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The Seamstress (After Roethke)

by Rynn Williams

She unrolls bolts, lets down cuffs, tacks on snaps, tucks and shirrs pique into place.

Oh how she can snip errant threads and taut armholes, firm the bust of a tired jacket,

or make a skirt sing with a sprinkle of sequins, pressing life into remnants

with her battered machine.
Or sit all night sewing schoolclothes,
her houseslippered foot fast on the pedal.

One patch of cloth jams at the feeder tread, gnarls from the hidden spool

a thick, thread-mangled clot; yet still the cool hands keep kneading in velvet;

the bright shuttle bobs. The Singer clatters all night in her lair of lost pins

and discarded snippets, swaths of sewn fabric pulse down like a waterfall,

down past the table legs, quaking with motor-force, close to her bare knees

(that right foot treading wildly) banners of red silk swirl and billow,

and everything, everything shines.

