The White Dress

What does it feel like to be this shroud on a hanger, this storm cloud hanging in the closet? We itch to feel it, it itches to be felt, it feels like an itch—

encrusted with beading, it's an eczema of sequins, rough, gullied, riven, puckered with stitchery, a frosted window against which we long to put our tongues,

a vase for holding the long-stemmed bouquet of a woman's body.
Or it's armor and it fits like a glove.
The buttons run like rivets down the front.

When we're in it we're machinery,
a cutter nosing the ocean of a town.
Right now it's lonely locked up in the closet; while we're busy

fussing at our vanity, it hangs there in the drooping waterfall of itself, a road with no one on it, bathed in moonlight, rehearsing its lines.