

Catechumen Knitting

Why slip-stitch wood-ponds that depend on the tsetse
fly? Or shirr rivers into bores that unman
boatswains? What's made is always already
marred—how can you rebuke what never
worked? Unhook the stays you hooked this
way? Why does Eve's choosing knot
mine? Does the soul eyelet
skin? Does the pons spool
soul? Does doubt fit
here? How can
I, awl,
know

you?
Sew your
will into
acts like gussets
on muslin? Unpurl
the scriptures' purses, loose
the Word's gold thread from the rough
huck words? How can I cross-stitch you
now when you're so many cloths, shot silk
and tulle and nainsook and wool? How can I
rose-stitch a stole that would describe you whole as
Veronica's byssus wrap stanching the small rain?