

Fashion Show

Lewis Horne

Did she think, "Depression,"
As banks collapsed,
Men took to the road, farms
Reclaimed and lost?

In home ec. class she sewed
For their fashion show,
Giving each shy stitch its care.
She knew how.

But to think of crossing the stage
At Franklin School
Gave a chill like Utah frost
To bone and muscle

In the warm Arizona weather
Where she's new.
Was "Depression" a time?—or money
Still just slow?

Cleaned shoes, new dress, and hair
Combed carefully so.
"At Molly, before me, they laughed."
(Ha, ha. Ho, ho.)

"She runs a women's store now.
Is well-to-do."
But she who expected the laugh,
The blushful to-do,

Made it across the stage
With the simple poise
Of the modest, of those who believe
That neither praise

Nor censure is their due
 In a public place,
Or performance the game expected
 Of their race.