

CARRIE POLLACK

Dowry

In my dress-up-trunk tiara,
I dragged to wedded life:

An oxcart piled with ancestral crockery
(airline silver and jelly jars,
the clawfoot tureen, its Krazy-Glued cracks).

A string of cans
too drunk to walk upright,
childhood's phone line, hiccuping *Jack off!*

My cud-chewing shadow —
a tagalong odalisque —
all moans and winks and peekaboo nightie.

My pouch of hubris, its marsupial oddness.
Hand-me-down feet.
An erasable surname.