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Escalator

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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.