

# Trimmings

as extra  
as ornamentation  
(regressive)  
"Adolf Loos 'Ornament  
+ Crime'"



Don't ask me what to wear.

*attributed to Sappho*

"

"

"

AD L KO



Becoming, for a song. A belt becomes such a small waist. Snakes around her, wrapping. Add waist to any figure, subtract, divide. Accessories multiply a look. Just the thing, a handy belt suggests embrace. Sucks her in. She buckles. Smiles, tighter. Quick to spot a bulge below the belt.

Lips, clasped together. Old leather fastened with a little snap. Strapped, broke. Quick snatch, in a clutch, chased the lady with the alligator purse. Green thief, off relief, got into her pocketbook by hook or crook.

Tender white kid, off-white tan. Snug black leather, second skin. Fits like a love, an utter other uttered. Bag of tricks, slight hand preserved, a dainty. A solid color covers while rubber is protection. Tight is tender, softness cured. Alive and warm, some animal hides. Ghosts wear fingers, delicate wrists.

sheepskin  
condoms

Kid gloves

Made from cow

Protection through  
chiaroscuro - racial  
identification



Starving to muffler moans, boa scarfs her up. Feathers tickle  
her nose. Kerchief, fichu. Gesundheit.



Her red and white, white and blue banner manner. Her  
red and white all over black and blue. Hannah's bandanna  
flagging her down in the kitchen with Dinah, with Jemima.  
Someone in the kitchen I know.

Jazzman:  
hat

Brimming over eye shades cool complexion, delicate hue,  
the lid on, keeps a cool head under high hat.

Lucas  
the  
on

↓  
um

cool jazz

cymbal

~

A little tight, something spiked, tries on a scandal. One of a  
pair vamps it up with a heel. If the shoe fits, another mule  
kicking, a [fallen, arch] angel loses sole support.

punch

sandal

slippage as a  
poetic device

~  
ella

~  
of

transformation  
shoe db

theme of (repeated)  
fragmentation  
in adv. imaging

← panty hose

brand

← the box is divided at the box

Two shapely legs stretch, then run. (Sheer magic) a box divided. One saw a woman cut in half, waving incredible feet.

←  
Slight  
pink

both figurative  
of bodily economies

A light white disgraceful sugar looks pink, wears an air, pale compared to shadow standing by. To plump recliner, naked truth lies. Behind her shadow wears her color, arms full of flowers. A rosy charm is pink. And she is ink. The mistress wears no petticoat or leaves. The other in shadow, a large, pink dress.   
nudity → cleavage falls into leaves



The color 'nude,' a flesh tone. Whose flesh unfolds barely,  
appealing tan. Shelf life of stacked goods. Body stalking  
software inventories summer stock. Thin-skinned Godiva  
with a wig on horseback, body cast in a sit calm.



Garters garnish daughters partner what mothers they gather  
they tether.



In folds of chaste petticoats, chupamirtos. In a red sack with a silk ribbon, hummingbird, whose *tongue is sweet*. Charm for love, a captive beat, a flutter. Hidden under ruffles, secret heart, a red pouch tied with silk.



A rich match fits a couple of gilded calves. Silk stockings glide up *fine-tuned, high-toned thighs*. Blue-vein stock requires noblessing, sitting pretty in lap de luxe.





Bare skin almost, underworn. Warm stitched-together soft  
torn toy. Stuffed and laced voluptuous imaginary mam-  
mal made of lovely lumps. Dear plump-cheeked plaything  
taken to bed and hugged in the dark.



Releases from valises. Scientific briefs. Chemists model  
molecular shadows structure mimic dancers. Shirt on the  
line, a flapper's shimmy shake in a silk chemise. A shift, a  
woman's movement, a loose garment of manmade fabric.  
Polly and Esther living modern with better chemistry.



Of a girl, in white, between the lines, in the spaces where nothing is written. Her starched petticoats, giving him the slip. Loose lips, a telltale spot, where she was kissed, and told. Who would believe her, lying still between the sheets. The pillow cases, the dirty laundry laundered. Pillow talk-show on a leather couch, slips in and out of dreams. Without permission, slips out the door. A name adores a Freudian slip.



Night moon star sun down gown. Night moan stir sin dawn gown.



Dress shields, armed guard at breastwork, a hard mail covering. Brazen privates, testing their mettle. Bolder soldiers make advances, breasting hills. Whose armor is brassier.



*Mistress in undress, filmy peignoir. Feme sole in camisole. Bit part, petite cliché. Dégagé ladies lingering, careless of appurtenances. Longing pajamas, custom worn to disrobe. Froufrou negligee, rustling silk, or cattle. Negligent in ladies' lingerie, a dressy dressing down.*

~

Girt, a good old girl got hiped. They thrive with wives,  
broad beams. Most worthy girth, providing firm. Foun-  
dations in midriff. Across (between) girdled loins, tender  
girders. Gartered, perhaps, struts. Stretching, a snap crotch.

~

Some panties are plenty. Some are scanty. Some or any.  
Some is ante.



Tiny binary aftermath figure. Navel baste playmates with ultimate breeder of nuclear families. Suburban bombshell shelters magazines of big guns aiming to sell inny things or nothing at all.



Step into gathered floral. Sashay and flounce out. At length, skirt's sweep, her furbelow. Or slit, tight. Gored, wrapped, young shirttail tucked. Cowgirl, hips suede. Leather fringe skirts, a border. A stiff, fine crinoline. Straight seams, hemmed, or binding. Warm hands, felt skirt. An issue of blood, she pleated.



Mum, dissembling girl, resembling cartoon mouse. Scant-  
ness forces a stand, she cannot bend.



Heartsleeve's dart bleeds whiter white, softened with wear.  
Among blowzy buxom bosomed, give us this—blowing,  
blissful, open. O most immaculate bleached blahs, bless  
any starched, loosening blossom.



Menswear, the britches. Rosie flies off the handle. Jeans so tight, she pants. Wants to cool out, slacks off.



Of what material softness folds to hold her, under when over, inside or out, where air is, makes a difference in motion, living here—or walking. Taking off, putting on her flimsy garment. Holes breathe, and swallow. Openings, hem, sleeve. Borders on edges where skin stops, or begins. Fancy trim. Sew buttons on, but they are slow to open flowers—imagine the color. Loose skirt, a petal, a pocket for your hand. My dress falls over my head. A shadow overtakes me.

When a dress is red, is there a happy ending. Is there murmur and satisfaction. Silence or a warning. It talks the talk, but who can walk the walk. Distress is red. It sells, shouts, an urge turned inside out. Sight for sore eyes, the better to see you. Out for a stroll, writing wolf tickets.

Girl, pinked, beribboned. Alternate virgin at first blush. Starched petticoat besmirched. Stiff with blood. A little worse for wear.





The bride wore white. Posed in modest bodice a la mode. Cake with sugar rosebuds and white frosting. Everyone gets a piece. Off-color jokes, borrowed and blue. Her blush, tip of the iceberg, froze in layers of lace, in a photograph of her smile.



Cold feet, darned socks. Mismatched pair, the black sock and the blue sock. Male color blindness. A girl's thin ankles.

up by bootstraps

What's holding her up. Straps, laces. Garters, corsets, belts with laces. What's holding them up. If not straps, then laces. Buttons and bows, ribbons and laces set off their faces. "Girls in white sat in with blues-saddened slashers. Laced up, frilled to the bone. Semi-automatic ruffle on a semi-formal gown.

Her feathers, her pages. She ripples in breezes. Rim and fringe are hers. Who fancies frills. Whose finery is a summer frock, light in the wind, riffling her pages, lifting her skirt, peeking at edges. The wind blows her words away. Who can hear her voice, so soft, every ruffle made smooth. Gathering her fluttered pages, her feathers, her wings.

~

Clip, screw, or pierce. Take your pick. Friend or doctor, needle or gun. A dab of alcohol pats that little hurt hole. Hardly a dimple is soon forgotten brief sting. Stud, precious metal. Pure, possessive ring. Antibody testifying with immunity to gold, rare thing. So malleable and lovable, wearing such wounds, such ornaments.

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Body on fire, spangles. Light to sequin stars burn out at both ends.

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*Cinderella highball cocktail frock. Plastered, shellacked, and laminated. Blind drunk hobbled home in a laine dress.*

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*Bones knit. Skins pink, flush tight. White margin, ample fleshings. Out of character, full blush. Flushed out of hiding, pink in the flesh.*



Gold chains, choker, ring her neck. Draw a bead, string it.  
Precious jewel, locket. Real pearl handles it, lacy-necked  
in the black. What rankles, she fakes it. Less than naked,  
strung out, stranded.



Akimbo bimbos, all a jangle. Tricked out trinkets, aloud  
galore. Cimcracks, a stack. Bang and a whimper. Two to  
tangle. It's a jungle.

~

Harmless amulets arm little limbs with poise and charm.

~

In feathers, in bananas, in her own skin, intelligent body attached to a gaze. Stripped down model, posing for a savage art, brought color to a primitive stage.

skin as a costume → performance  
surface

strategic  
(bodies playing  
text / chess)

the art was



Chichi busy bodice with fancywork got filigreed and gold.  
Then plumed themselves in fancy dress and knit their brows  
to clothe the naked.



Punched in like slopwork. Mild frump and downward  
drab. Slipshod drudge with chance of dingy morning slog.  
Tattered shoulders, frayed eyes, a dowdy gray. Frowzy in a  
slatternly direction.



Duds, garbled garb. Misfits, women in breaches. Early bloomers or bluestockings, whose blue worsted wicked black dress, or a white none inhabits. Unholy Magdalene with her veil of tears.



Mohair, less nape to crown fluffed pillow. Fuzzyhead, down for a nap. Soft stuff of dreams in which she fluffs it.





Animal pelts, little minks, skins, tail. Fur flies. Pet smitten,  
smooth beaver strokes. Muff, soft, 'like rabbits.' Fine fox  
stole, furtive hiding. Down the road a pretty fur piece.



Opens up a little leg, some slender, high exposure. Splits a  
chic sheath, tight slit. Buy another peek experience, price  
is slashed. Where tart knife, scoring, minced a sluttish strut.  
Laughing splits the seams. Teeth in a gash, letting off steam.

Swan neck, white shoulders, lumps of fat. A woman's face above it all. Unriddled sphinx 'without secrets.' Alabaster bust, paled into significance. Clothes opening, revealing dress, as French comes into English. Suggestively, a cleavage in language.

Decorative scrap. A rib, on loan. Fine fabric, finished at edges. Fit for tying or trimming. Narrow band, satin, a velvet strip. A ribbon wound around her waist. A glancing bow. Red ribbon woven through her, blue-ribbon blonde. For valor, a shred of dignity. A dress torn to ribbons.



For frills, fancy crimps and shaves. Cuts curls, frail frounce.  
Smiles, curtsies, now only of women flexing a fondness.  
Plain as a broad steaming a wrinkle, takes out the starch.  
Frisled up to here, she starts sleeking. Flat, flatter, flatterer.



Gaudy gawks at baubles fondle tawdry laces up in garish  
gear, a form of being content.



Chaste, apprehended, collared and cuffed. Kept under wraps, as bridal veils visually haze precious, easily torn, gauzy romantic tissues. Thin threads lace into delicate, expensive fabrics woven and unwoven at night by patient spinsters with needles and scissors. Laced in, as fate would have it. Knots and the tiniest holes. Surgical cutting and sewing. Peeking as usual. Skin under lace. A thread, a net effect, a web to sleep in. A white nightgown, girl, child, baby, laced and unlaced. A ruffle, a frill. A pale piece of something, almost made of air.



Rapt babes in peekaboo webs. Preying widows, spiders in black weeds. Smoldering glance in a drop-dead dress. Witches burning at high stakes. Blackened virgins, selling the sizzle.



Hand in glove hankers, waves a white flag. Hand to mouth surrenders, flirts with hanky-panky.



Low impact, lateral moves. No new wrinkles favor grace to last past shoe chat. Old sneakers jog their memories. Cool heels, odd hours in the park. Whistling dogs and cars exhaust. Stopped in her tracks, that doffed hat knocks her socks off.

Shades, cool dark lasses. Ghost of a smile.

A fish caught, pretty fish wiggles for a while. A caught fish squirms. A freshly licked fish sighs. Gapes with holes for eyes. A wiggling fish flashes its display. A pattern over whiteness. Bareness comes with coverage for peeking through holes to see flesh out of water. Cold holes where eyes go. The sea is cold. Her body of foam, some frothy Venus. Or strayed mermaid, tail split, bleeds into the sea. With brand new feet walks unsteady on land, each step an ache.

What a little moonlight inside her pink silvery is softness  
condensing a glaze to repair a blister. Itches sit and silken,  
*growing dearer to the wearer.* Who would wear a neck-  
lace of tears. Inside her moonlight lining, tears were shed.  
Smooth tears, bitter water, a salted wound produced a pearl.  
A mother's luster-manufactured. a colored other. Pearl had  
a mother who cried.

Her ribbon, her slender is ribbon when to occupy her  
hands a purse is soft. Wondering where to hang the keys,  
the moon is manicured. Her paper parasol and open fan  
become her multiplication of a rib which is connected  
and might start a fire for cooking. Who desires crisp vége-  
tables, she opens for the climate. A tomato isn't hard. It  
splits in heat, easy. It's seasonal. Once in a while there is  
heat, and several flowers are perennials. Roses shining with  
green-gold leaves and bright threads. Some threads do wilt  
after starching. She has done the starching and the bleach-  
ing. She has pink too and owns earrings. Would never be  
shamed by pearls. A subtle blush communicates much.  
White peeks out, an eyelet in a storm.



Thinking thought to be a body wearing language as clothing or language a body of thought which is a soul or body the clothing of a soul, she is veiled in silence. A veiled, unavailable body makes an available space.

# S\*PeRM\*\*K\*T



This is no authority for the abuse of cheese.

*Gertrude Stein*

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