No Pockets

Jody Condit Fagan

James Madison University, faganjc@jmu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons.lib.jmu.edu/letfspubs

Part of the Gender and Sexuality Commons

Recommended Citation
https://commons.lib.jmu.edu/letfspubs/207

This Other is brought to you for free and open access by the Libraries at JMU Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Libraries by an authorized administrator of JMU Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact dc_admin@jmu.edu.
No Pockets
By Jody Condit Fagan

Read at Queer Poetry Night, Friendly City Safe Space, June 3, 2022

I had four navy blue dresses—
One with a belt and a circle skirt
One with flounces all across the front
One with blurry white flowers
One with a zipper
from neck
to
hem.
None of them had pockets.

I had two pleated dresses, fully lined.
One cornflower blue
One black for funerals.
No pockets.

There was a burgundy sweater dress with lace sleeves.
An ankle length denim dress with a gauzy bolero.
No pockets.

I had two white dresses, both trimmed with ribbons.
Neither had pockets.

I had a floaty floral dress bought from pier one imports.
It smelled like a bamboo papasan.
No pockets.

I had a pale blue dress that Heidi Klum would have said looked like it was made out of puppy pee pads.
When I wore it, I hoped no one had seen that episode of Project Runway.
Had two slits at the waist that evoked the idea of pockets.
No pockets.

I had five red dresses, one a tight-fitting Ralph Lauren with cap sleeves that I was never sure if I should wear to work.
One had a string tie that wanted to fall in the toilet.
Three required a padded bra to keep the bust from sagging.
No pockets in any of those.
I had three sleeveless dresses with no pockets:
A cotton one with the back cut out
A sheath with a side zip, hard to sit down in
A brown linen number with buttons
from neck
    to
    hem.

Finally: A black lace dress that the fashion police at a library conference praised me for, I guess because it wasn’t Dowdy.
Still no pockets.

That’s 21 dresses, if you weren't counting.

I took 21 dresses to the thrift store,
because I no longer wore them.

I had to take just a few at a time.
I had to check
    that I wasn’t losing anything.

At least

    I didn't have to check

    the pockets.