

In the Morning Their Shirt is Hanging Off the Bed

Like one of Dali's monstrous clocks in *The Persistence of Memory* specifically the one draped
over the pale mess resting in the dirt just below

focal point
the one with eyelashes a goose's beak
you know it remember the way it looked at first glance
like a horse stripped of life hair and legs
but not the heavy bits, the fleshy casing

the shirt is gray Heather gray like your name
in your dreams where everything smells like fresh cinnamon
you've never known how it grows how it hides beneath
the bark a second layer of skin more valuable more loved and no one
has ever called you Heather but in dreams you respond
as naturally as a tap on the shoulder as someone cupping your elbow
gently squeezing it

hanging from the bed it looks welcoming you consider putting it on your body
feeling it just a little tight leaving
wearing it under yours it wouldn't be missed
you tell yourself there are so many gray shirts and it really does
have your name your really name really the shirt does
smell just like in dreams.