

ALMOST

JANE SPAVOLD TIMS

‘I almost believe in magic ...’
says Pia, a dyer

as twilight fits between tatters
of birch and shadows twitch, she lugs
water to the circle of stones,
peeks into the pot to see if
simmering has ceased, lays her hand
on the curve of the cauldron, fetches
the maple staff from the V of
the branch where it loves to lean, lifts
the wool from the dyestuff, yarn flows
from the stick like water and red
dye weeps from fibre, cinnamon
brown, she says, and wishes
for green