

*A tribal carpet is not just a rug, it is a legacy. Ryaz Bhat.*

**This is a story of what will happen.**

After the explosion, among feathered barnyard bone and a vagary of dogs, I'll look for her. Scarring hours with bitter salt and thorn. Between slick rock, goated slot-canyons, far along a lizarding of wadi sand, blood-oranged, the sun's corona and solar wind settling, I'll collect her shattered dust. Mouth mute, *Jalabib* flying.

*They say we cannot sing our thunder, rattling women are brass vessels.  
I'll teach you how to shout, shrug wing-flicks of words, dance, clamour.*

*They say we must be lessoned in stillness, that docile arms toil well.  
I say be aware of our hands, their full weight, the thrash of loom and chaff.*

After the explosion, we'll fold her quiet *kilims* here, lucky they who birth, die, on these silent threads. Heed her brave *abrash*, red madder, burnt walnut, sweet pink pomegranate, shifting shades where she weaved such a different yarn. So rare her weld-flower yellow, dye bright as sun-filled water. See how this wilful poppy-head hides, holds but one slipped stitch. A prick of blood.

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