

Rolin Jones

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Scott Hyers
Untitled



BUTTONING YOUR DRESS

There is a ship sailing for the orient tonight. If you
Kill me and start running you can make that ship and
Sell my fingertips to the natives. My hands. I traded

Some grave robber a sack lunch for them but it wasn't a choice.
He threatened me with a thermos of chloroform. He took my
Birth hands and fled in a cloud of train smoke. Come away

From the mirror, let me shake the toothpaste out of your head,
Stick a straw in your forehead and suck out every juice in
Your body. Say I smashed your face in stained glass. Made you

Eat the shards of your favorite saint— a feast of evidence;
Photo booth kisses that could not move patio shingles, paddling
Vikings lost on the Hudson. I know now it was wrong to hide

The stitches from you, but I thought you might ask about
All the long sleeve shirts. We can skip the movies if you
Want to. My hands are much older than the rest of me.

