

## Dream of the Pink and Black Lace, Just Like the Evening Gown

my favorite in high school,  
a dress I'd waited to see  
marked down and finally wrote  
the store, even then, able  
to get what I wanted

more easily on paper. I  
told them how often I'd come  
back, hoping it would be marked  
down and dashed up with my  
mother when they agreed  
to lower the price.

I feel the swirl of those  
gowns I ran my hand through,  
terrified mine wouldn't  
be there, then carrying it as  
carefully as a baby of blown glass.

It was so full my waist  
looked tiny inside it  
with hoops and a merry widow.  
The dress took up half  
my mother's closet,

less space than I did in her,  
especially after she had me.  
I don't think I wore it again, too  
dressy, too much lace to pack.  
But I can see it near the yellow

and the pink and white gauzy gowns,  
swirling strapless, a part of 38  
Main Street I expected to always  
be as it was, like my mother,  
waiting for me to fill it

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