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Hand-Me-Downs

Lucy Hendrickson

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HAND-ME-DOWNS

Lucy Hendrickson

Under fleece you've once belonged to
and later passed to me I am reminded of
the first breath I took:
warm in late June air, Minneapolis

Tonight, mid-November, Missoula
I am curious how opposites make way
in the same lungs

I look down at my hands
which in this moment strikingly resemble yours
I am swallowed in your old jacket
and I will thank you for that later

Thanks mom,

I don't know how to begin
because thank you for a lot of things
but tonight mostly for your purple jacket
and its long arms

which allowed me to forget mittens
and find my lungs
thanks for those, too