

Doll

Flea-marketing, I found myself
as a rag doll. Dark hair, snarky
smile, over-stuffed thighs. I brought her
home and dressed her in my clothes.
I sewed my wedding ring to her finger,
set her in the bed with a book
in her lap. I slunk out the window
with bus fare and my makeup bag.

I came home one year later
in the sewer-colored night, pouring
myself through the same window
I'd escaped from. The rag doll
was still in bed, book thrown aside,
dreamless and wide-eyed.

He didn't move when I replaced the doll
in bed, and I pulled him close
to tell him his honey was home.
Then I settled in, amazed
at what one little year can do.
A year can take you to Texas
and back, it can make you miss
poker night and the Jack-and-Coke
on his breath. A year will make
your lips fuller and your hair longer.
A year can even change a man,
can make him stop snoring, and can
leave him with hair as soft as yarn.

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