

# ODE TO A BLACK CROCHET LADY

January 3, 1995

HTH

If I could transcend time and space  
We would sit face to face  
And reminisce on some Zimbabwe day  
When I bargained for your cotton crochet  
Then, later on my couch, sick with the flu,  
With nothing to do  
I explore the exquisite symmetry  
That covers me.