

## *Seamstress*

I wear her as the decomposing dress  
we sewed together in her life. I wear  
her every day: on streets, on mountain paths.  
In summer slick I wear her in the ocean.  
Her sleeves are pushing thin at elbows,  
her unwound selvedge rips through backstitched seams—  
these ragged bits have knitted with my skin.  
And if we skimmed on fabric quality,  
or bought thread on the cheap from backyard bins,  
embroidered all too hastily, forgive.  
Each scrap of cloth which splits, each button falling  
off, each unhinged stitch, sloughs her away—  
undone by air and time and water's pull.  
And so I have to lose her twice.

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