

## Sewing

Each darting plunge  
like fortune's wheel –  
the bobbin spinning  
to her toe's touch,

her tongue locked  
between front teeth –  
such concentration  
held our lives in check;

or when she'd baste  
my sister's puff sleeve  
or hung nautical drapes  
to keep nightmares out,

she'd snip a length  
as if to cut a cord,  
then pull a seam  
to test its strength

on a wear-worn dart.  
Piece by patient piece,  
she fashioned our lives,  
a Singer, her delicate art,

racing to beat the light,  
dancing on heads of pins,  
repeating patterns of memory,  
until line held tight.

BRUCE MEYER