For the Man in the Red Jacket

Tyler Chadwick

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq

Recommended Citation
Chadwick, Tyler (2013) "For the Man in the Red Jacket," BYU Studies Quarterly. Vol. 52 : Iss. 3 , Article 8. Available at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/byusq/vol52/iss3/8

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in BYU Studies Quarterly by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.
For the Man in the Red Jacket

... 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 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.

—Tyler Chadwick