

Sorrow stalks me in an old coat

by [Stella Nesanovich](#) in the [August 24, 2004](#) issue

the color of churned water.

I have worn it for years—

it no longer fits, tugs at the waist

where I have grown under cover,

spreading like roots, like grief,

swelling in rows of deep rhizomes

long after sowing. How often

can a heart break? When

might I be rid of this old coat?