

Darning Knob

Back when there were socks
to be mended, when a woman
thought to mend them,
she took this wand

and remembered her own feet—
cold, the little toe white and naked
in the snow.

When socks were hand-knit

the foot was important—
where it had been,
what it had walked through, and how.
Whether in summer or winter.

One way or another, in war or peacetime,
the thick tongues of shoes
had a way of coming apart
from their soles.

Others would come and go
but these people were her own.
There were socks to be washed,
wrung, hung out to dry.

A washbasin embossed
with porcelain flowers. A yard
where no one else could see
the threads of daylight.

Judith A Skillman

From: "The Never"