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Left Untaught

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Left Untaught

by Shannon Gubnitsky

Every day I observed
Everything that you taught.
As you wove in and out repeatedly
Forming consistently tight little knots.

Your lessons were expected,
Your peculiar patterns, predictable.
The clicks and clacks of the needle
Became to me somewhat irresistible.

I did my best to impress you.
To make you feel proud,
To have a student like me
That stood out from the crowd.

And then one day
You did not show.
My usual pace
Grew slow.

My threads ripped and tangled.
My patterns lost their beauty.
I noticed that the others.
Could see pieces of rejection
through me.

I have woven here for days,
Weaving thread after thread.
The familiar precedent flower
Has become something worthy of
my dread.

I then allowed my knots to loosen
Let my thread remain torn
For what is a dress worth making
When it is never to be worn?