

Alice

Her skin stretcher, passed down,  
bone and skin bound with sinew,  
fit perfectly in my hand.

Her motion, made to be copied,  
pressing it into beaver hide,  
preparing to marry with wolf.

Her stitches, small,  
difficult to duplicate.

Her presence in a room  
turned it peaceful, without fail.

This could not be learned by watching,  
by listening,  
by copying;  
only by being  
there  
with her.

It takes so long  
to learn by feeling  
to learn by being  
Who can find the time?