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## Lacquered

Lauren Hilger

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LACQUERED

*Houston, TX 2011*

*The forest is nothing but Brechtian scaffolding.* —Spencer Reece

A woman with  
two fortune  
cookies unopened  
atop her cart. Her  
hair white as a  
world of ice. This  
is my last memory  
of New York.

Here in Houston we're looking at a redhead  
in a bib from  
the 1600s, a  
portrait. What  
is the word for  
this type of  
mortality?

The painting I pass asks me, Do you want something crisp to bring  
along? Two green apples? Some tough velvet, a skull, an hour glass?

I don't remember how to read music,  
how to sit at a lacquered piano,  
though rosin's smell is still with me.

How sudden then, as I turn to swoon out of my body, nearly, could  
have, felt. My brain angry at lack of control.

What did Dostoevsky smell before his body betrayed him?  
Oranges?