

Dora, 1905  
*After Ida Bauer*

The clink of china speaks for us  
in the Jäger Tee. On the  
Orperngasse, couples walk stiffly  
arm in arm. Your name is Dora.  
What a strange way to lose yourself,  
in the pages of textbooks, sweet one.

You will not know how your dreams  
become legend, how your legend  
becomes a question, how that question  
dies on the lips of those that draw  
in squares and circles, trained to  
capture and contain.

He will call your resistance transference.  
Projection. This has always been  
the way. Strange, for a man to listen  
and silence in one breath. Strange,  
that he should be fated to endure  
just the same.

Dora - no, I will not call you Dora -  
Ida, the dark glances of your eyes  
are not neurosis. It is not hysterical

to fear him: neighbour, father,  
doctor. It is not a sickness,  
to be a woman.

Come, let us drink our tea. Let us  
walk arm in arm toward the Opera House.  
We will wander the flowering pavements  
to the Berggasse together.

Now I will witness your brave escape.  
Now I will watch your gentle sway  
as the history of psychology writes itself  
in your courage. We will read  
your elusion in our future.

Ida, treasured one, that jewellery box  
is your own secret. You will be remembered  
as the one who would not give herself away.

You will be remembered  
one faraway day  
in your own right,  
in your own name,  
undoctored.

--Emmy Vye