



11-15-2015

## The Weaver

Mary Echlin

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Echlin, Mary (2015) "The Weaver," *Westview*: Vol. 31 : Iss. 1 , Article 15.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol31/iss1/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).



# The Weaver

by Mary Echlin

Her slender hands are smooth,  
yet the oval nails of the  
first fingers twist slightly  
inward like her grandmother's.

She pulls colored wool  
wound on paper bobbins  
through the warp of the loom  
and pushes the comb  
down, banging it hard  
against the rising pattern  
with a hollow thump

like the sound of a coconut  
dropped from high in a slanted  
palm tree by a boy who hugs  
the furry trunk under  
camouflage of shade.

"Do you give your hands instructions  
or are you in your native element?"

"My heart climbs; my hands follow."