

## Macular Degeneration

Mother crochets from the heart,  
her hands on automatic,  
her memory's eye brimming  
with the colours of her creations:  
crepe flowers, the American beauty  
of the roses in her garden,  
the pale lilies of her quilts,  
the orange poppies of her brooches.

Her fingers easily distinguish  
violet wool and silk in treble stitch  
from amethyst purple  
chain stitches of synthetics.

Mother has a new lens in each eye,  
but spots and black holes  
are the companions  
of her landscapes.

She tangles, disentangles,  
connects and disconnects,  
and all the while  
her eyes are closed in respite  
from the vexation of her loss of sight.

The inner optics of her mind  
file through a detailed,  
chromatic spectrum.

Mother's central vision  
is the countryside:  
the sun blinking through lace curtains,  
the iridescent light of afternoons  
out digging in the fields,  
the up close voices of her children  
when they visit.

She darkens in the moonlight,  
eclipses when there's no one else around.  
She takes kaleidoscopic walks in her imagination  
and intertwines the stories of her life  
within a code of cloth.

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