The Sweater

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Spring 1999.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1999/iss4/12
Sometimes I don't recognize the sensation of a sweater against my skin
  Until it's pointed out to me
  That I do in fact have a sweater on.
  I used to feel that way about you.
I was able to accommodate my senses to the idea that you were there,
  So that in the back of my mind I'd recognize these feelings.
But I didn't think about them until someone pointed out to me and I'd
  have to say,
  "Oh yeah, that's right..."
But I didn't think it would get to the point where I always realize
  I've got this damn sweater on.
  It's huge! But binding at the same time
And it must be made of wool because it scratches the hell out of me.
  Maybe it's soft cotton and if I rub it against my face I could rest in it.
  Sometimes I wonder and get a little nervous that the sweater
    will go out of style and
  I'll be a victim of a fashion faux pas.
  But I think it could be full of static and each time I try to pull it off,
My hair only suffers the consequences with becoming horizontal from
  the Atmospheric distress.
  Only, I can't get the sweater off, no matter how much I try,
    Even when I use some innovative measures.
I've realized, though, that I'm not sure I want to get rid of the sweater.
  I recognize it against my skin, scratching or not,
    And I feel my hair reach its horizontal maximums,
      But I laugh at that now.
  None of these things I accepted until
  the sweater was nearly involuntarily
    Stripped of my body.
  Naked is not how I want to feel.
  But the sweater is back to its rightful owner and the recognition
    of its draping is a
  Comfort and a reliable source of warmth.
I haven't worn this sweater in the summer yet, but I get the feeling that
  it's a light, cool,
    And uninhibiting piece of
      Love...
        I mean clothing.

--Aubree McMahon