

Knitting Through Skin

Kenlie Rohrer

Folds flow and sands chime
Away from hands that hold up time
I cannot bear to seek the dusk
That brings around what formless; husk
Though terrible and strident I glow now to see
A piercing cross, flush in bruising misery
Tidy turning flowers, a spindle of a rose
Cannot dare but creep the secrets one knows
As divine minutes begin and think to clamber
Down the pearled ropes, thimble essence of amber
Drawn up through the strips of yarn magic; torn
A skin I slide on like it's already been worn.