

FRANK KLAASSEN

WAITING STITCHES

In the time between the shock and grief I brought
upon you

and a far-off, gentle, and forgetful morning when it doesn't
matter any more

I've done what I can to patch together the trees,
fields, and clouds

a sky on the breathless edge of day that glows with stars and
golden windows.

I added the fence so you'd have some space for
flowers of your own

for solitary remembering of things that matter, fleeting blooms that
you will choose.

I'd like to say that what you grieve was never lost, but that's
for you to feel.

For once I cannot dig a hole to mend it, make a map,
replace a gasket

as I try not to hate my useless hands and how I
have to wait

one day, next day, making stitches, winding one around
the other's waist.

All I can give is this patchwork of things I found
about the house:

a quilt to warm your legs as you reorder all
your precious time,

muslin bags, sheets, rags, coffee stains, jeans, and
from the barn

the smell of grease and grain dust, faint ammonia from
the chicken coop,

the tiny world where hens peck out their minutes into
hopeful eggs.