Process 1: Cursive Distance

by Juliette Gutmann

At the slightest touch

you rise and bruise,

unworded thoughts

infused into handiwork.

Puzzles, unspoken losses

haunt like cat's cradles like

twists of fiber. When did I

first figure colorspun

wool slipping through your fingers

withheld words, infiltrated

across circular knitting needles?

What the lamp beams

hesitate, reticent;

what I would say

curtailed, how the thin letters I write

from abroad, script us—

mother/daughter, unsealed and sealed.

The textures of your yarn blur

the way grape skins

bruise, the way twilight slants

across an olive grove, the way light

on your wall, magnified, falls

into the rhythm, knit/purl, knit/purl.

Indigo shadows, your shadow

leans knit/slip/knit/slip

long past twilight. You cradle the yarn

like letters you slip over, reread

always long for, never decipher.