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Nina Nyhart

COMING TO TERMS WITH THE FEMININE

When I step into the rowboat, my arms lengthen, touch water, propel me backward into the cove. Through fog I hear the rowing teacher. My arms grow stronger, younger—one long glide—an insect sliding over bottle-green satin.

*

In the vast and gloomy woods, hanging from an oak branch—an evening gown of shot-silk—crimson, violet, orchid—with a high price tag. The old oak is said to hold on longest to its leaves. What's a dress compared to that? Swinging there.

*

Twin girls wearing red dresses at the railroad station, their blond hair drawn back in tight braids. I am meeting them, as I must. They are the exception, they tell me, and their secret is they are really a song.