

Stephen Robertson

Donkeys don't wear jackets

Shapeless, navy blue or fawn,
three-quarter length, or maybe short,
patch pockets (useless for cold hands),
thick felted wool, a monk-like hood—
and with (the most important thing)
those wooden toggles, loops of string.

I must confess to having owned
long long ago, that icon of
a time and maybe social group
—and then, when that one died, one more.
Where have all the duffles gone?
Anoraks now, every one.