

## Nature's Seamstress

Stephanie Korbas

In the evening she prepares;  
By threading moonlight  
Into the eyes of wind born needles,  
Then gingerly knotting the ends  
With a quick tug of her teeth.

I could feel her  
Nearing the screen of my window  
As the last layers of daylight peeled  
Away from the dark flesh of the sky.

A quilted shadow  
Blanketed my shivering lips,  
Which she then pulled over my open eyes  
Before its lashes were drawn together  
By a tightening of the final stitch.