

DARNING

Destined to be always mimicking
Nature, we are bundles of fibers
A narrative of stitches
Defined by our absences
Or the spaces between.

Lips worn raw so that
we might peel the layers
of skin, as lace
A pattern language
of wear

Taken closely,
These holes we might sew
open, sew closed, reveal
The transparency of connection
The long reach of desire.

We emerge not
From order but
Keep trying to weave
It back in.
Poorly seamed, we

Are the texture of rupture
And fray, the conceal
and reveal of a
hand that pockets
the labor of a wound.

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