

Untitled Elizabeth Bishop Fragment

from the Early 1950s

Where are the dolls who loved me so
when I was young? . . .

Through their real eyes

blank crotches,
and play wrist-watches,
whose hands moved only when they wanted —

Their stoicism I never mastered
their smiling phrase for every occasion —
They went their rigid little ways

To meditate in a closet or a trunk
To let unforeseen emotions
glance off their glazed complexions