

ANYA SILVER

The Overcoat

The Russian professor has lost his overcoat.
Somebody snatched it—
somebody's hands grasped his collar.
Without its wool, no room is warm enough.
Somebody tore from his back the weft
of eighty years, the tight stitching
of the Masters whose words he's forgotten.
Alyosha? Or Andrei? Something with an A.
Now, despite the cold, he sweats.
Somebody left him in the empty square
in a T-shirt, track pants, and thinning socks.
His gesturing hands rub his forehead,
scrape vanilla ice cream from a dish.
Coward, traitor. Somebody takes and takes.