

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

In The Dressmaker's House

by Fran Duffield

There were many sharp needles
jabbing in their unfinished sentences:
'it's in the blood'
'what can you expect'
tight-pinned lips, taut looks
between them, the child watching them
cut out the complicated pattern
of mutual purgatory,
not knowing what deep unravelling
my childish pulling had caused,
one loose thread ripping
into gaping tears

under the cutting table
eavesdropping on their snipping away,
their endless unpicking
of a garment never finished,

their love and loathing
in crumpled lives come apart
at the seams, sewn in anger
with hot thread

and I the button always,
that would fall to the floor
with a spinning clatter
in the silence