

Candy Wrappers
by Sheri Doyle

I tried to do something sensible,
resourceful (environmental even?),
but especially constructive
with all of the wrappers.

I hand-sewed a dress for you—
a ball gown of
waxy white and shiny gold
with a flowing
(and I know this is a bit much)
half-mile train.

What started out as a handbag
slowly became something much larger.
(I know—not practical.
You don't even like casual dresses.)

If you wear it (you won't)
you'll smell like a caramel.
People will stop and say,
"How sweet!"

I'll be trailing behind,
train held up in one hand,
a threaded needle and
fresh wrapper in the other,
caramel melting in mouth.

But let's be real here—
I won't make you wear the gown.
I'll wear it myself and spare you
the burden of my indulgences.

(This is not a confession
or an apology although I am sorry.
This is a gown pattern
if ever you need one.)