

His Wednesday Jacket

Linda Wagner

On Wednesdays he dons
his best attire and slips
into his mustard

colored jacket, worn
away at the sleeves, countless
tea stains down the front.

He leaves his lifeless
house and takes the trolley down-
town. He registers

at the front desk, checks
with the caregiver and waits
by his wife's bedside

until she wakes. On
Wednesdays he tells her stories
from their past and reads

haikus from the worn
and discolored pages of
her book. She always

inquires of the
Emperor and talks of rides
she takes on rickshaws
through cities he knows
do not exist. On Wednesdays
he makes piping hot

tea and prepares rice
with slices of ginger. He
plays games of *Mah Jong*

with weathered tiles while
she complains of barking dogs
and the sun's bright rays.

On Wednesdays he wishes
she would remember his name.