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Coat

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Kara van de Graaf

Coat

The body keeps going forever. Then
the body snaps, stung
 elastic of the rubber band
breaking against your skin,

the world's boozy blur
 arresting, for a moment,
so you can see. It was always
this way, the things you believed

would only keep growing, start
coiling back on themselves
 like a split end, the plump
bow of your mouth

thinning out, the shoulders
 that broadened into something
lovely caving forward inch
by inch until they're a hollow

thing kissing itself. How easy it is
to long for any object
 that reminds you of what
you used to be, covered

in youth's golden fat,
 your hair tangling
at your waist, your hair thick enough
to be impenetrable, remarkable,

if they remembered you
they remembered your hair.
 My grandmother's coat hangs
in the closet. The good one,

the auburn fur she wore. Only
 on Christmas. Only when
it was special. When I touch it
I lose my hand.