

Red Jacket

by Barbara Toboni

That red jacket
atop the thrift pile
never fit right
Always thought
I'd give Red to a friend
or consign to a shop
Still waiting
Now I know why

Red reminds me of Blue
my corduroy blazer
from years ago
A five buck bargain
I wore with jeans
on cool fall evenings
out with friends

I felt secure
knowing someone had helped
rub life into Blue's sleeves
I worry about the woman
who buys Red
I want her
to be the girl I was
Shame there's not enough
wear in these stiff sleeves

Will she give Red a try
Be empowered
a chic beauty

Will I try again