Blind Weaver

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Abstract

I build a pattern with my life, Strung long ago, the weaving pattern fixed in heddle-chains of wire...
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by
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I build a pattern with my life,
Strung long ago, the weaving pattern fixed in heddle-chains of wire.

New yarns I add, change color, tension.

I vary the pattern slightly with my feet —
Marriage, child birth, equinox.
Yesterday's pattern retreating as the warp beam turns.

Then someone asks about the pattern
And my fingers falter.
What pedal am I on —
What repeat —
Keep the rhythm
   Beat, Beat, Beat.

Clean sheds with no snagged strands,
New shuttles wound before the old one empties.

At last the ends cut off, the pattern whole:
Clotted menstrual reds;
Brisk linen marching down the piece,
Decisive days and knowing why I weave;
Maternal roving teased soft, greying at the edges;
Rough homespun wool still holding nettles
And the smell of sheep;
Fine Persian yarns, melon and aubergine;
Parental warps broken and tied off;
Selvedges uneven where new threads come in;
Slubs forgotten in the rush of life.

Spread out for someone else to value
Or tumble in the corner.