

Knitting in the wild

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [March 6, 2013](#) issue

The pale bits—twigs, fibers,  
pine needles—sun-struck,  
fall through the lazy air  
as if yearning to be embodied in  
my knitting, like gold flecks woven into  
a ceremonial robe.

Then surprise—a new marvel!  
Like a parachutist, a very small beetle  
lands on the greeny stitch I have just  
passed from left needle to right;  
the creature's burnished carapace  
mirrors precisely the loop of glowing,  
silky yarn that he has chosen.

When this shawl ends up  
warming someone's shoulders,  
will she sense the unexpected—  
this glance, this gleam,  
this life spark?