

History of Attachment

Whale bone, jet, tooth. Button owes a lot to sand against skin. When hands could no longer clutch clothing. She is powder undone and reordered, not meant to be glued. She is tricky and agile under bus seats, circling a drain or wrist, down a spine. Button runs on toes, her days at the beach meaningless. Held tight like lace, hook and eye, pedal pusher, elastic gather.

Copper is not a name she called herself. She was spent like a dime, they spit-shined. She loved a man that held her in his palm, things that fell open. Clam shell, toggle, grasp, grip, garter belt. The point of a collar.

Fallen, Button was useless. Stapled to a cord, hung on a door, pinned to a pillow, cardboard tucked in the corner of a mirror. Blurry from the years, not cracked or broken. Breathless at the sound of a jar screwed shut.