

Shreds of a Life

By Cindy Rae



An old man's navy blazer. A young man's brown corduroys. A moth-eaten vest: fringe-full, and button-less. A ruined wool blanket. A schoolmarm's ragged winter cape.

A cape from a cape? Irony. These are the shreds of a life.

A little boy's jacket, the back still piece-able, the front lost, to a foot-long Coney. (I swear those patches still smell like summer.)

The shreds of a life, whip-stitched.

Dark colors only. No wedding white, or Easter pastels, here.

Dark is the color of subterfuge, and nighttime passage. Dark is freedom, and salvation. His. Hers. Ours.

Dark is the color of Me.