**Salvage**

Melody Wilson

I should probably unravel

the sweater you knitted

for my father—

repurpose the fiber

into a throw for the sofa.

One snip and twenty rows

of ribbing stutter loose,

then cables. The intricate twist

of your evenings, yarn held

to the front, knitted behind,

each stitch sliding

into place like beads

on a rosary. The yarn

relinquishes shape,

winds backward into balls

for me to knit forward,

your life becoming mine.

I wrap it around my needles,

hold the tension, slide each

inch through my fingers,

the lanolin, the oils

from your hands—

not the sound of your voice

as you work, the smoke

from your cigarette,

the globes of sweat sliding

down the outside of your glass.