

## Closet surfing

Shirts have their plans to make it big, dreaming in their retail cribs based at [the mart] or placed in posh department stores.

[They're more like us than you may think.]

They present themselves smooth and buttoned in their bags, hoping that [the brag] of their display will sway you to choose them [as your own].

By either impulse or decision, [they take no preference in the two] so long as you will take them home]. With iron wills they've traveled through hot water, [starch] and pressing steam from cotton mill to closets.

They've held their breath and pushed ahead to stretch their topstitched threads into [as straight a line] as they can manage to command.

Yet, even still, they hang but listless without spirit, [though ambitious in their giving off of dryer sheet bouquets].

For they are, [after all], but dry goods.

[They crave a soul] infused with salty sweat-drenched traces [that come only from] their brush against [the Living].

It seems the human heart, [too], is imbued with ardent enterprise to set itself apart for noble meaning.

We lay astir in bed at night and dream [the] scheme by which we'll pull ourselves above whatever notch [we're on].

With flashlights drawn, [we hole up in our closets] making plans [to be germane].

We crouch there in concealing dark, [just below tomorrow's street-ready threads]; sipping from our private stock of knock-their-socks-off strategy.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday's Ts are strewn beneath our knees, [scented] with spent elbow grease [dispatched in our crusade to be distinct].

I think that any finery of [me] can [more readily] be seen in the tarnish of my laundry clothes than in [any of those tidy collars waiting to be lived].

Here in [this dark], my Sunday best [window dressing efforts] are no better than my tattered painting jeans; [for all are seen alike without the Light].

If the mansions [I have sought] were someday bought with my own savings, I'd gladly deed them to my rivals [in exchange for the survival of my chance at transformation].

For I am, [after all], but textile on [the Loom].

And [here on this closet floor], my crave is for the soothing smooth line of [the design] handcrafted by [the Tailor].