



image credits

## Hazy

I  
my mother often lost herself  
in a world of fabric and thread,  
the hum of her sewing machine  
a counterpoint to her thoughts

II  
sewing is harder than it looks  
when you see the flying fingers,  
the dexterity; stop the machine,  
lift the presser foot, spin the fabric,  
drop the foot on the material,  
drop your foot on the pedal,  
and away

I never thought of my mother  
as an athlete,  
and yet a gracefulness resides  
in that ballet  
of hands and fingers,  
actions smooth  
as a second baseman  
receiving the throw,  
stepping on the bag,  
and firing to first  
to complete a double play

III  
there are autumn days  
when a haze descends  
over distant hills,  
blending and blurring the colors  
of changing leaves  
into a vision so beautiful  
you yearn to touch it,  
and it's the same with memory,  
when you look back on an instant  
or a series of instants  
to find them illuminated,  
like the blooms of a smoke bush,  
with a fuzzy radiance

threaded through my memories  
of my mother  
will always be the image  
of her sitting, happily distracted,  
at her sewing machine  
her place of joy

— Lisa Timpf