

D. GILSON

Sewing Lesson

Above me, my mother sews a blue dress
for Brad, the only drag queen in our town.
She's bent before her work as I caress

the yards of silk charmeuse gathered round
her feet. The ceiling fan whirs, and sequins—
silver, chartreuse—fly about us, flutter down,

stick in my curly hair. Mother tousles them
free, and quick, begins to sew again.