

The Blanket

It was one of those things a
Child cannot leave behind. I've seen that
possessive look in my young cousin's eye.
Yet somehow here I stare; a grey
antiqued memory of someone's

Pink cotton protection. I smothered
the stitching and pulled and abused
The thing when it fit my mood When
It covered me or performed its many

roles as cape, or turban, or baby's clothes.
Bearing my overhandling with not so much
care... or too much? There was the day
When the magical mutilated thing
got put away.

A pink blanket. It seems more like grey
In my memory - projected in the
Darkness of the unlit room
In which I lay Half covered,
Half covering. My pink skin in
Shadows, draping over a leg, folding
Under an arm