

Sewing Class

Her charcoal school skirt, hemmed
a fist shorter than ours, the
stain on her blue school shirt
Rorschach-cool, breasts
where ours were still ideas, chalked
from dotted paper, translucent.
Every word, backstitched into an
insult, fear run up our legs with
scissors.

Paired over yarns; I knew my way
along a seam, tucked myself
behind drapes of hair, afraid
she might unpick me. I
pinned her running stitch, tacked
myself too tight. Too many patterns later
I heard that she had been
embroidered with envy
all that time.

Marie Little