

Tatting

by Linda Shay

During the night, or perhaps by
morning light,
a free-flowing bobbin
spun mightily midst the trees,
tatting their branches with
a most delicate lace,
edging the borders
of the right-of-way,
tacking a collar round
the bend of the road.

Fine thread was used
of spun white gold.
That shuttle did weave
a garland to the winter,
Edwardian lace on a dress
of white lawn,
a most suitable trim
for a christening dress.
I fall to my knees
before the baby is blessed.