

Handiwork

by Hazem Tagiuri

People speak of *wordsmiths*,
as if they hammer text into shape;
smelting down clunky prose,
recasting from white-hot ink.

Less is said of *wordweavers*,
threading rich fabrics of place, time;
who stitch characters together,
fine-needling their traits.

Many, prideful in their handiwork,
leave it to be picked apart,
unravelling by the envious.
The best hide their seams.

