

Please recycle to a friend!

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Cover Photo by Janice Forsstrom  
Infinity scarf created by Ginny  
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Origami Poems Project™

*Found Yarn*

Mary Mueller © 2013



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### 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.