

The knitter
By Sally Spiers

You knitted me
the blue jumper with the intricate collar
and teddy motif that you slipped over my swimming costume on cool days at the beach;
red mittens dangling from elastic, threaded through the sleeves of my coat, like dysfunctional fists.
You purled a scratchy mohair blanket, heavy with sullen silences and selfishness and
tuck me in. You manipulated your 4-ply until a knot grew between us of twisted yarns
that will never be disentangled. You plucked at my flaws, unpicked, and then you
cast me off. You have jabbed me with your knitting needles, and I have slipped
like a foetus from its mother's womb. I say nothing. Filial duty still hangs
like a loose, unfinished strand. Instead, I squash down my fury like oversized
breasts in a shop-bought, pure wool sweater that shrank in too hot a wash.