

# "For the Man in the Red Jacket"

Honorable Mention

BY TYLER CHADWICK

*...the waters are come in...*

—Psalm 69:1

His word, more than his face, remains,  
trailing me as the rain that stuck  
to my glasses and soaked my clothes,

seeping through  
my windows, my façade into  
the crawlspace of my memory.

I see now he was serious: as we'd  
passed on the street, each moving  
the other way, he'd pulled off

his red jacket hood and tried  
to make eye contact. *Have you  
necessarily taken the time,*

he'd asked, *to find out  
what grace is for?* Reluctant  
to break the rhythm of my run,

I'd turned just enough to see him  
in my periphery, standing alone  
on the corner as the rain started,

and said nothing. If he'd asked for money  
or the time, I might have slowed, at least  
to tell him I didn't have any or

*It's six twenty-two. But grace, I  
remember thinking. Get serious, brother,  
and out of the rain. It's early. I'm*

*running. We're about to be wet  
and our garments as heavy as Genesis.  
Of course I've made time for grace. ■*