

The Umbrella

by Joe Sullivan

The nylon sheath
that encased the umbrella
you lost still sits
in the pocket of my old
raincoat reminding me
of other things I bought,
other things lost, maybe
that you lost
that belonged to me
They've all been missing
for some time
and I hardly notice
except on December days
when the rains come
in a downpour
and I'm left rummaging
through a closet that holds
no umbrellas

