2000

World in a Skirt

Heather McHugh

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WORLD IN A SKIRT

The French horn has us where she wants us—

hem of gold flown off
the turner’s stone—

360 fed into the one
head-turner—does she sharpen us,

and get the lead out?—spin us outward, get
some endlessness involved?—the 7 shaven sunshines, 4 red
top-hats, scraps of a leftover everything?
We can’t tell. She whirls herself

into us, us into her eyeshot’s veer, her
earwear’s metal—she’s the fluent

liquefactory, turns round from noun
to adjective and back—and echo into
dream-drink, fixer into flower, until one
and two and more and less are

wound inside her gown . . . Can we be
known—my Double-ex, or your Ex-wise—

once we’re a part
of all that artifice?

Hearer mirabile, sounder of seas!
What becomes of our likes in the likes of
unsettlement, we who are gluttons for 
grabbable glow, little bits of 
rebuttoning? Centrist 
disinstrument! she'll reconcile 
lovelorn semblables: 
the fugal, the petal . . .