

Just a Jumper

The winter stretches out its arms
windows are blacked-out
this is the you-and-me stitch

your voice breaks in from the fireside:
look at the collars, I lengthened them
look at the armpits, no need for them
look, only the collar is left

it was my job
to talk to the
fabric that got lighter
stitch by stitch

threads to admonish
needles to gather
colour on colour

we begin to spin using dog hair
cover the holes in the body
with feathers and the threads too thick
is this spooling or unspooling?

there are words we forget
there are holes to be filled.