

Lone Glove

that's so sad
my son says, as he steps
over the slush-filled puddle

what's sad?, I ask

that glove, that lone glove
he replies

I look down into the dirty puddle
and see a solitary glove
dropped, discarded, lost,
adrift, and half-frozen
thousands of people
stepping over it, every day

It's like the one in the foyer
of your new apartment building
my son continues
the one left on the side table
waiting for someone to notice
that it has lost its mate

I look him in the eye
that's what I feel like
I tell him
like a glove
that's been dropped in the slush
forgotten, abandoned, trampled upon

we stop at the corner
waiting for the light to change
he doesn't say a thing
he just puts his arm around my shoulder
my little boy has become a man

he knows as well as I do
that his father has found
a new, shinier, glove mate

the light changes
and we cross the street
solitary gloves
made from the same cloth