

by Franklin Habit (*with apologies to Wallace Stevens and his blackbird*)

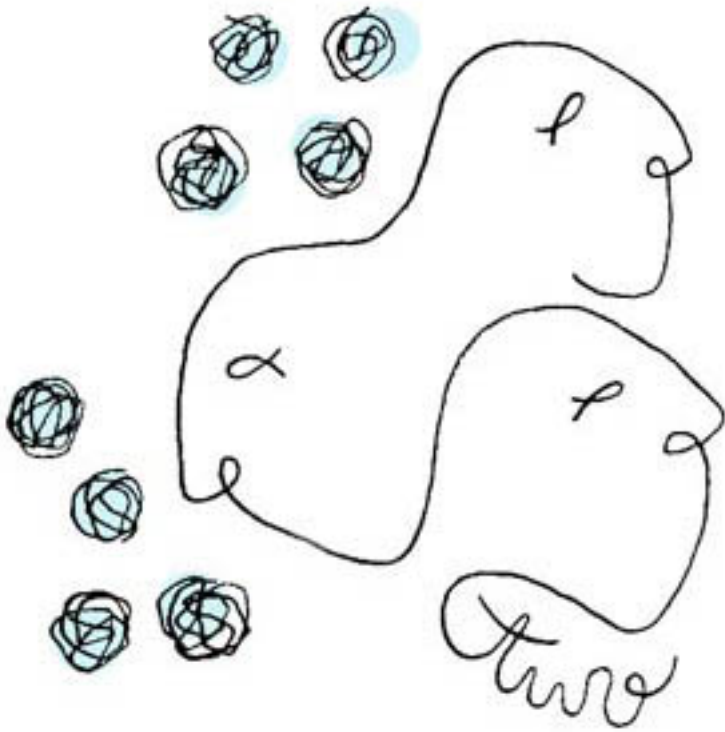
I.

Among twenty piles of dirty laundry,  
The only moving things  
Were the hands of the knitter.



II.

I was of three minds  
Like a yarn store  
In which there are three knitters.



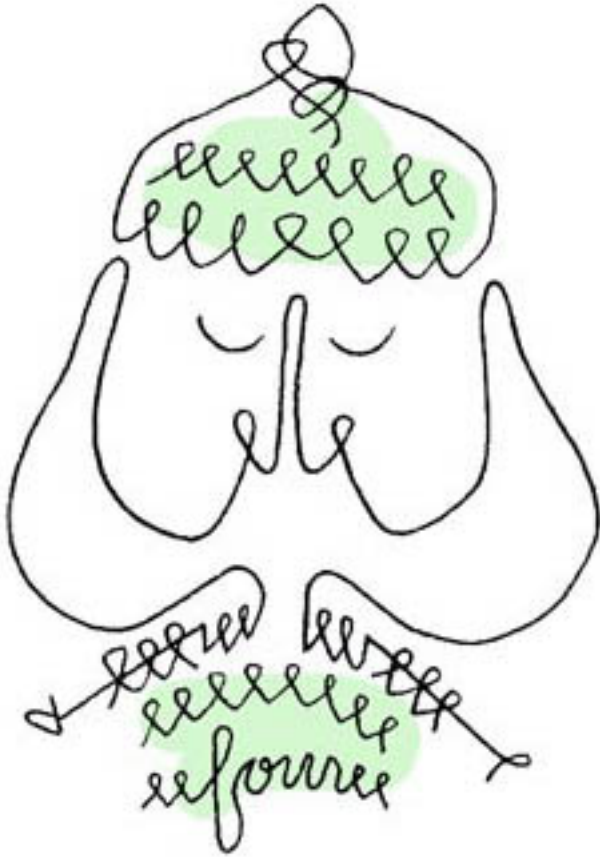
///.

The knitter stitched in the autumn winds.  
She was a small part of the tangle.



**IV.**

A man and a woman  
Are one.  
A man and a woman and a knitter  
Are one,  
And have warm hats.



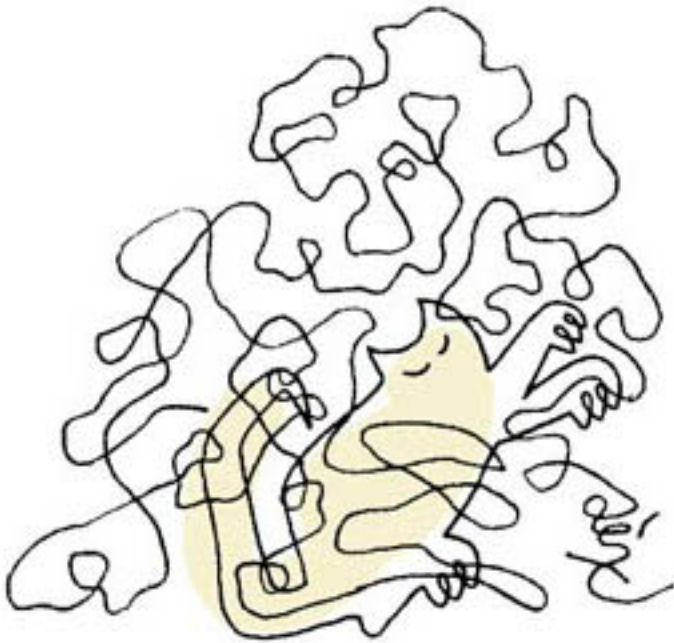
V.

I do not know which to prefer,  
The beauty of yarn,  
Or the beauty of sweaters.  
The knitter clicking,  
Or just after.



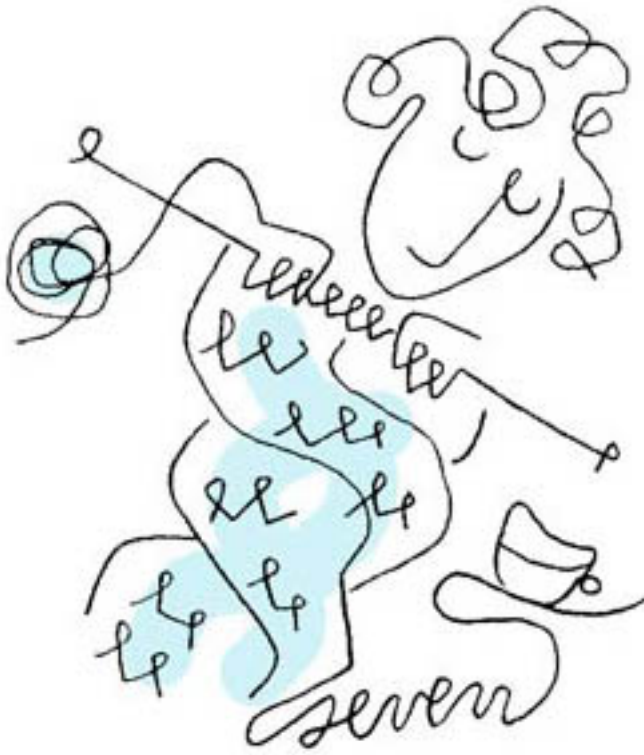
**VI.**

The cat filled the long room  
With barbaric yowls.  
The yarn of the knitter  
Crossed it, to and fro.  
The pattern  
Traced in the yarn  
An indecipherable lace.



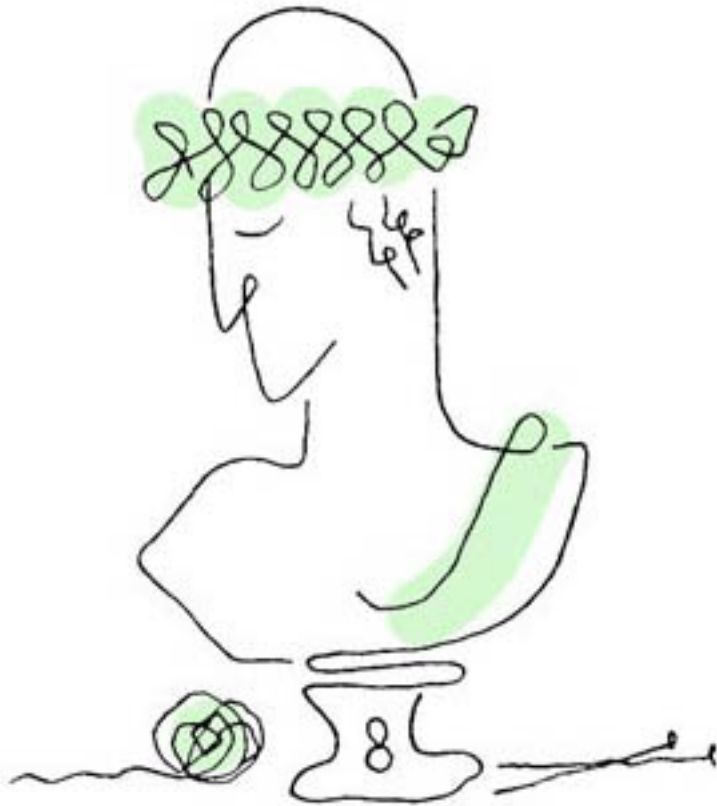
*VII.*

O thin men of Manhattan,  
Why do you imagine Irish cottages?  
Do you not see how the knitter  
Twists her perfect cables  
In the coffee shop below?



**VIII.**

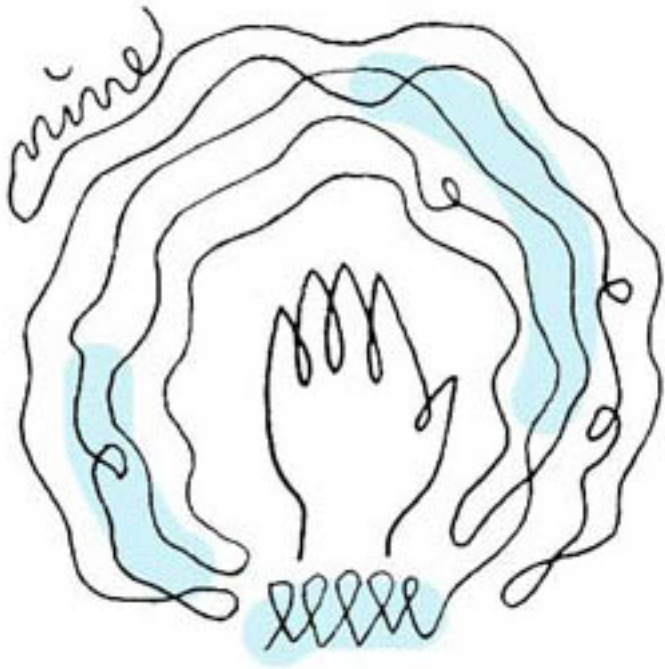
I know serene attitudes  
And nimble, enchanting rhythms;  
But I know, too,  
That the knitter is involved  
In what I know.



*IX.*

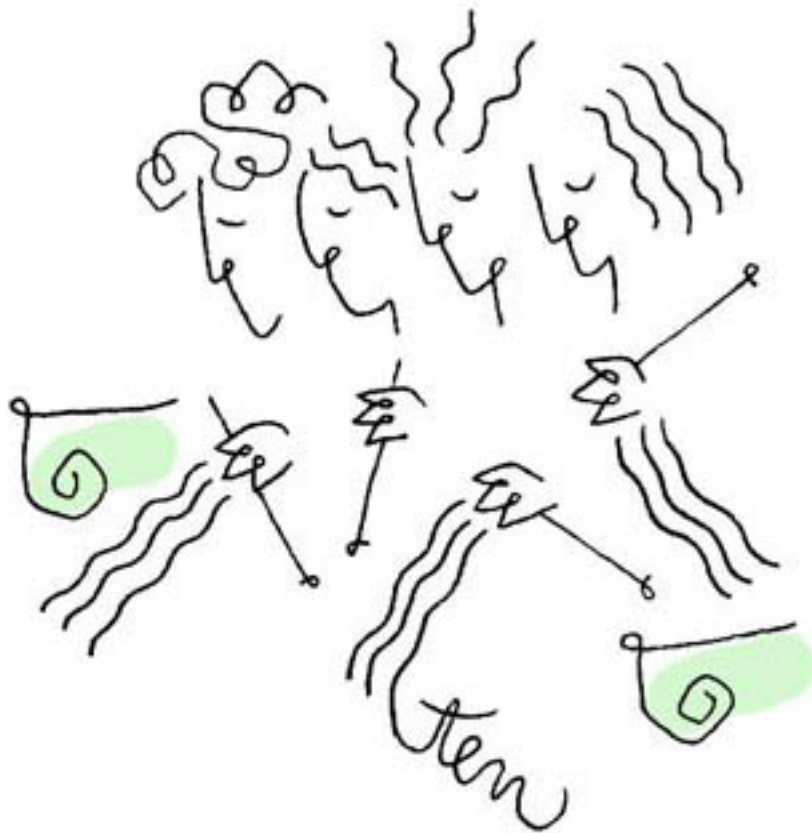
When the knitter finished the cuff,  
He marked the edge  
Of one of many circles.





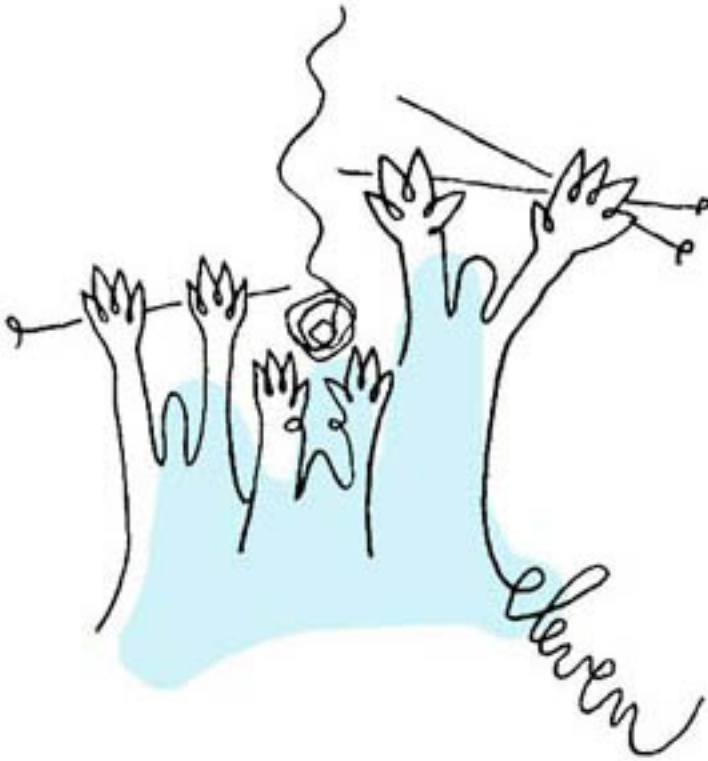
X.

At the sight of knitters  
Knitting on a green sofa,  
Even the prey of allergies  
Would ask for mittens.



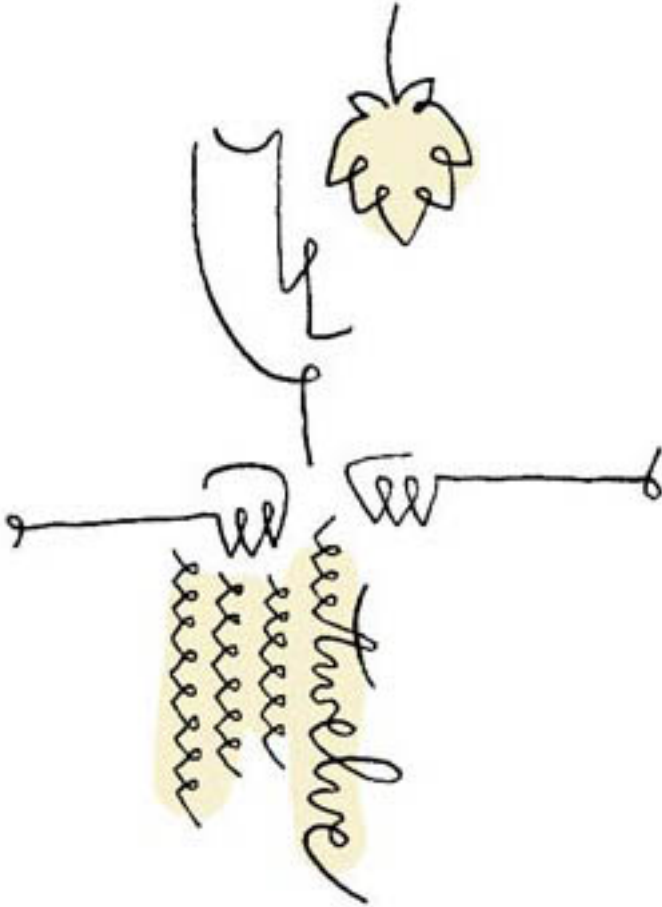
**XI.**

He rode through Canada  
In a hackney carriage.  
Once, a fear pierced him.  
In that he mistook  
The shadow of his limousine  
For a pack of knitters.



**XII.**

The leaves are falling.  
The knitter must be knitting.



*XIII.*

It was winter all summer.  
It was snowing  
And it was going to snow.  
The knitter sat  
In his favorite chair.



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*Franklin Habit is a photographer, illustrator, knitter, and author of [It Itches, a Stash of Knitting Cartoons](#). His blog, [The Panopticon](#), and his travels collecting images for his [1000 Knitters Project](#) keeps life in his little corner of the internet, in stitches.*