



SILVER NEEDLE

by JULE HAYEN

Emma met me in a tea house
slipped up skirts, sipping quietly
with the cup still on her lips
they curl into a smile
drawing out the lines of a peony.

While the gentle whirring lulls me
into a false sense of comfort
clinging to her skin
she tightens the stitches
never quite leaving her pattern.

I feel her name under the seam
four letters - scratching my back
it shouldn't have surprised me then
how soft fingers can be rough
when they don't like the fabric.

All but Emma on the rosy velvet
I hold my breath, she chooses
white hair silver needles
sealing white bone, meeting
the doll behind the mirror.