

# Let Me Be

Georgey Elaine

I don't want to be white shoes  
Clean sneakers the high school boys are afraid to walk in  
I don't want to be a decorative plate  
Locked behind glass where no one will ever scrape their fork over me  
Or chip me trying to put me in the cabinet  
Most of all, I would loathe to be a wedding dress  
Lacy white gauze worn once and hardly touched  
Special for a single day  
Before forgotten  
I've never seen my mother's wedding dress  
And I do not want to  
The hint of her veil was enough  
Smiling next to my father in an old photograph  
I used to look upon with wonder  
A dress worn to shackle herself to my father  
No, let me be your favorite shirt  
Wrinkled red, with the faded letters  
Your most worn bra  
Let me be wrinkled and stained  
Sent through countless wash cycles  
Let me be able to come back  
Let me be soft  
The fleece blanket draped over you  
I want to be a poem  
Something startling  
An image seared into minds, a pain in your chest  
Short, with meaning  
Let me be chai tea  
Deeply steeped, spiced with cardamom  
Felt in the throat  
Whipped cream on your lips  
A piece of home hot in your hands  
Let me be as I wish I could; something small but loved