

Lost

A simple square of smooth black silk,
splashed with white polka dots;
its edges rolled and stitched by hand.

Something a dapper man would wear,
had worn,
I wore.

Generous, it leant its elegance
to fall and drape
with easy heft around my neck.

Careless and young,
I'd stuff it into coat sleeves,
pockets, bags.

I searched, revisiting the places
I had been, where I remembered wearing it,
searched cloakrooms, toilets, peered under sticky seats.

Grandpa called me
his little chickadee
and peeled me mandarins.