

Disrobed

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The moment that I cannot comprehend
is when you took your garments off.

I wonder (though I don't quite want to know)
whether, when the moment came,
it was conscious or was incidental.

I wonder
did you drop them to the floor one day
and decide you would not put them on again
or did you wear them till you wore them out,
sorry there would be no more?

I wonder when you shopped for their replacements
did you look for color and design
or did you stick with plain, white cotton?

I wonder
did you cut away the markings?
did you ever miss the way they sometimes brushed your skin?

Did you grieve or rage or celebrate?

I remember how it felt
to wash and fold my parents' underwear
the first time and the second.
But I got used to it.

And now I wonder (though I don't quite want to know)

Did you?