“The Coat”

After so many years, standing with me in the same mirror, it is almost transparent. In the morning I rise up and enter it—this skin frayed at the wristbones; this suitcase of old weathers, slick with shine, sagging with the weight of inner pockets.

At night I slide it off, and the darkness slides into it, slips its fingers inside and touches what the day has left—old bills, dry webs of hair, salt, a leaf thin and sharp as a bird's thigh. What do I care what the dark does, rifling my coat like an old wife?

Throw it on a stool to beg, dance with it the long nights, fold it after the funeral—what do I care? When I lie down naked to sleep it wears my own slouch. I breathe in. Breathe out. In a dark corner, it fills.