

**Rolin Jones**

51

**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.

