

Anais Mitchell

"I Wear Your Dress"

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this is just to tell you that i wear your dress sometimes
the one you made with the gold brocade and the
empire waistline
you fitted to your figure when it looked just like my own
that was jersey in the fifties, and the women stayed at
home

so you laid your paper pattern on the table in between
the silverware and napkins and the harper's magazines
from a slow suburban season that is nothing but a
dream
to your granddaughter

this is just to tell you that i wear your dress sometimes
i wear it down to the bar in town and dance around all
night
talking and joking, swearing and smoking like any
stranger in a crowd
and nobody stares, nobody cares to tell me i'm not
allowed- i am allowed

and my body, by the letter of the law, is still my own
when i lay down in the darkness, unburdened and
alone
with the liberty you've given like the clothing you've
outgrown
to your granddaughter

this is just to tell you that i wear your dress sometimes

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