

PART I

A Stitch....in Time

Edwin Thumboo

He who unpicks the swirling cosmos;
he who pushes padi shoots into mud,
are equally stitchers. Though fire and
water sizzle and douse, true situational
enemies, in conjunction, the sun's core
and that wet ripening, coax seeds to life.
Nothing contradicts when seen right.

We do our work, starting with cross-stitch.
As life doubles back and forth, slides up
moonbeams, down improbabilities, peels
tearful onions, hiccups, blends coffee beans
for that special brew, answers tricky emails...
we finalise aptness, with twins and triplets
of herringbone, French and bullion knots,

from word farms, colour parades, sound bites.

Thus

Circle our craft with art. Put song in the wind,
the wind into words, words into colour and
colour into the wind, in second, third versions.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,

Moves on!..., embroidering our seasons.

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¹ The *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, i.e. the quatrains of, number 51 from the first edition of Edward FitzGerald's translation.