

1-1-1994

Escalator

Angela Sorby

Marquette University, angela.sorby@marquette.edu

Angela Sorby

Escalator

I am not an ancient Egyptian, so I know
the mannequins won't come alive to weave
our winding cloths or guide us across water when we die.

I know they're remote as Cleopatra;
remote as Liz, the last Cleopatra, polishing off vodka deep in
Virginia;
remote as my grandmother, riding up next to me on the escalator,

whose middle name I don't remember, or never knew.
Bloomingdale's is "fashion-forward" but windowless and weirdly
immune to history, like a pyramid's chamber: no Lucky

Lindy, no world wars, as if my grandmother and I
could wander for ages without aging until we found a moving
silver staircase to transport us up and out, over the top

floor, into the dome, into the sky blue that the saleswoman
told us we should wear, because we have the same dark
eyes set in the same dark hair.