

## knitting song

Paris Paloma

The deft, agile fingers in firelight flicker  
Skin laced in wrinkles that made needles sing  
There, love is concreted with quietened breathing  
Simple entwining of intimate string  
It's a beautiful thing  
At stockinged knees sitting  
I watching, her knitting  
Intent on her fixing my little hands' mess  
She's sure she can save it, even with hands shaking  
She had such a patience that I don't possess  
I was such a small pest

Let us sit so quietly  
In firelight I know you'd die for me  
How gentle can our violence be  
'Tween finger and thumb  
I'm sorry I'm repetitive  
Don't mind I keep forgetting it  
So long as it's my thread, not the depths of your love

Two girls in their twenties, slowed down getting ready  
As one said, "Please help me, for it's cold tonight"  
In our undergarments, she passed me the scarf and  
Said, "I never learned how to cast off right"  
For a moment I swore that the light that I saw as  
She handed the wool with a smile in the gloom  
Was the firelight form from the glow I was taught in  
On grandmother's hands in the cottage sitting room  
Of course I'll cast off for you

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