



Needing to Knit Again

(1)

my neighbor walked
the block during
the first shock
of Covid
rosary beads
in his curled hands
I saw I wanted
too to run
my fingers through
a litany strong
resilient strands
that I might grasp
so I began that night
to knit again
wrapping yarn
rhythmically
looping pulling
to make
a textured web
warm wool to touch
my fearful
flesh each stitch
holding fast
the next.

(2)

years passed
the unthinkable
threat inept
banished but then
returned plundering
the sacred
democracy
decency
humanity—
yet I knit
crimson thick
butter yellow
colors of flesh
wool threaded
through my fingers
catching wrapping
creating
a careful mesh
to sheathe
my fearful flesh
each stitch holding
tight the next
while I pray
and wait.

—Katherine Simmons