

“cross stlitch” by Amelia Gottschalk, Skokie

cross stlitch

death holds the needle, life is the thread
that pokes stars through the embroidery-hoop of the sky
stitching constellations, and writing words
tendrils of twine curve and braid into each other
fasten, faster, fastened within ourselves

my heart is the needle, my blood the thread
i am twisted together with lines of fiber, my every inch
my skin is the hoop
i am embroidered into my world
twist, taut, twisted
my blood is warm and woven

the river of vessels throughout me run far
my hair to nerves to neurons i am criss-crossed
and cross stitched

Inspired by Snoopy - Early Sun Display on Earth by Alma Thomas