**Weaving from Memory**

Christian Knoeller

What struck her first

was not darkness

but distance, how

the mind adjusts as

light fails, shorter

afternoons of autumn

setting clocks back

as the world inched

out of reach.

After a lifetime

her hands still trace

precise dimensions

of the loom, position

of harnesses, tension

of pedals pumped

like a piano's

to sustain a note

or extinguish it,

fingers following

passage of the shuttle,

rhythms of her work

even after day has

joined night to form

a single void

around her

no matter how far

she looks.