

JOHN MOORE

Quitting Time, 2015
Oil on canvas, 54 x 84 in



COURTESY HIRSCHL & ADLER MODERN GALLERY

CIARA SHUTTLEWORTH

The Shops

Ciara Shuttleworth's poetry has been published in journals that include *Confrontation*, the *New Yorker*, *Ploughshares*, and the *Southern Review*. Shuttleworth's poetry chapbook, *Night Holds Its Own* (Blue Horse Press), is now available, and her gonzo prose book, *4500 Miles: Taking Jack Back on the Road* (Humanitas Media Publishing), is forthcoming.

I
San Francisco shopgirls sit daily at desks,
know the clear sky by afternoon goes white
with fog and the ocean shifts through the spectrum
of blues while each day repeats the last with their view
of concrete and traffic.

II
When the lithe mannequins change
their clothes they do it quickly, return to their Powell Street
windows, manicures tucked neatly into cargo
pant pockets or the waistband of a miniskirt, starched
collars dictating *style* in the color of the month, and always a white
in some hue endless washing only enhances.

III
By workday's end, fog the color of new concrete smokes
around the shop windows on up to heaven and the penthouses
with views of it rolling in all the way
from the ocean, one wave of white across the water-blue sky.

IV
The shopgirls are clothes hangers, mannequins
with smiles—fixed, those smiles—
and they ride waves of margaritas and mojitos
each five o'clock's high tide all the way to low tide, morning,
parched on the unfamiliar beach of their own beds,
on sheets whiter, by far, than the fog.

V
The mannequins are purchased to people watch, shopgirls in silent
movie stills, never off work. Even at night they watch, the lucky ones
lounging on chaises, heads tilted back for the sliver
of sky between this shop and the next and the towering layers
of brick and glass, until morning and the solidarity
of shopgirls who pause and nod approval, and the tide
of fog that pulls back for miles of blue.