## The Umbrella

by Joe Sullivan

The nylon sheath that encased the umbrella you lost still sits in the pocket of my old raincoat reminding me of other things I bought, other things lost, maybe that you lost that belonged to me They've all been missing for some time and I hardly notice except on December days when the rains come in a downpour and I'm left rummaging through a closet that holds no umbrellas

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