

DANIELLE JONES-PRUETT

Simulacrum

Descartes was traveling with his daughter,
but no one else had seen her. In the storm-dark of his cabin,
they pried the lid off the box marked *fragile*,
found the girl encased: black curls nesting
on smocked shoulders. In lantern light her lips
blazed copper. She cocked her head
when they reached for her,
their wedding bands ringing
against her metal arms.