

# 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

