

Dad's Old Brown Sweater (The Buffalo Robe)

by Teri Coyne

Don't hate me because he would rather be close to me than you
I smell like him, cigarettes, whiskey, and maraschino cherries

He keeps the temp at 65 in the winter
makes him feel like he is saving money
He likes the feel of me around him
like his blanket when he was a baby
when he had a brother and a father
before they left him alone and un-tethered

We like it when you tease us about how close we are
"you love that sweater more than me!" you shout
it's true
but he can't tell you
you would not understand

Last night we fell asleep together on the couch
he dreamt of a long walk on the beach with Cordy
fetching sticks
you were there too
in the distance waving
at least I think it was you