

## Death of a Red Sweater

Sorry to disturb you, or if I cause dismay.

There is something I must tell you that has bothered me for days.

My son likes wearing sweaters, even on a sunny day.

Maybe it's that his autism, makes him feel that way.

I leave him in his private room, I let him do his thing.

He likes to sing and draw a lot but sweaters are his thing.

He wears, I wash and mend them. They almost are alive.

I think he even names them. Today I just washed Clive.

I go into his bedroom, through boyish pong and sweat sock fumes.

I pick up all his laundry, in his teenage funky room.

One day I came to vacuum, to try to clean his rug.

What's all this crazy red stuff? Is it growing or just fluff?

On my hands and knees I grind, to suck up the awful stuff.

Could it be that it's magnetic, cause it really won't come off?

Is it Clive or is it Danielle? No, I think that Danielle's blue.

Do I need some newer glasses or what I'm seeing could be true?

Red balls of fluff and really tough, the carpet is soaked through.

I try and try to suck it up, but the hose it won't go through.

I'm exhausted and I'm swearing, that sweater has to go.

How can I get just rid of it without letting him know?

Could I say it was a suicide, would he understand that train of thought?

Could I say "Here wear another. The one that I just bought"?

Now I know that he's autistic, but also very smart.

How can I explain his sweater loss without breaking his heart?

I am an honest person. I cannot tell a lie.

And so, I had to tell the truth,

That his red sweater died.

Followed by a quiet candle lit dinner and a memorial service. I will buy him a new red sweater tomorrow.

