DYLAN THOMAS’ MADONNA

finds the book in the book case of a room she rarely goes in it smells like old clothes she puts one sleeve in wondering how the verbs ever fit pulls the neck over her letting it blur sunday she does this slowly as if the wool might dissolve or moths hatch and fly up like lotus seeds buried 800 years that sprout under water some of the poems are like taffeta lavender dresses or rhinestones over stiff crinoline but but the ones she slides into easily feel like an old chenille bathrobe a soft sweatshirt as easy to wear and still warm

— lyn lifshin
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