

Gansev

Intricate and regular
like the tides and weather,
a dense web and weft
woven tight as the community.
Close knit.

Made to withstand high winds and squalls.
Fashioned for hard work
on small boats in high seas.
Not to go out there would be to go hungry.
And there's also the pride.

Worked into a unique visiting card,
a Braille of sorts.
A man's initials if he is lost at sea.
When the waves ease later
and the sea settles, as it must,
the garment gives up its code
to those who haul the body in.
Where to return it.

An obituary note in relief,
in raised stitch,
tooled by a woman's quiet persistence,
a symbol of nets, of fish.
It might as well say
Get him home.
He's ours.
He belongs to us.

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