A poem by Will Badger

**Ode to an Olive Waistcoat**

*for E. Passannanti*

‘Waistcoat’  
her mother called you,

a puffy vest,  
one she’d once worn  
before you became her daughter’s  
(on permanent loan)  
at sixteen:  
for her mom you meant  
some things last  
while others are  
fit for the fire

But does to last mean  
merely to persist,  
or to find  
function in the fire:  
a phoenix’s  
rise over run?

For me  
you symbolise survival:  
clothes that crept  
to the bottom of the closet  
when other articles  
went out,  
wore out.  
You waited –

until she wore you again

All I want  
is to hide here  
and hold her  
as you do  
and for her mom  
to see  
sometimes  
things that don’t last  
are only lost

and can be found.