

## Restitching

I'm a sewing box  
full of needles and thread,  
so I must be  
equipped  
to fix  
all these  
torn seams,  
all these  
seared tears.  
Right? . . .

*Right?*

Then why do all these  
fabric(ated) wounds  
keep re-opening?  
Why why why  
can't I fix me?  
Is it my needlework?  
Are my stitches too loose — too tight?  
Is it because I wear thimbles?  
It is,  
right? . . .

*Right?*

Well, the thimbles aren't coming off.  
*I'm too scared to bleed.*

I'd rather restitch than stain,  
because stains stay;  
stitches fray.

Yes, maybe it's the thimbles.  
Or maybe . . .  
the thread  
from the spool inside me?

But this thread is  
all my needles have ever known.  
This thread  
is the unraveling of myself,  
of my every aspiration to be whole.  
And heaven forbid that  
I'd ever let anything outside of me  
be my mender.  
Because then  
what power would I have?