

## Unraveling

It must have been the first  
decade of marriage  
she knitted the sweater

of undyed Icelandic wool  
so pure  
bits of straw snagged in the fibers,

milkweed soft and  
an intricate pattern of oblique lines  
bold cables braided  
like dancing snakes or the intertwined

necks of swans  
endless interlacings of  
casting on and binding

off until finally weaving the parts together  
it proved too large  
and languished unworn

so years later her husband offered it  
back but so cleverly made  
she could not like Penelope

find the one thread to  
let loose its long  
unraveling.