

(from)  
TRIMMING - by  
HARRIS  
MULLEN

Becoming, for a song. A belt becomes such a small waist.  
Snakes around her, wrapping. Add waist to any figure,  
subtract, divide. Accessories multiply a look. Just the  
thing, a handy belt suggests embrace. Sucks her in. She  
buckles. Smiles, tighter. Quick to spot a bulge below the  
belt.

Starving to muffler moans, boa scarfs her up. Feathers  
tickle her nose. Kerchief, fichu. Gesundheit.

Her red and white, white and blue banner manner. Her  
red and white all over black and blue. Hannah's bandanna  
flagging her down in the kitchen with Dinah, with Jemima.  
Someone in the kitchen I know.

What's holding her up. Straps, laces. Garters, corsets, belts with laces. What's holding them up. If not straps, then laces. Buttons and bows, ribbons and laces set off their faces. Girls in white sat in with blues-saddened slashers. Laced up, frilled to the bone. Semi-automatic ruffle on a semi-formal gown.

Her feathers, her pages. She ripples in breezes. Rim and fringe are hers. Who fancies frills. Whose finery is a summer frock, light in the wind, riffling her pages, lifting her skirt, peeking at edges. The wind blows her words away. Who can hear her voice, so soft, every ruffle made smooth. Gathering her fluttered pages, her feathers, her wings.