## LYN LIFSHIN

## When I Pull On the Velvet

The threads pull from what held them like a woman who can't wait to get away and I think of some woman in China, bent over a table with

out enough light, pulling the material to fit a shape, as she won't in her small house. She thinks of the girl she wanted to keep, the

smallest black haired baby her husband snatched up, ran into the leaves. She didn't ask, didn't need to. Some nights she dreams of her lost

daughter in the garnet sleeves, of buttoning the top button to keep her warm, sews the sleeve to her own sleeve. It would be better to have kept her inside, some

thing turning to stone inside her. She could have wrapped the baby's cry in crushed velvet, never let her husband near. She loves the son she had later, but it's the daughter moaning

under the floor, wailing for cloth the colour of blood, begging her mother to keep at least an eyelash, a whip of hair to stitch more velvet, keep at least her ashes, bones to plant

near the river as if some thing could grow from all that's gone

## It's Garnet or Blood, Depending on How You Look at It

The velvet's unravelling a little, the way petals toward the end flop open like an old sick woman's

thighs, no longer worrying about modesty. The threads fray, a paler colour on their own like skin peeled from a finger. The woman

who stitched these shoulders in China in a basement with no window or light felt her life was that shrivelling skin. When her husband took

their daughter, she wanted her heart to turn leathery, wanted to be the red cut off a fruit and thrown into the

highway. It was a girl she told herself, we couldn't keep her. At first she bundled the velvet, rocked

it close to her like a child at her breast. On the dampest days, a stickiness near the buttons, the faint smell of milk

Lyn Lifshin's most recent books include The Marilyn Munroe Poems (Quiet Lion Press, 1995) and Blue Tattoo (Event Horizon, 1996). A collected volume of her poetry, Cold Comfort, has just been released by Blacksparrow Press.

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