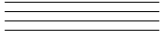


# O L D D R E S S



E L L E N K A U F M A N

The look: Elizabethan, with a dropped  
hourglass waist, cotton lawn instead  
of satin, a tight pleated bodice topped  
with tiers of ruffles, and a full skirt wed  
to stiffened tulle to give it extra girth.  
Budded in blue, the ribbon trim is Keats:  
*a flowery band to bind us to the earth*  
at waist and neck and where the ankle meets

the atmosphere above “the perfect shoe.”  
*Fantastic grow the evening gowns:* they grew  
as empires fell. But now the polar caps  
undress themselves, dropping their white lace slips  
from virgin spoils of land while our despair  
is fashioned into one hot thing to wear.