

# 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.