

Always There

By Devyn Hinkle

Black and crisp,
the way a suit should be.
Packed away, waiting for
a wedding or a party.
Wishing for a happy time,
a special day.

Finally put on,
with cautious, shaking hands.
Put on to see the family
one
last
time.

A sad wooden box to frame
the tragic picture.
A white padded border,
contrasting the immaculate black fabric.

Remember the times the shoulders
sparkled with the glitter of New Year's Eve
or glistened with rain while waving newly weds away?
The center of the event, but not the life of it.
Laid to rest
on the body it fit best.