

# Wardrobe

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At an early age I became an expert in cramped places: the attic crawlspace, the thin hollow between shrubs & house, the diminishing area beneath the basement stairs where I read comics & hid from the wind's vocabulary of schoolyard taunts.

How limitless those confined areas!

Fort, clubhouse of one, workshop, den. Soon I sought out smaller spaces, contorted myself into car trunks, packing crates; I even curled myself into a stray cigar box, dreamed it the navel of girls whose names carpeted my speechless tongue—I'd hide anywhere but in an ear, that place where chatter enters. I envied the thread led between holes in a button & the hermit crab which once inhabited the spiral shell my mother placed in the bathroom.

Once I even slid myself into a sleeve of that one dark suit my father left behind, hollow with his absence; though it didn't fit him anymore, it didn't fit me either.