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The Scarf

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Valerie Savior

THE BARRETTE

The barrette is fashioned of seven swollen squares
Of a weighty metal feigning silver. Each square is
Composed of a coiled strand of wire that, with the
Delicacy of thread, unravels from the mouths
Of the Chinese women one might see lingering by
The river along the brace of trees, whose brows
Are shaved, whose teeth are blackened and whose
Feet are bound in rags that bear a silver clasp.

THE SCARF

The narrow scarf is long, smoky & erotic. A massive purchase
At the time; it is edged in fine black piping. The scene affects
Scraps of tulips that float against black clouds. I used to drag it
Across my naked body to try to feel more beautiful. But at some
Point along the line I began to associate it with death. Someone
I love ravenously has a passionate urge to die. No one can toss
A scarf or draw a mouth as she. I lace my thoughts with scarves
In an attempt to save her but she has no desire to be saved.