

A Mother's Embrace

Today I went through the sewing things
A lifetime of threads, and pins
Knitting needles and crochet hooks
Coloured yarns, embroidery silks
My mother's making things.

I don't know what function
each spike performed
The bone handled hook or the latchet.
Stitch counters in plastic profusion
Lost in the time when these were tools
Of a craft I only observed
at her knee.

Did I do that? I can barely remember
Barely recall an attachment
Blocked in the pain of passionate heat
Of anger and disappointment, regret
At what might have been
Could we but forget our stance, our position, our game.

Today I went through the sewing things
She doesn't use any more
The circular hoop that made hats
or shawls
Anonymous articles

Lost in a lifetime of woven cloth
A coat of many colours, she
wrapped round
her self hidden within
worn out by time and trial

Worn out with the life of pain
of disappointment in us all
of regret that repeats the pattern
she wove up in a life of deceit
self-deception

Yet, I remember the life of the wool
As it pulled through her fingers
Threaded there
Nimbly clacking and clicking
a life of its own woven up

Today I went through the sewing things
Trophies of talents she denied
and disowned
Memorials and warnings of what can become
In time's being what can't be undone

What to do now but encase them
Like artist's creations enshrined
Creations unborn but the tools
linger on
Testify, witness, spy and frame up
The creator gone too, a shadow, a shell
And today I browse through, I clean up
I wrap up, I fold and I fidget
with these

Things which are memories of people
Things which are people
Things to be put away in their places
People too put aside
Placed away
Rejected
Despised

But inside, heart's inside
Soul's inside

Hidden inside ... a revelation of me

Sometimes, when I'm weary, I lie wrapped
around in a cover, she
made for me
A patchwork of myriad colours,
designs and
possibilities
A mother's embrace
Well, once I remembered none