

Death's Dress

Liddy Elizabeth Franco
John Carroll University, efranco22@jcu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Franco, Liddy Elizabeth () "Death's Dress," *The John Carroll Review*: Vol. 76: Iss. 1, Article 74.
Available at: <https://collected.jcu.edu/jcr/vol76/iss1/74>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the Student at Carroll Collected. It has been accepted for inclusion in The John Carroll Review by an authorized editor of Carroll Collected. For more information, please contact mchercourt@jcu.edu.

For the frozen homeless man, may you rest in peace

Death's Dress

Liddy Elizabeth Franco

My awful queen, cloaked in stale snow blankets
Too thick to shovel through, small memories
Of life imprinted across, embroidered
As muddled footsteps and uncanny lumps.
Your trails that keep sneaking up my ankles
Remind me too much of the man that begged,
Huddled on a return sleeping bag spread
below the JCP's side window awning. Under
That awning now is a pile of painted
Spikes-no longer a shelter for a dead
man. How did you peel him from the cement?
Did your frozen fingers stick better to his skull?
Did he fight back as you stitched him into
Your lace? Are his cracked fingertips still blue?