

Detritus

Hadley Nugent

There's this dress floating in Center Pond
It's been there for a few days,
all lace and pleats and sweetness—
translucent in it's privacy.
I see it when I walk the dog.
And from far away it's weightless,
suspended in a glass grave.
Pleats fanning out, terrible symmetry.

Someone loved it and then threw it by the side of the road.
Brambles sticking to the stitched cap sleeves.
Until its claimed by the water.
There's no mannequin, but it's a perfect liquid window.
I want to pull it out— I can save it.
but you tell me not to,
"Shakespeare's clowns," you say.

Then one morning it's gone—
maybe someone else saved it,
or it finally sank into the detritus