

Ode To Goodwill

I the Mighty

I stumbled upon an ugly grey sweater that I used to wear in my senior year.
I can't believe that it got so much use to be thrown in the back of a closet for years.
I wore it that night that we defaced school property, armed with our shovels and picks in hand.
We took to the campus at four in the morning and tore up that pretty white flower bed.

It was our last hoorah.
We just needed one last hoorah.

When the cops came we fled to those old white apartments.
I tore my sweater while scaling the fence.
They pulled over Brian but gave him no ticket, just dirty looks and their petty two cents.
The day I told mom that I'd drop out of college, surely that sweater was on my back.
She asked me why and I said to play music and ever since then she could never relax.

But I had no choice.
I swear to you I had no choice.

I know it could keep someone warm who's less fortunate but I'm selfish and won't let it go.
I gave thought to shipping it off to goodwill with a heartfelt and uplifting note.
But the truth is I hoard everything tied to memory like sentiments some sort of gold.
So I won't. And its back in the closet you go.