

# *Undershirt*

DONNA PUCCIANI

That undershirt  
with the hole I'd like to put my index finger through  
to hear the cotton rip with a muffled lisp,  
like some sad animal crying—

too old to give to charity,  
could be discarded,  
could wash a car,  
could dust a table,

prefers to

hug your shoulders,  
stroke your back,  
remain your frayed friend

where sleeve meets torso,  
an outward sign of ragged rotator cuffs,  
keeping the pain warm, or ventilating aches,  
asking to survive just a little longer,

wanting to grow old with you,  
as I do.