

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.

JACQUELINE D'AMBOISE