

This Cashmere Life

BY TONI GILBERT

Mother-chaos with her wild Indian knot in tow,
she wanders the prism-colored medley. Bristling
babel of Turkish bazaar booths line the mall,
handcrafters hawking tole-painted
serving trays, hand-blown glass,
soaps, candles, and gift baskets.

The flashing spokes of a
silver-beech drive wheel

lure her closer to
whoosh-hush

whispers—

be here.

be now.

breathe.

spin.

The soothing swoosh and whir—

the wheel, the rhythmic
stroke of the treadles,

the spinner's hands
moving back and

forth, in a spin

draft pull

and pinch,

twisting

Merino

fibers

into

yarn.

spin.

Stacks of scoured fleece, carded crossbred

wool slivers, rovings, skeins of spun

yarn, dyed in earthy colors of madder,

indigo, woad, and saffron,

lavender and lanolin rising

from overflowing

rattan reed

baskets.

be here.

be now.

breathe.

spin.

Long draw and take-up, smooth
and easy, drafting in the zone.

She spins her scattered life

together, turning the

fragile fragments

into this fine

cashmere

life.

Toni Gilbert of Ogden, Utah, writes short stories, essays, novels, and poetry. She's been a member of Romance Writers of America for over twenty years and is a member of the Academy of American Poets. She is marketing a Western historical novel and currently working on a new novel and poetry chapbook. She writes a blog for writers with the hope of inspiring other writers at <http://tigiswindfallsforwriters.blogspot.com/>.