

Nature's Seamstress

Stephanie Korbas

In the evening she prepares;
By threading moonlight
Into the eyes of wind born needles,
Then gingerly knotting the ends
With a quick tug of her teeth.

I could feel her
Nearing the screen of my window
As the last layers of daylight peeled
Away from the dark flesh of the sky.

A quilted shadow
Blanketed my shivering lips,
Which she then pulled over my open eyes
Before its lashes were drawn together
By a tightening of the final stitch.