

Miniature Literature #2

Nonsense of Fashion

If I wrote a symphony,
I'd make music to fit any dress,
obstinate enough to tear out
the seams and start over if the mood
warranted.

Beginning with the hem,
skirting around 'til the trumpets
were suitably brassy, I'd sew
up the gores to the waistline,
a precise tuba in circumference.

The bodice, each side properly
piccoloed. Sleeves long as you please,
leaving the tenors gasping to display their virtuosity.

Over the shoulders, straps, like strings bared
to the bow, shivering with excited frequency.

A flourish of ruffles from the clarinets down
the back, and the baton lifts,
pauses, and descends
with a fermata
twenty-nine
yards long.