

CAROL ANN DAVIS

The wovenness

By days may we be set right by the wovenness that unfurls unrehearsed to arrive at the
appointed hour by knit to unknit the loam of all known teachings as a frost undoes its
varnish as by the hard ground a fox sneaks over may we be set right we who become as we
are made the way sewing predicts its lovely seam by days sleeting or clear to see the way
the cold air shores itself then disappears by bright sunshine counted backwards from the
last room we were in together bright as bright the one before that and so on by the letting
and the let's-keep to return to years of befores by school- fire- and ordinary house to admit
the high road where a wind disavows our seamlessness and by dint of a thief's shelter do
we marry the us kept back to us taken a wovenness by a thin sheet to cover those we
unfurl alongside those we pack close as if by song in throat to find throat by days to knit as
knits the bright wovenness of our presence to a woven absence by such days as day sets right