

“They are conflicts I have chosen”

(from a conversation with Madeleine L'Engle)

After her presence has reminded me
of everything I thought I should forget,
I walk through cold dark to home
and a pair of red mittens, waiting to be mended.

And I sigh.

Because, of course, I have not forgotten.

And there is nothing artistic in mending mittens.

Except that these are Mickey Mouse mittens,
and that's alliteration;
they are red as a winter cardinal,
and that's a simile;
they fit hands that I cherish,
which must be symbolic.

And my clumsy needle tugging the thread
is really the incarnation of love,
which, after all, is art.

