

Sewing the Labyrinth

by Kirsty Logan

She will sit
and she will stitch.

Penelope sewed for love; those unnamed girls — sister
of swans, spinner of straw to gold — sewed for their lives.
Sold into tangles made by mothers, the endless edge
of the coin between women. If girls have keys for fingers

then locks cannot hold them. Now Ariadne has her thread,
golden as porridge, and she too must sew. For love, for life,
to be another man's wife, she forces fistfuls of gold
into keyholes. The desertion of man makes a hero, but

mothers must build their homes from birth-red dirt and branches
sap-bled. A thousand pomegranate seeds will make a fireplace.
A bull made of gowns, a beast stitched from slippers: this is the
task
that will make a woman a myth.

Now she will sit
and she will stitch
because that is what girls must do.

