

Low-hanging

By Madison Hoffman

I remember the evening
when the wisps of an unexamined feeling
hung like condensed air, always clinging
to the surface of my baby blonde hair,
to the rose-plump of my cheeks,
and the powdered crease beneath my eyes.

That night smelt comfortably old like
wet stone and cigarettes,
and in dark store windows, in puddled pictorials,
sat low-hanging jeans and fluorescent reds.

Then—it was rare to ever be with my body,
but that night I was—
as to live without performing, you must be invisible or divine
like the ripest fruit hanging
near to the ground, a wide leaf shading.