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.*