#### MARGUERITE PIGEON

### THE ENDLESS GARMENT

A POCKET EPIC IN FIVE COLLECTIONS

## THE ENDLESS GARMENT

### ALSO BY MARGUERITE PIGEON

Inventory Open Pit Some Extremely Boring Drives MARGUERITE PIGEON

# THE ENDLESS GARMENT

A POCKET EPIC
IN FIVE COLLECTIONS



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### FOR NICK KAZAMIA, ONLY EYES FOR HAIR

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This old thing? I've had it *forever*.

Handmade, yes. 100% natural
yarns: dew retted, decorticated
flax bast; beaten cotton steeped in crocks
of stale urine and indigo; plucked French
angora; hemp bundles; baby Bactrian hair
hand spun on a drop spindle
– it's all organic.

And you wouldn't believe the workmanship. These artisans who ply weft on a backstrap loom all day, beat tapa from bark, drape thick gold velvet brocade into airy shapes like poets with pins, render culture from memory.

Flowers brought to bloom on the body by their homey tools: snowflake lace from Irish spangled bobbins, linens from vast Egyptian tubs, pompoms from Mémère's knitting notions.

I like the feel of all that effort. I do. But it's gotten hoary – démodé. History's household drudge. Thumbs working wood or bone, woven clasps or rope sash, necks struggling through hemp cloth, hide or silk. Rigid guild recipes for woad blues
Turkey reds, blends of ochre and soot;
rubrics for who gets what motif,
waking knowing what you'll wear.
Eyes on immediate others, the group nodding –

cloth as conduct cloth as covenant cloth as currency cloth as bastion cloth as battle cry cloth as matrimony cloth as trance cloth as mutation cloth as name

- the heft of that, of how and who you can be.

To me? Old hat. I want air, to unclasp, turn out my own looks, eyes everywhere, free to sample newness, with credit to me, to whatever's helped can tradition. Credit circulation, a sitter's collar cut in medieval miniature poached from afar.

Credit crossover, Renaissance armour transposed to suiting, butching chests up.

Credit rearticulations by standing loom, corsetry, touring actors, ambitious cocottes.

Credit the squinting envy of labour: mud splatter on muscle, harmony in dungaree.

Credit trickle-down style: sobriety in cassock, allure in criss-cross wraps pegged to Greek statuary.

Credit classes of European wives whose colonial daydream petered out, clocks reset by dress orders for boudoir caps, morning jackets, tea gowns, layered underskirts, baleen boning to keep spines erect by evening in fluted rebuke to any local measure of the hour.

Credit surplus, winner take all, raw materials so lush they hallucinated waste, the tightening mesh of law, of trade. Missionary, overseer, displacer. Fordist punch, bent back, cash register. Portal, cart and checkout, up to algorithms of preference.

I carry their tribute lightly, a thought unattended to, gift card from the unseen whose assigned value never expires, which I zip into wallet, toss into tote, forget.

So chuck it all. Join me. Let's shop.