

Worsted Wool

Standing in the Men's Department at Macy's, I start to cry. It isn't the suits, shirts, casual wear haphazard. I see a coat I like and think—what size is he? In that moment I remember, there is no he that is any size. I am about to stain a nice enough wool suit coat (olive is *the* color this season) when the salesman approaches, ready to throw himself, no doubt, between a woman's tear and the new merchandise. "Here, let me try it on to help you decide." He takes it from my hands. What I decide is that I should have cried more when I was married. I should have dressed my husband up in different shades of sad. I could have seen how they looked with his complexion, if they brought out the green in his eyes, if they matched his active lifestyle or made him look a little frumpy in the middle. Then he might have known what the long, tightly woven fibers of worsted wool feel like when they are tailored to fit. He might have taken that coat and placed it over my shoulders because sometimes the first chill of fall is too much to bear alone.

Irene Moosen