

The Tailor

First a jacket: warm, lined, and comfy—
But the zipper would only zip up.

Then a sock: a colorful hug,
The vividest shades of blue,
Warm to the touch—
But too big to hold only a single foot.

Next, a hat to caress his head,
To keep him warm on cold nights:
A wonderful distraction—
But soon, it simply fit him wrong.

Soon after, a pair of jeans
That could fit any shape or size:
And for a while, he didn't mind
That the button wouldn't click
And the pockets were shallow—
He then realized: They were not made with love.

And then, his favorite,
A pair of nighttime pajamas
With hearts sewn all across
In a simple, sweet design:
These fulfilled him.
They hugged him like a warm bath
And did not hold too tight.
They let him lay around the house
Until he had to leave for work,
After which, he'd come straight back home
And leap into the very same pair—
Until, for some unknown reason,
They weren't on his bed, where he'd left them.
So the pajamas were lost completely.

Finally, the man thought to himself,
Maybe now a scarf.