

The Fleshes

She stood at the open closet
Looking at her pretty dresses.
She heard his happy singing,
“Oh the fleshes! Oh the fleshes!”

She straightened dress and grammar
When she lifted back her tresses,
“Say, ‘Oh the flesh’ or ‘Pretty breasts,’
Not ‘Oh the fleshes, oh the fleshes’.”

There were things that needed doing
In woods not made for dresses,
So she left him and his magic,
“Oh the fleshes! Oh the fleshes!”

She should give them all away,
They no longer fit — those dresses,
That covered up her body,
All her fleshes, oh the fleshes!

WINONA BAKER