close your mouth, Charlie McCarthy style. Now nod. Laughing comforts most people as do pastels. This outfit is perfect, except maybe lose the last ten pounds you have so wanted to part with, and stop being mad at your father. Call your mother more often and you would not need Xanax to combat nightfall. You could sleep in this outfit, for eight hours straight, or the rest of your life, or right up until you put a gun in your mouth. Try the orange & gold sandals if you want to shake it up, but leave the rest the same. Do that and take the CTA instead of driving or better yet, walk. Keep walking. Past the place you expect yourself to stop. Walk until you fall asleep on your own fatigue, walk past the cemetery of dead iPhones, cracked screen bones protruding. Remember when friends had whole conversations without looking at their hands, never checking to see if they still matter to people they don't care about. Remember Play-Doh? This outfit will not help you solve those problems or any problems, or remember those times. For that you must change.