

THE JACKET I WEAR IN THE SNOW



by
Shirley Neitzel **Nancy W**

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These are the socks, wrinkled a lot,




that are pulled over  bunched and hot,

that is stuffed in the  too big for me,

that cover the  stiff in the knee,

that go under the  all itchy and warm,

that meets the  that hang from each arm,

that I wear with the  for my head,

that matches the  woolly and red,

that's caught in the 

that's stuck on the  I wear in the snow.

This is my mother, who heard my cries,
and wiped the tears that fell from my eyes,



and loosened the scarf, woolly and red,
and slipped off the stocking cap from my head,

