Knitting the Sleeve of Care

Madeline DeFrees

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KNITTING THE SLEEVE OF CARE

Swept to the surface by too much light, I wake with my head in my hands. Cars across the river veer through the green night. Creak of the floor over my bed, beside it the patient shuffle of digits, and overhead, the four feet of the stroke victim's aluminum cane.

The hounds' long leap streaks past my window under No Trespassing signs where the current calls the other way, and the red glare of sumac flags a jogger upstream. Better to go down gasping for air, your whole life flashing before you than fall under the wheel of the trucker making up time as he goes.

I am making up ours from channels under my eyelids, insomniac drives, the moonlanes of traffic rising up in the vertical night. Now the highway unravels and lets down the ropes of a swing depending, fragile as thread, from scissoring branches I see through as the bulk of my body travels the track of a comet released from unbearable height. These faraway rumors, these emanations: are they fear or vertigo? Such animal grace dissolves along the borders towards the deep ending we dream at the close of every day.