

The Glass Menagerie

By Hannah Ahn

For the man who made art out of memory

The ghosts come and find us
sitting upright in our beds, reading
in their chairs. It's true, then,
that we pillaged them for parts,
wrote their faces into poetry
and sewed their limbs into
blank canvases. I think about the playwright
who wrote everything from memory, and
I wonder how he could stand it,
to write a sentence and discover at
the end his own face gazing back
into the mirror. It's true, I tell the
ghosts, I smuggled you one night out
from the menagerie under my
nightgown. Before, you were
horses, cats, zebras, elephants,
of every creed and color,
and I made you clean, I made you
human. I dressed you up and down
as I liked, gave you new names and
worlds, but then came one night when
I stumbled out of bed and I turned
back the page to re-read what I had
written, and I discovered the words were
only glass animals all along,
ghost paperweights of love.