

Discards

by Kitty Boots

hemmed in by rain
I escaped the house, soggy gardens
and ventured into thrift shops for things I didn't need
but bought anyway

a flannel shirt, black and white, washed, tumbled to faded gray
soft, comforting
a velvet skirt, long, sequins on the bodice
old hippie-looking shit, perfect

a Mexican falsa blanket, shades of cream, black and white
baskets to hang on my porch
a crocheted afghan, who would get rid of this?

I have all the afghans my Aunt Lois made for me
she made one for my son when he was born, one for every new
house I moved into because my color schemes always changed

a copy of William Warner's *Beautiful Swimmers*, \$1
I'd lent my copy to a man I'd met in Galveston
he was shipping out on a steamer to Belize later that week
we spent the night together, he begged me to go with him

Church-lady dresses with matching jackets
old lingerie
leather cowboy boots with high heels, lightly worn
I bought 'em

