

My Lost Needle

Never had I desire to mend
 hems or dangling buttons,
but tonight, though I can no longer
 easy aim the frayed end
into the eye, though we squint,
 needle and I, at each other,
and my hand trembles, yet feels true
 the needle between my fingers,
the tether of thread as I pull it
 through red linen, just the right
turn in my wrist, not too fast, thread
 rubbing the blouse, repeating
mend, mend, my dearest, hold fast, let me
 patch you, no one will know,
you limp in my hand, draped on my lap,
 my other body. I with
my warm, fine instrument, you undone,
 never whole without me.
I would sew till the world around wore
 patches bright and uneven,
sew my childhood back into my bones,
 I would bind, I would bind
what falls apart. My hand is happy—
 piercing, rising, circling back—
taking me thou needle, thou red thread,
 stitch to stitch, my way back,
taking there, and I go, what more
 wanting, what more?

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