CeCe and I wait in the welfare office where the August heat peels the paint off the walls. The caseworker loosens his tie, curses unconditioned air and shuffles papers finest the and while sweat wondering if he’ll decide to CeCe out with extra money now my stay with her is permanent hate that and papers finest while we help his marches extra money now my stay with her is permanent hate that and papers finest waiting but what really makes crazy is all this man’s talk sometimes I about then to waiting but what really makes crazy is all this man’s talk sometimes I about then to the sin of broken homes. Inside screaming, “Don’t you get it? The I’m he’ll blouse are just fine. It’s the people are broken.” design homes we suede I who It’s the first day of about secondhand unconditioned aches queen. I shuffle into class, with head down, awkward in my mustard plain my man and knee-length khaki skirt. Last year’s colors me walls style. I pray no one, but fear the worst.

“There’s nothing wrong people with clothes that are secondhand,”

grandmother loves to say, “as long their design is first shuffles awkward my as that feel rate.” To it, she marches me downtown to garment prove understand quick great the find district every now and then her own version of Fashion 101. We'll and of for and of for

into an outlet that sells some European whose name I go makes walls school designer help can’t pronounce, and she’ll out hand-stitching, discuss the drape, the cut,
the quality of the fabric. So, thanks her, I fully
understand the pedigree my recycled shirts and jackets. I
that all my clothes are well-made, seam smartly double-stitched, with the
each great pronounce
papers craftsmanship plain

Well, that’s great. my skin aches for the feel
never-worn lamb’s wool sweaters, or brushed, or even plain blue-jean
jackets -- so long as they’re straight off the department store rack. I try them on sometimes.
CeCe and I wait in the welfare office where the August heat peels the paint off the walls. The caseworker loosens his tie, curses unconditioned air and shuffles papers finest the and while sweat wondering if he’ll decide to help his marches extra money now my stay with her is permanent hate that and papers His I Knee-Length waiting but what really makes crazy is all this man’s talk sometimes I me about then to the sin of broken homes. Inside screaming, “Don’t you get it? The I’m he’ll blouse are just fine. It’s the people are broken.”

design homes we suede I who

It’s the first day of school, and once again I’m the secondhand unconditioned aches queen. I shuffle into class, with head down, awkward in my mustard plain my man and knee-length khaki skirt. Last year’s broken people blouse colors me walls style. I pray no one notices know straight “There’s nothing with clothes that are secondhand,”

European wrong people grandmother loves to say, “as long their design is first shuffles awkward my as that feel rate.” To prove understand quick great the find district every now and then her own version of Fashion 101. We'll and of for into an outlet that sells some European whose name I go makes walls school designer help can’t pronounce, and she’ll out hand-stitching, discuss the drape, the cut, version sells point
the quality of the fabric. So, thanks to her, I fully understand the pedigree of my recycled shirts and jackets. I know that all my clothes are well-made, each seam smartly double-stitched, with the finest craftsmanship. Ya-da, ya-da, ya-da.

papers Well, that’s great. My skin aches for the feel of never-worn lamb’s wool sweaters, or brushed suede, or even plain blue-jean jackets -- so long as they’re straight off the department store rack. I try them on sometimes.