

Rebecca Leah Păpucaru

Body Bag

A lot depends on what's in the window
At Body Bag, the clothing store
I pass each morning on my way to work.

A lot depends on a lawn-green
Skirt and sheer floral blouse;
A pair of olive work pants
Paired with a carmine tube top.

At the office, I make it a point,
At least once a day to bow north.
Northeast to be exact,
Where the young girls at Body Bag
Pair a cobalt-blue T
With a pair of sequined shorts.

Another girl readies the clearance
Racks for my Sunday perusing
Of matronly duds from last season.
(A lot will depend on that simple
Taupe shift I will pick, all good lines,
Not a false note in it.)

At the office, I make it a point,
At least once a day to bow north.
I bend at the waist and face northeast.
I don't know where Mecca begins or ends,
But I can embrace a marked-down trend
That won't survive this season:

Perfect for work, the girl said.
Goes great with those shoes.