

by Paula Berman

Illustrations by Derya Davenport

Just once, I would like to spin sheep's wool.  
I want to feel soft fibers in my fingers,  
hold merino to my cheek in place of mortality.

I want to knit a warm sweater that hardly matters,  
and if I drop a stitch, say "Oops! Oh well,  
no one but I will ever notice that."



I want these chill hands to make scarves  
only to warm me against mundane winds  
— I want to create a gift of mere love  
instead of the unmasked favors of Fate.

Duty overmasters me: I am Destiny. I work  
consequences rather than cashmere, spin  
certainties, not silk. Sometimes, though —  
my fingers yearn for fiber.

