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Abanico

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Abanico

Stitch your silken fan but do not pose behind its folds;
let it be caged satisfaction. A frozen fragment,
hang it still and sure, to fill that space with metal-golds.

As it unwraps, I want to touch that black fabric; old
days laid flat in rows, slight russets and warm gingers spent;
stitch your silken fan but do not pose behind its folds.

Your bodybreeze is enough, a motion slowing; cold
needle-thrusts push a slight wind, etched lines, creases unbent;
hang it still and sure, to fill that space with metal-golds.

Auburn highlights shine like august sun, ache untold;
you give breath to thread, I lay deep scarlet compliments—
stitch your silken fan but do not pose behind its folds.

You are silent as you work, eyes bone dry, tin-dim, though bold
as beams that cracksplit through; look up, a slit heaven sent—
hang it still and sure, to fill that space with metal-golds.

You will be captured in glass; trapped with light, neatly rolled
into thin rays, bouncing off of the framed filament.
Stitch your silken fan, but do not pose behind its folds;
hang it still and sure, to fill that space with metal-golds.

by Emily Kay Carson