My Coat of Many Colors

"You have a gift coming your way."
So said my friend as I prepared to holiday.
"What can it be - I cannot guess
"Something cosy & warm as sun goes down
You'll wear this item without a frown"
With that she produced her garage sale find
And I had to wonder if she'd grown blind -
There was the ugliest sweater I'd ever seen
Presented to me with a ~~mischievous~~ just a gleam -
Of mischief in her laughing eyes.
"It will fit - it's just your size -"
I thanked my friend with unfeld gratitude
Quickly I stowed the gift with ~~that~~ & ~~packing~~ gear
Closed the trunk and sped away to another latitude

So it happened that a rainy squall swept over the lake
And I wished for that I hadn't forgot to take
A Macintosh or a raincape -
Twas then I remembered my friends good will
Perhaps that old sweater will help the chill.
In the light from my campfire I examined the thing
Why its hand knit - and its granny squares

Quite skillfully gathered with quite a flare.
A labour of love - why did it come to be
At a lowly garage sale - given almost free.
That sweater warmed my heart & also my limbs
And it continues to do so as the years unwind
And I count it ~~now~~ today as one of my favorite
things