

## *Heather McHugh*

### 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 . . .