

Please recycle to a friend!

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Cover Photo by Janice Forsstrom
Infinity scarf created by Ginny McClure

Origami Poems Project™

Found Yarn

Mary Mueller © 2013



Found Yarn

Ginny McClure's infinity scarves were inspired by her mother's heirlooms, her own travels and a relationship with her mother found late in life...

A Tribute in Yarn

Find mother's golden pins circa 1930. Choose wool and silk.

Pick up knitting needles, cast on a stitch. Loop yarn, secure with knot.

Continue casting first row, turn let memory weave sunrise colors – red

pink African plains. A stitch hints safari, grassy haze herds of gazelle.

Purl rows of green apple Turkish tea, copper bowls, mosaic tiles, Istanbul.

Cross blue Aegean – blinding white Greek isles, turn to Vineyard gray.

Pick up dropped stitches – mother's playful wit warmth – infinity. Knit two together.

Bind off. Secure pin.

knitting haiku
unbending needles
click white curling gentle yarn
arabesque of loops

Knit one, purl too
Instead of knitting a scarf
I'm making a poem.
Knit word, purl
reverse loop. Tension
holds. End of row
enjamb. A stitch
falls. Should I
pick it up
or leave a space?
Avoid snarls.
Does the rhythm breathe?
Yarn has a voice.
Norwegian design?
Surely not. Unravel
and begin again? No.
End with suspended
bind off.

The Knitting Cure
Modern experts agree
that knitting is good
for "flu-in-the-nerve,"
my grandmother's phrase
for upset and worry
randomly plaguing our town.
"If only she'd take up handwork,"
Grandma would sigh regarding
Rose, whose nasty
case of flu-in-the-nerve
required hospital stays.
Her sigh encompassed the world.
If only we knew that anxiety,
grief and family wars,
when woven into a simple act
of plying yarn in endless beats
can transport our minds to infinity.

Knitting styles...
a brief personal history
Great Grandma Amanda knit so fast
sparks flew from her needles, so they say.
She used the German method, yarn held taut
on left hand, then seized by right needle
to join a line of tight knots. I learned
to knit from Grandma Mary in her own
German way, with rows slightly askew.
Her stitches dropped as if she knit on wire
of circular needles, yarn weaving its bulk
into random mittens and socks for twenty
grandchildren. I think she liked to crochet,
its form free to maneuver the hook into
blossoms for eternal potholders. I don't
crochet, but use the hook to pick up stitches
dropped while knitting scarves - now strewn
on family shelves or stuffed in drawers of friends.