



Tori Amos

*Under the Pink*

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Atlantic Records

# Year of Dismantling Myths

M. Stone

I heard it on the radio station  
broadcast from a college town fifty miles away,  
reaching my backwater Bible belt notch  
through intermittent static:

a piano that roared, then a rich voice—  
honey with an orange peel tang, purr escalating  
to a wail—Tori Amos singing about a Cornflake Girl.

I bought the album with allowance money  
and squirmed during my first listen. Such sentiments  
laid bare in song were sinful. I couldn't follow along  
when she lambasted God for his negligence  
(blasphemy, sacrilege)

but soon I knew her verses far better  
than any found in Scripture. This was the year  
I left behind spoon-fed top-forty pop music,  
the year my cubic zirconia cross lost its shine.

The Waitress and Anastasia, led in lyrics  
to dreary fates and ominous endings:  
sisterhood myth disassembled. I recognized  
myself in each woman betraying and betrayed,  
recalling all the times I gripped the knife  
before the blade nicked my spine in turn.

*Under the Pink*  
prism refracting God's light into cold slivers,  
mirror catching my reflection and that of every girl  
I called friend.