The wovenness

By days may we be set right by the wovenness that unfurls unrehearsed to arrive at the appointed hour by knit to unknit the loam of all known teachings as a frost undoes its varnish as by the hard ground a fox sneaks over may we be set right we who become as we are made the way sewing predicts its lovely seam by days sleet ing or clear to see the way the cold air shores itself then disappears by bright sunshine counted backwards from the last room we were in together bright as bright the one before that and so on by the letting and the let’s-keep to return to years of befores by school- fire- and ordinary house to admit the high road where a wind disavows our seamlessness and by dint of a thief’s shelter do we marry the us kept back to us taken a wovenness by a thin sheet to cover those we unfurl alongside those we pack close as if by song in throat to find throat by days to knit as knits the bright wovenness of our presence to a woven absence by such days as day sets right