

Trace

She was gone some time before I found it
Screwed up and balled behind a shower cap.
I cried out, pulled away when I touched it,
Thinking it an animal that had long
Since died: it wasn't damp, didn't have a
Smell, but it resisted my fingertips.
I took it by the neck, shook it out to
Discover mottled patterns of navy,
Short sleeves, a now gone brand, sized at sixteen.
I wanted to try it on, twirl myself
Into someone else's shape, find out how
It feels to zip my body into an
Other woman's velvet, wondered could I
Become her by this one small change, could I
Step through the mirror, and come out alive.