

FREDERICK WILBUR

IN THE HANGER HOUSE

Lost in the commotion of coats,
the tweed of your lover,
smoke in the absence of fire.

Boots stumble you into corners
when you turn to leave. They do not apologize,
eager for cadence along fashionable avenues.

As you feel the handshake of an empty sleeve
empty hats tumble from shelved dark,
acrobats unbalanced.

They want to ride
your head, famous by association.
Epiphanies in umbrellas

tightly furled, impatient to explode.
As you walk away with your corduroy friend,
empty hangers ting in sympathy,

like love not quite worn out.