

faded pink with colorful polka dots,
yellows blue white knit
light pink silky edges
we were always together
my baby blanket and i
it has always been in my life,
my existence correlates with its presence
hand made before i was born
day one - my blanket and i
still with me today.
the worn softness and ragged holes will always be familiar
the only consistent object in my life
slowly unraveling as the
years grow shorter
my blanket held me every night
the friend who never went away
i change with age,
the blanket seems small sometimes, i remember it as a cave
wrapping my
entire tiny self
now it barely covers feet
my blanket stays the same
it remembers the happiness and sadness of
my childhood
and awaits folded on the bed each night
listening to the aches of another day

carolyn clare