

A weaver
is a bridge
between
human and
non-human
experience
the beauty
and
brutality
of the performance
of labor
the im
material world of
memory
feeling
a weaver is
the endurance
to return over
and again
to the crossing
of material
and
emotional
tensions
tight
tight
to articulate
unseen forces

A cloth
is a series
of crossroads
and the spaces
between
them
these portals
sites where losses
the weaver
has carried
in their chest
during the
beat
beat
of the weft
down
can be drawn
through
as
im
material
threads
doublestrand twists
across
a third axis
which the warp
and weft
can only observe

A practice
is an open
stance
before the
dim glow
of the weaving
hanging
there
to let the pores
of that fabric
memorial
observe you
friend
let them
let their
open eyes
arranged in hundreds
with unblinking
gravity
draw from you
grief threads
tangled
in
your
heart