

THE JACKET

It was a good night. Dinner had gone well and it seemed your good-night kiss held a promise of things to come. After that kiss it didn't surprise me you left your plaid jacket at my house last night.

This morning I caught it on the chair unabashedly wrapped in the arms of my denim jacket. I thought what Freud would say about that and separated them quickly, hanging them in separate closets to prevent any further embarrassment.

This afternoon I found your jacket, one arm wrapped around an old wool vest, the other inside my favorite flannel shirt.

Someday I hope you will be as comfortable here as your jacket.