

*Tension must be adjusted,  
or things fall apart.*

Forty-two years I've created.  
Stopping once,  
when Veronica died before  
I could hold her.  
Pale pinks and yellows I folded  
into attic-bound boxes.  
Geese flew south  
loudly lamenting their long  
journey, cold chasing their retreat.

*Don't be greedy when you  
gather, distribute evenly.*

Hands shake, I try  
to forget as I tack together  
color scraps. Brilliant reds  
and blinding oranges bleed  
into a sunset above a pool  
of rumpled blue. Forgotten  
gray and white fold  
themselves into flying geese.



*By  
the  
Lake*

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*Theresa  
Nelson*



*By  
the  
Lake*

60

Pressing all seams  
gives a finished appearance.

From thick black spools of thread  
I satin stitch familiar numbers  
beside a pink laced bonnet, a  
rustic cabin held in place by  
tangled blackberry tendrils.  
Slowly, I retrieve my husband  
hacking heavy approaching vines  
with long swishing strokes—until  
I forget he lies, quiet  
and alone in a sterile white bed.

*Theresa  
Nelson*