

Jump Suit

Today I threw out his jump suit,
engineer gray and frayed.
It smelled like him, though it had been washed and stored.
It looked like him;

Digging in the garden.
Fishing.
Eating breakfast, head propped on hand,
thinking of shredded wheat and
last days.

He said death would be a marvelous adventure,
the grandest of all.
And then he set sail
leaving the old, gray uniform behind.