

for Margot

I see you sitting
the classic seamstress
bent and pulling
tugging with your teeth
turning
finishing

I hear you talking
"yeah there's not enough hours in the day"
laughing sober bubbles
that come up popping
cartoon sayings of Mr. Bob

I always had a crush on you
your telephone operator voice
the way you pulled a thread
and looked at me with a mixture of
skepticism and warmth

Now I imagine you stitching the clouds together
to take rain where people need it
pulling them apart
to let sunshine in here

You have a foot treadle you are pumping
It is carrying you to distant lands
We are waving goodbye

Eric Robertson