shadow weave
after *Becoming*, by Luzene Hill,
a mobile in beeswax, silk, female, star, prayer, shadow

The moon & the Pleiades set—
night’s half gone.
Time’s passing.
I sleep alone.
—Sappho

Thinking of clouds of
Of Pleiades of cloud of wisdom
waterfowl to break her fall
women—waists silk-wrapped, piked mid-
How we do not speak the same language
air in all kinds of

The act of gathering
female high-wire juggling acts:
& weaving a quietly
the children while you swing from
remembered story hovering over
above Cleaning their

abraded textures
sick let alone finding—while you spin
on female bodies—double
there—love
Healing from giving
weave—this coffin shape sacred
girl drawn
trapeze birth Hanging

into the night sky
like star—like cloud—still coming unstrung
region where the heart moves past
Belly grows
Your silks constrict
ribs touches spirit
the forgotten
twisted on lines

warehouse parts that fit
on prayers on an image slice on
an assembled image Don’t
making a life On breath &
allow your imagination to
trying to breathe

[Quote]
be used against you—

Silk shimmers its prismatic
as Mulberry *Bombyxmori* trace

these bright stars as one in five-hundred-thousand—concludes that they cross
sky above captive heads, spinning a mile of thread
sky together Like
before they’re encased then killed with heat

...swarms of bees... Like silkworms spinning... Like
their cocoons soaked... bobbin girls throwing shuttles
in boiling water... softening... unable to hear
sericin, protective gum, and spun—

Beeswax never goes bad
Some uses: cosmetics, Paschal candle, lost-wax casting, wax
in making, sealing wax, digeridoo mouthpiece, boat lute frets,
batik, sealant for bullets,

But everyone knew that already:

Freyja’s Hens Mourning stars Lost Boys Puppies Orphans
Disobedient children Six wives who
mouthpiece, boat lute frets, loved onions more than husbands
batik, sealant for bullets, Dancers Mothers of
explosive Torpex stabilizer,
gods Seven women giving birth Girls
dental filling, thread pursued by gods Suicides
stiffener, embroidery Queen’s sails Flock of doves
floss glide, sculptural mobile (with silk)
Were we puppets then, swinging on string? Dolls/playthings hanging mid-lift—you can see where we’ve spin—how fast we rotate to stay still, the plates we juggle to maintain this orbiting narrative. 

Breathe [Breathe] This spinning

spin—how fast we rotate to stay still, the plates we juggle to maintain this orbiting narrative. 

In shadow weave patterns form with contrasting threads: dark/light rough/smooth shine/dim

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