

## Cast off

Wool shunts through,  
lightly grazes my hot fingers,  
feeds unhurried growth.

Stitches are born,  
they slip and loop, left to right.  
The garment, a slow moving vehicle,  
drives itself to clothe a small body.  
Colours change at random,  
spatter and daub their bright patterns.  
The steady click relieves our silence.

You wake, touch the vibrant rows,  
fingers icy and bloated.  
'That's lovely', an arid whisper.  
Your eyes close again,  
the room too warm.  
Voices drone through the door,  
a distant buzzer calls,  
the moon's thin slice glides through clouds.

The last piece finished,  
I rest it on your cover  
where it pulses gently with each breath.