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## What is she to you?

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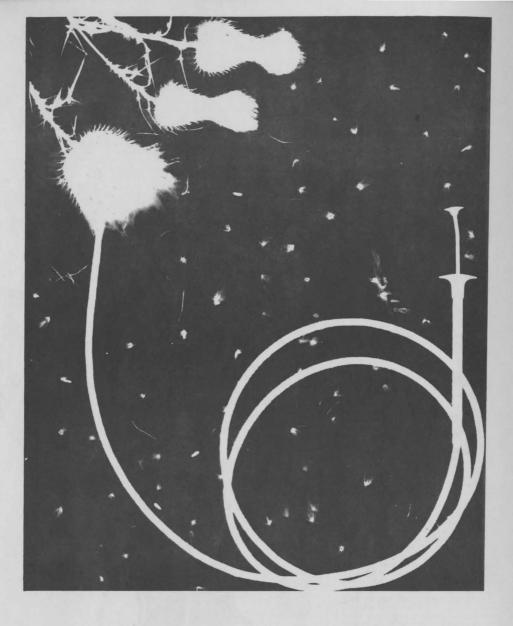
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What is she to you?

"A long hair I pull from my coat, let fall and disappear like lint. And you?"

"Yes, a hair; but in the pulling my coat unravels, and is soon a pile of string. I am left naked and cold."

I enter the room silententer to weave a hair into my coat; to weave it in, to tie the ends deep within warm cloth.

## **Peter Porteous**