

SAINT JULIAN PRESS

Kara Briggs ~ Poet

Weaving with my Grandmothers

my hands fly around a wooden loom, wrapping dyed yarn for warp
my teacher says you've done this before, I answer no
my teacher admires the movement of my hands, the tightness of
fiber

to wood I say I must have seen this on TV, my teacher says no
my hands take the weft, alternating hands and yarns, one white, one
red my teacher calls this weaving with both hands flying
each hand with its own ball of yarn

my teacher calls this butterfly wings

I say the only butterflies are in my stomach, my teacher says no
weft rounds warp

pull tight, my teacher says, your grandmother
must have been a weaver

I say no, my grandmother, a nurse, didn't have the time

my teacher says all our grandmothers' hands move in ours

I stop weaving, I say yes, a grandmother of mine was a weaver

my teacher says this is how we remember

yarn, hands, motion