

GOODWILL, INC.

caught at hanger's ends the limp
trousers suspended
from zippers like fish surprised
at what they carried
a king's ring or the genitals
that float like the air bladders
behind the fish's gills & take life
from the liquid where an alien heavy-

bodied animal may drown.
the belts, brassieres & galluses
with their elastic gone
in the orbits the bodies pulled
apart as they circled

each other. the big woman's
girdle broken
by buttocks that moved
like moons around her sex
till she strips
at night to that dark
reflected light a husband
sheds as he travels

in her stunning gravity.
Love, against your bin of odd
sizes I leaned last—
broken shoes, the borrowed old
man's digestion of a dead
wife who still travels the seamless
loneliness of his insides, or
that first love like a rare food
which went to fat about his loins.

in the dirty changing-room men &
women must share I assume other
men's clothes, as many as I can put
on of ever-larger sizes
till I stumble & weave
other richer lives on my own.