

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.

