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.