Tussling with my Mother over a Sweater

And does it now come back to you, dear little old one, over whom I grieve?
— the burrowing of your arm inside the tunnel of cloth, jamming, twisting, wriggling while the cuff was being tugged because your fingers snagged and sleeve ensnared your hand.

Sometimes wool was pulled over your helpless head, and then it would go night, not the velvet black of sleep but a dark that scratched, taking breath and bringing panic.

The memory of the mother who assaulted you with cloth all those years ago has faded into blank, and the son now wrestling you into a sweater, as so many times you wrestled him, is only hands.
And should your nerves and muscles sense
they've struggled like this before,
can such an intimation
be called remembering?

Although it's just your hand
and arm that are engaged
this autumn afternoon,
somewhere in your brain might cells
relive a time when eyes
couldn't see what chafed you
and the world, become obscure,
filled you with the dreads?