

ROGER NASH

KNITTING

On stormy nights, when the power went out,
my grandmother peered for the glasses on top
of her head, to search for the matches held,
in anticipation, in her alert, mole-covered hand.
But she already saw, with perfect vision,
the candle-flame that she wanted to light.
After the tenth grandchild, wish
accomplishes the thought. Needles clicked
to crescendos by themselves while she took a nap.
The day after she died, it seemed they still
hadn't stopped. No endings
are acceptable while there's still wool left.
Her knitting went on uninterruptedly, beyond sleep,
beyond power-failures, beyond time ticking in the rusty
clock. Now, when I visit her headstone,
words blurred by the rain and the moss,
I read, as much with wish as with sight,
the fitting tribute: "In knitting we trust."