

Winning Poems in 2021 CFCP, Inc., Annual Contest

3. Any Subject, Any Style, First Place

We Only Darn the Large Holes

Her Long Ago is tied to the loose thread—
the one that hangs long and ragged as a frayed tail,
swipes her arm when it swings from side to side.
To pull, just makes it longer, puckers the garment,
draws attention.

He never said goodbye.
 He never said he would return.
 . . . a fear of unravelling . . .

The answer, of course: to take hold of the end piece,
the fray loops of the noose— the borderless hook
 —shall we call it “the hanging”?
Grasp the hanging be- tween forefinger and thumb,
get ahold of its ess- ence and gently push the fiber
through the pattern of ess curves and Vs
and tuck it through to the other side—
nearest the flesh where raw edges may be felt tightly
against smooth sheer veneer. Touch the fibrous strays without fear
as they are soft from wear. Reflect upon their stories. Wind them
together over and under and around, to form a bulbous knot—
holding the past tight and neat and close to the chest.

It is here where loose ends are mended,
 where one can lead with the fray of the past
 to begin a new row, forming a new truth.

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