

## Emily's Dress

*At the Dickinson Homestead*

A replica, no body  
ever moved in this  
closed a bone button over a wrist

made the thousand ungrand gestures  
of a life's unfolding

where is that something real  
to lift by the shoulders  
and fold again carefully  
fabric dingy with a body's passage

seams still tight  
with hand-stitched dashes

## Rubber

Passing the tire factory on the way  
to school I'd move through pockets of haunted air,  
the sudden warmth of unseen hands would part  
across my face, wrist bones of smoke twisting  
away. This is my fate, I'd think, only half  
hating it, how my life was caught up  
in machinery I'd heard yet never seen,  
that constant comforting whir behind  
painted-over windows. Across the street  
in class I'd read about the honey-cured  
flesh of pharaohs, the green glow that spilled  
from the lab of Madame Curie, but still  
nothing changed, even Giza and Paris  
reeked with fumes of burning rubber.