

A Tapestry

A widow wishes to fashion a simulacrum of the world,
a depiction of paradise stitched by human hands,
a summoning of bright aspirations to a tapestry.
Visited by a vision of what her life might be,
and captivated by the reach of her consummate craft,
she is driven to trade years of her life for its making.
She hurries to the market, procures the threads
dyed in every corner of the Earth: gold
and silver, lapis and violet, saffron
and vermilion, the notes of every species of flower.
She seats herself before her loom, given over
to the fingering and looping of hues, this delight.
She cannot shift her sight from loom to world
and back, from realm to realm. She does not pause
to sell her work, to buy rice, to cook,
immured in the myopic crafting of her hands.
Her eyes fixed on the screen of the tapestry before her,
this work that absorbs the hours of her nights,
her tears of salt and tears of blood,
she constructs a world pearled within the world.
She hears the notes of each tint she touches,
and her senses shimmer on the nerves of the threads.
She finishes this work of surpassing wonder,
lays it as her legacy upon a breathing field.
On the grass it is stirred by a beckoning breeze
that quickens and animates each of its fibres,
until her tapestry, the site of her afflatus, toil,
this fresh skin placed on the skin of the world,
spreads out toward every line of horizon,
blankets and replaces all the land in sight.