

The Jacket

The jacket is so heavy
and yet made of light.
I have struggled wearing it.
When it finally comes off,
I would wear it again,
hungering for another chance
to touch the love.
Yes, I would wear it again
to devote myself to love,
to the one who is love,
who taught me how to love,
who gave me the power of love,
and loves me unconditionally.

Michael A. Scimeca 1999