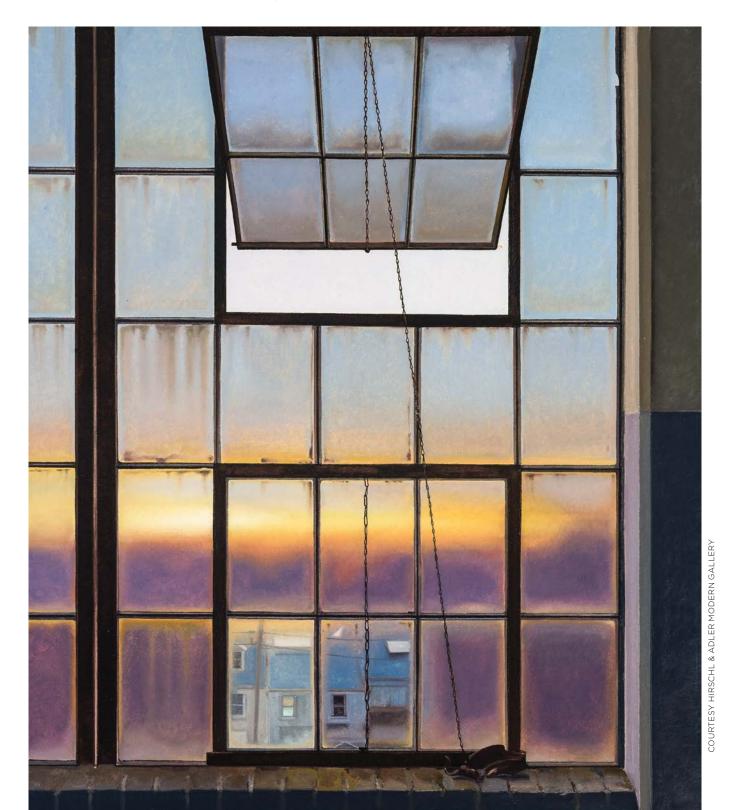
JOHN MOORE

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



CIARA **SHUTTLEWORTH**

The Shops

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.

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.

Ш

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.

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.

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.