

# The Gentle Art of Shabby Dressing

POETRY OUT LOUD 

By Spencer Short

There's nothing dandier than threadbare threads  
worn by a discerning shabby dresser.

A collar's fret or subtle fray is not *lesser*  
because it's worn away but models instead

the bespoke tailoring of time itself.  
Done poorly—the gentleman farmer's  
piecemeal pastoral, that NoHo charmer's  
duct-taped boots—it's like an unread bookshelf

of secondhand prose: a too-studied pose.  
Done well, it draws you in to draw you near,  
reveals the intricate pattern in the years'  
inexorable ravel. Between *decompose*

and *deconstruct*, what seemed a foppish quirk  
grows wise. Design undone. We wear time's work.

Source: *Poetry* (May 2019)