Obituary

Liberty Kingsley
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acrylic is soft to the touch
but hard when you pull it taught,
coarse like the strands that framed her un-dying face. i may have my dad’s
eyes but inside is a
fire stoked by a
grandmother’s spirit. i
have never heard a name as beautiful as
Ida. i try to
join the yarn with metal hook but it strains, no
keratin solution could fix the yarn’s
locks to look like yours. i know you liked
music, and through its
notes maybe i’ll know you better. words from your
obituary sing a story, like the silver clip-ons that
pinch my lobes, and help me know you. was your story ever
quiet? did you too struggle with yarn and the
rough texture of the wool?
"She liked to crochet and listen to music" will be
the only thing i share with you.
underneath your coat i wear my handmade
vest, and the craft reminds me where my
wandering heart comes from. yet, still, i am a
xenos to a mother’s mother. when can i truly know
you? can i work the yarn with such
zeal that you feel it too?