

2008

# Not Even Rustles from Your Red Dress, Rustles

Gretchen Steele Pratt

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Pratt, Gretchen Steele. "Not Even Rustles from Your Red Dress, Rustles." *The Iowa Review* 38.3 (2008): 120-120. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6526>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact [lib-ir@uiowa.edu](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

GRETCHEN STEELE PRATT

*Not even rustles from your red dress, rustles*

Coming down the stairs before the red. Not reindeer coming  
Towards the fence with their antlers sawed off, towards  
Small hands shoved through the chain-link fence, small  
Fingernails licked by their dry tongues. Not even fingernails  
Sinking into grass. Not even winter sunlight sinking  
Without finding me asleep on the rug without  
Blankets under the potted Norfolk pine. Not river green blanket  
Humidity hanging in the trees. Not Mom and Dad, their humidity,  
Amber cocktails melting their veins at that hour. Not amber  
Bobby pins sunk in brown pomaded hair. Not even bobby pins  
Dropping on the red aisle. Not even that dime dropping  
Into my flute before I go on stage. Not the night falling into  
Clicking dials of an old gas pump or a cream umbrella clicking  
Open. Just bats softening out of the chimney into the open  
Backyard blue darkness. Not even me in the wet backyard  
Taking off my shirt in front of the new roses taking off.

120