

**A.E. STALLINGS**

**Selvage**

(from *self + edge*, the firmly woven edge of a fabric that resists unravelling)

Who knew her son had salvaged so many hates?  
*Their feet twitched a little, like thrushes caught*  
*In a fowler's net.* The simile had the tang  
Of remorse. No, surely the idea was his  
To hoist them up like flags in their long skirts,  
Modest now, the sluts, the dirty flirts,  
Tongueless belles, spinsters of their own doom.  
While they twitched, a flutter of pity. But as it is  
She finds them tidy and domesticated,  
Dull plumaged with death, now that they hang,  
As if in the spot-lit vitrine of a future museum,  
From the warp like a dozen ancient loom weights.