

Dresser (Drawers)

Sunken drawers all matted as habit. A plunged hair tie twists long lost tops like tie-dye (the shelf mid-yawn: deep bins blush at the flirtation of cloth (the secret crushes of pine)).

I have a bony closet. Not the width of my shoulders but deep enough for a lightbulb (vivid marrow). Pressed up against the wall it takes three sideways steps to reach a sprained rod—but who doesn't want a walk-in. Its slack door dikes off split seams, giveaways, forgotten hobbies, synthetic sheets new finds and remains of closets past, of what fits in a carry-on (I packed as if years were a week as if I wouldn't lay awake at night with the shrill thought of the emerald velvet skirt)

each trip to (y)our house (a bond is a button jar), a house I stuff with years, with thrift-store gambles and romancing ruffles (now you say I can leave them with you until August): at least three gothic gowns all trains and pendulous necklines (Halloween's daydream—but a terrible party). Consider: the pink yarn beard or two mesh cocktails or becoming sequined as a jacket or a corset's bruise a gown's dust (never leaving the house) a fly fishing vest a silk shift but never as I hoped.

I need to touch a stranger's cloth, the last thrift store
with a changeroom (I won't look where the money
goes, the cult in the coffee shop) I need to finger each
hanger, rub the static off a stiff wool, flake the pleather
off a coat, the rising bulk for when I'd return to you (as
soon as I could) in December when your city is cruelest.

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Under our bed stowing pants that
might bloom, shower-worn, a violent
fur, a frayed lace, an old rod and the
reason to be velvet boots, bone
scarved, marooned suspenders (why
are you naked) sheer as the slivering
cat downy as blue moons

double-stripes, each lithe yellow pantleg (you said you were
grateful for the time god gave you with me, you understood
if he had to take me away now; as if I had died) or the green-
felt bench, flat paisley sunsets, each steel toe, shriveled pleat.

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People ask to abandon their platforms with me (wedges, kittens, a sharpened toe) and these fold under grandma's old red-heeled rubber boots, the sidewalk's stilettos, encrusted work flats (raw fish, egg, penne, parmesan) the skates that apologize for me, clogging up your house, your drawers, your spare room, your beside tables, even the bins beneath our bed (I'm glad I never sorted these things like you asked) but there is still so much I need:

grandma's old dress pants, her vibrant fleece,
each shirt with wide pores, cow patterned socks,
lilac gem-bra (in case I ever return to bras), wool
skirt both too short and too warm (craved as
boxed, boxed, bound, heavy, jawed, deep,
browed, leaned, gendered, missed, metaled,
broadened, dressed, leathered, pleased, belted,
plushed, pleated, clutched, glossed)