I riffle the used clothing ads . . .
Lace wedding dress, never worn, size twelve.
*Why wasn’t it worn? I long to delve.*
Fight? Mine accident? Better beau?
Kentucky is hardscrabble coal country.

Wait! Here’s another . . .
Size three, in pink.
Small, dainty girl. Blonde, wide-eyed, I think,
Prom waltzing in the arms of a miner’s big-boned son.
Kentucky is hardscrabble coal country.

Finally, a Juno-esque offer . . .
Size twenty-four, burgundy satin.
Big, bosomy mountain Valkyrie surely put that in.
Burgundy is sensible, slimming.
Kentucky is hardscrabble coal country.