



Pelt

This molding coat I'm wearing—this *mood*—
this chewed up mink, this blessed heavy mess
with its wet kinks, with its wiffy kiss of sweat,

this mood, all its gnarls, its curls, its age-old
burrs, this wretched sable, this fetching ruin,
thick hulk funking its bulk in my rough shape—

ratty mood! Menace in its drape, its feeble sag,
my drowsy cape. Sleeves uneven, buttons like
loose teeth. And me with nothing underneath.