

# My favorite coat

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I have a coat in my mind. Some say it is my favorite coat. Indeed, it is one of a kind. My coat has moods, just as I. The two of us must never part. In the summertime, my coat has my heart. During the fall leaves touch the ground but my coat and I are still around. In the winter when it gets cold, my coat and I never grow old. As spring comes and snow melts away, my coat and I go out to play.

Frost wrote,

- “ Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,’
- ‘ And sorry I could not travel both’
- ‘ And be one traveler, long I stood’
- ‘ And look down one as far as I could’
- ‘ To where it bent in the undergrowth...’” (n. d., The Road Not Taken).

So my coat and I looked at this road and realized too often the heavy load. I with my burdens all the day and my coat with its colors that sometimes change from day to day. To understand how much we have gone through, one must know my coat is true. My coat is described in the words below and in the end, my coat and I grow.

Description

The coat I own is very cozy. It has two pockets on the outside and one on the inside. The coat that I own is in my mind, that keeps me warm all the time. It is made of black leather on a cold winter's day and lambskin internal that is what I can say. Pockets are snugly and warm like hand muffs. The sleeves come down over my wrists, which is an advantage plus. My coat turns brown when the sun glistens through the trees. When it is autumn, the coat color

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changes in weather that is fair. Brown for the leaves, that fall everywhere. The pockets are lined with silk that is white. One pocket inside carries my eyesight (glasses). During long hot summers, my coat remains true. It is on these days, it turns a cool shade of blue. The sleeves zip off and I can put them together. At these times, they become my belt. My coat becomes my robe of many colors. Despite the heat, I wear it on. When the sweat comes, it pours down my face. Yet, my coat remains true to its place.

In the spring, when birds fill the air, my coat can be seen given me care. My sleeves zip on, during nights I get a chill. The coat of mine warms me at will. It knows my body, snuggling me from shoulder length, and then the length goes near my toes. All the years that my coat and I coexist, hardly anyone knows. My favorite coat, whether it is black, brown, or velvet blue; changes with my mood and yet, remains true. This coat of mine is worn every day. If the sun comes out, it glistens within. No matter what, my coat is a true friend. Summer's come often and the heat increases. My coat and I do not go to pieces. I am cooled by the cotton within. The coat, itself, never will end.

- “ What is that”, you ask? Why being my true friend.

Now in the spring, once again, my coat and I often spend. Time together, my favorite coat and I, sit in the park and watch people walk by. Birds still chirp and sing their song. My coat and I listen to expressions that never receive a gong.

Conclusion

Fall comes and trees are bare. Yet, my coat and I remain in each other's care. I am warmed all day. The coat is cleaned whenever I say. Dry cleaners for the best of what my coat has to give. Never, I imply, my coat must live. So by the light of the moon, I take out the coat cleaner. My coat is washed until it looks leaner. Not a speck of dirt, the silk must show. When I wear my coat, we both must glow. In the summer, when the sleeves zip off once again, I remain true to my coat because it is my favorite friend.

Frost mentioned,

- " I shall be telling this with a sigh'
- ' Somewhere ages and ages hence:'
- ' Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—'
- ' I took the one less traveled by,'
- ' And that has made all the difference'' (n. d., The Road Not Taken).

## Reference

1. Frost, R. (n. d.). Table of Contents: The Road Not Taken. Retrieved February 28, 2007, from Web site: [http://www. geocities. com/jnkees/poem1. html#nottaken](http://www.geocities.com/jnkees/poem1.html#nottaken)