

Blunt Needles

Inward, rowing in, I come as a thief
to steal your life, like a collector.
Outward, rowing out, your gift to me is scented

island wool, meadow-salted. You know the depth
of blunt currach oars, the warping frame's long stretch.
Inward, rowing in, I come as a thief.

Embers heat an iron pot of indigo, limpets
baked on their backs. Ash sings my sketch.
Outward, rowing out, your gift to me is scented.

You speak of fishbone stitches, honeycomb and cable,
how women's fingers pulled dark nights over their needles.
Inward, rowing in, I come as a thief.

Glass un-breaks from your floor to re-jar rusts and golds.
In the light, a quilt of webs, dried ribbons of weeds.
Outward, rowing out, your gift to me is scented.

Your designs chevron a scalloped storm-shore,
collaging threads I touch yet have no skill for.
Outward, rowing out, your gift to me is scented.
Inward, rowing in, I come as a thief.