

**EMILIA PHILLIPS**

**Niedecker's Iron**

All night the shirts unbutton  
from the hangers, drop

to the floor on their own. I gather  
them in the morning.

  A snakeskin  
yesterday, on the water, gave me  
a start—the eyescales, pearl. Slough.  
Deflesh.

                                Slaughter. Today, no word

from you, Louis, or your dear  
Paul—

                                just the hissing again  
of the iron, the steam blinding  
the window.