
The Mantle

A Poem and a Sculpture

By

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The Mantle

Box-found khaki
hanging in my hands;
empty jacket
of my mother's little brother.

Cold metal emblems
fastened still to the collar
by little brass pinchers.
There is lint and sand
on the pocket bottoms.
And blood-red bars
sewn on the sleeve.

Grown-up uncle,
where have you gone?
For at grandpa's
down by the stagnant frog pond,
the swing hangs silent
which you built.

And suddenly
I feel the fear
which comes at night
when the doors are closed,
and I can hear the muffled
grownup voicing,
and cannot understand—
knowing only the black corners,
and afraid.

