

CHARD DENIORD

Elegy for a Dress

You wore it once, then hung it up,
telling yourself that you were happy enough without it.
That to ask for anything more would be a dangerous prayer
that God might answer.
You were afraid that you would burn if you left it on,
although the tag specifically warned
that it would burn if it wasn't worn.
All those years you were turning heads
with *older* garments from the newest stores
the dress smoldered in the closet like a ghost
trapped on a hanger, like a fire burning in the water.
It was the raiment that needed your body to keep its form.
To burn on you in highest fashion.