

MILLE TINDRESSE
Madeleine Stack

some women walk down the
street thinking they own the
world and o
I wish it were true

I want queerness as twinned desiring and identifying

I want headphones clamped to head, tights straining at *that ass*, want a common architecture of elegant ruin, glowing velveteen. I want coats this season in dun, taupe, milk, sand, camouflaging ourselves in a landscape we have yet to understand. I want the hole in my jumper to stay but not get any bigger. Want the problem's beauty but not its further unraveling and eventual devastation.

I want clickbait, The Color That Makes Everything Look More Expensive

I want that to clothe oneself is to become visible-invisible simultaneously. But to be seen as *what*.

I want WHAT R U WEARING RN BABE

I want to know how to we make ourselves read, how do we make ourselves understood by others.

*I want to be
to have
and to
hold*

Attending to what women wear in the street. Here I try to be a woman in the world taught wanting. Want a long red skirt and a red sweater. I want a grey streak in black hair I want christening-lace edging a blouse. I want holes in my shoes. I want a belly and a backpack. I want yellow eyeglasses. I want an amulet swinging a snake tattoo sneakers braids. I want a box pleat, white jeans, a tiny rope at my wrist black velvet bow in my hair.

*how do you frame your desire
are you in the gallery or the pit*

Want wet hair flat moving flat like lace across neck, ball gag, flip flops, suede cravat. I want glasses with blue glass in. I want hair in bun like crushed mickey mouse, wet lips, adidas, red crochet bikini emeralds at neck. I want ebullient fishtail braid, breton stripe three heads of curls, paisley & white cat-eye glasses like gregg araki heroine. I want rollerblades. I want oh my god cecily with the sea green scarf, marry me. I want girls in pink mist. I want girls with eyes like cats two heads together touching.

*some notebooks on cities and clothes
& everyone told me I love a cliché. like from
whom do we learn how to talk about women, how to
adore them publically
on the screen wipe finger leftright*

I want eyes that are things that move, an armful of bangles. I want lurid want blonde bob very sharp. I want a changeroom pout in a dress you can't afford. I want a yellow sombrero. Want ruching. Peach culottes. Want a fucking 'fascinator', aqua pleats brown smooth hair like faithful dog. I want tangled, astrakhan coat. I want leather jacket leather jacket leather jacket. I want victorian child's underwear, yellow daisies as eyelashes, lined in petals mauve dusty rose lavender. Want star silver in nose hole. Want polka dot silk on a tuk tuk. Want clutched club mate, grey mohair. I want a hula hoop white lace edging hips, a silk kimono and strap-on, black Russian fur hat. Want white ribbed turtleneck no bra. Want bike shorts, bandage dress, soviet nineties eyeliner, black lace at elbows. I want rainbow flag as cape, backwards baseball cap, plaid shirt. Want cheeks like ice cream scoops, blush. Want women with bows and arrows, in Issey Miyake, gallery girl black and clever shoes. I want a straw boater in a greenhouse. Want a silk shirt - goldish - tied at the waist. I want a tankini, shell earrings, eyebrows up to *there*. I want pink metal. Want denim. Want panama hat with black grosgrain band, sick green talons, ringlets. I want a flower crown. I want dreadlocks, slogan shirt, moons under eyes and thin chains too. I want red hair flying and a stiff white collar edged in pearls.

*clothes are utilitarian items
they stop all our skin from touching the air at once*

I want pink frills by kitchen stove, a pin-on rose and novelty captain's hat. I want a hawaiian shirt. I want Dad's old cagoule over mustard gingham. I want midnight blue tights with sparkle thread, a quiff, opal teardrop pendant. I want split ends. I want a pussy bow and lipstick pointing smile-down. I want a brown teddy bear fur, glitter knit flares. I want smothering, curls flung over shoulders, couches, garments. I want grey marle from moscow. I want boi peter pan. I want chartreuse linen halterneck, 'classic trench', bells around neck. I want wool nipple tassels, mick jagger mouth and geometric brows. I want strawberry blonde. I want fox embroidered bodice. I want cheekbones to cut ice, want corsetry lacing. I want a mandarin collar, black, black wool hat. I want adidas but with flowers and a nose-to-ear chain, black tape across nipple. I want black denim vest with nothing under. I want bleached crop, shawl collar with stripes. I want big gold hoops. I want pink sweater standing in front of the redscrawl twombly at the tate. Want wine-red weave yellow texas. Want heart locket holding a Christmas tree, upside down body. I want a handkerchief hem and hair like hat blue velvet. I want a hazmat suit. Boat skirt. Black flag tatt. Mortarboard. I want a lime grin and red fur. I want the archaeologist in dusty boots. I want cat ears, crown braids, beige chiffon. I want a green sundress on a tram. I want football shorts, running muddy legs. I want a leather harness, white platforms with laces.

*to be touched gently on the face
like that. or on the hand or the inside of*

*the thigh with a cold hand or
not to be touched but to have the breath
of another touch
your skin or that
other breath that is
the movement of a hand
displacing the air
above the surface of the skin
touch you*

I want ironic sports jersey and leather jacket, slicked back plait. I want a turtleneck. I want hair like pure light, emerald silk overalls, side part. I want hideous crochet. I want tassels. I want shaved head and rock climbing harness. I want blue mascara, septum ring. I want a bouffant and a pleated bodice like a fan. I want *girls just wanna have fun*. I want sequin fishscale bodysuit, flamenco dress. I want blindfold, batik, face glitters. I want side head shave, little braids, sports bra. I want nineties brown lipstick and worn out speedos. I want glasses high round gold circles, red military jacket, crimped ponytail, zigzag curls. I want fuchsia eyeshadow and shirring. I want a corduroy boobtube, wide braiding at hem. I want a curled parasol. I want rose pantyhose, satin on the bias, cheap hem. I want zips all over and threads pulled. I want silver ring screwed onto thumb, ankle tie, bandanna in backpocket. I want legs like lambs, candy striped, a denim vest with pins. I want a lime frill bandeau and cargo pants slung low. I want crisscross strapped, millefeuille, swag, grey leather brogues with navy velvet laces, accordion pleating my heart, calico valise, bloomer, sarong, sheath.

all the girls I saw on tinder in a day

I want diamontés I want an airbrush t-shirt. a woven belt one pirate earring. I want dungarees. I want a pink lei and reflective aviators. I want tassels and bells at my ankles. confetti beads on cream silk, grey suede fringing, desert boots. Mostly I want linen. I want a woman's face on my dress. I want hair brushed back and espadrilles with the heel stomped down. I definitely want a fro. I want a full-sleeve. I want nails kept short for sex. I want snowflake appliqué. I want a poem trailing. I want big hoops I want a herringbone suit I want toile de jouy. I want grey marle and a raglan sleeve. I want high femme cinched in. I want trousers the colour of the river I want red wine stains, athletic shorts, gingham, buckles, bomber jacket. I want a mole on my chin just so. I want flat shoes on cobblestones. I want a boob tube and an orange Hermes bag. I want it to tie at the back. I want grey through my beard. I want palm trees on nylon. I want a turtleneck. I want strappy I want mustard-yellow. I want boxers and briefs. I want kitten heels. I want corduroy and a big fat butt. I want it shaved at the sides. I want a ribbed T and a dinner jacket. I want beige I want pinstripes I want nipples. I want ankle-tie. I want a plastic bag over one arm. I want to match my mother. I want curls. I want crocodile bumbag and a hoodie. I want tea-length I want a half-rolled wetsuit. I want fringe. I want smart casual. I want palazzo pants, a vest, candy stripes, opal flip-flops. I want to hoick one strap up constantly. I want fucked eyeliner. I want a knuckleduster, a sack, mesh, ruching and eyebrows for days, I want tucked in and blonde, I want platforms, leopard print, septum piercing. I want one button unbuttoned or two. I want waffle-weave. I want a blazer and hair to my butt, tote bag and a ponytail, bangles, side-part, Velcro, embroidered. I want to match my girlfriend. I want

zig-zags and a deep tan and my skirt blowing up in the wind. I want a little dog and my knickers showing.

*I was too long for that era;
the skirts caught too high
I spend my hours thinking about the garments of
women, garments on bodies and those not yet
on bodies, garments once on bodies, garments that
may never exist, garments that have never touched bodies,
the bodies of women*