

Spring Cleaning

Grace Calabria



Sadness sits in the back of my closet:

An old coat.

And when I have dove deep enough to retrieve
it from the heaps

I can almost taste its warm embrace.

Fearful anticipation

I slither my arm through the sleeve

Only to see that sadness hugs me too tightly
around the edges now.

I have outgrown it

It seems. Or maybe

I have replaced it

With a newer, more colorful coat.

One that covers my knees from the cold.

Hadn't I thrown away this old coat long ago?

This old coat that does not fit me anymore.

That is not a comfort

or a protection.

No

New sadness sits snug around my waist

Lays desperately thick on my chest.

Keep both, I decide.

Who knows what I'll look like next winter.