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# Eleanor

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*Alexa Winik*

## ELEANOR

The box brims:  
Silkworm spun from a  
street vendor to your  
neck; this scarf is blackbird  
red, smells burnt, like tea.

Roman threads, Tibor spun,  
and another, blue-eyed blue  
French silk found spun  
near a Parisian épicerie.  
I also brought you Buckingham spoons.

It's like the magician's rainbow  
flowing fountainous  
from bleeding sleeves:  
I think, "It's just a scarf trick,"  
so I don't cry.

I don't recall the last time  
you warmed your neck with French silk.  
But I recall red-tin pop cans, half-empty,  
against frosted-down panes  
while we waited.

Lovely you, so homespun Philadelphia  
friendly; and rose petal cheeks,  
from laughter. I think my mother  
hates that I didn't cry  
and thought of silkworms instead.

This box bleeds out empty.  
So I foil the magician, stuff the colors  
away. The blue-eyed blue  
spins: I don't  
know how to miss you.