

Jean Jackets and Taffeta

There must be comfort in something
A silent promise,
That beauty can be derived from “*things*”
That someday
All our taffeta and yarn
Cotton t-shirts and bedazzled jean jackets
Will someday
Come back to us
Nourishing our depleting bodies
With the memories of their wealth

We can only pray
That all of our efforts
Will come to bear *some* fruit
Even while we mutilate ourselves past repair
And
All we are is the ribbons of our failed goals
Our needles and thread will return to us
Stitching us back into the patchwork people
We are

By Katie Selens