

## QUEEN ANNE'S BLACK LACE

a dress is a door you slam shut by opening its cloth softly a long row  
of buttonholes slipping your love to a man who was after your dress  
in its cloud of ambergris and deeply pleased leanings toward good  
are you done with skirts' false meadow and the long coat of his night  
swell with your breasts alone in a field where grasshopper zither  
dies back in singe you an ecstatic burn pagan fevers in shin bone  
and wrist split into grass nerve wild rye and golden rod whip  
your stride your limbs burst yellow tasseled in bracts of autumn mutiny  
rolls of slow brown stars prickle in wool your dress dies in a swath  
of broken orbits and outfits of *Rudbeckia* petals and lupine  
dropped back to wolf wild carrot draws a map of the soot  
and bloom of you blackening the lace holes you leave open for the ghosts