

Clothesline
By Rosa Lane

I saw the wind within her
I knew it blew for me —
-Emily Dickinson, from 1502

Can you see
our nightclothes
whip the clothesline, clipped
side by side, swell
& billow frantic
for embodiment? How cold
winds advantage our absence,
inflate,
take habitation
throughout the day — makeshift
pro tempore? Can you see
our vacancies weave
& twist our arms
flailing? Our night
clothes creep the afternoon
elongate shadows crawling —
cross meadow's
first frost — crusting
last summer's grass.

Peeking green

escape, can you see

how we play dead,

pretend emptiness

slat dry, huffs

hung back into

our Cimmerian closet

replete?