

Threading a Needle

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It's a heavy burden,
the weight of expectation—
of *please*
of *won't you*,
of pulling yourself out of bed in the morning,
of pulling yourself back home at night.

Sometimes the love you give
feels like a patched up bear
kept high on a shelf—
brown fur stiff, matted, or missing,
red marker to match your scars,
floppy head cocked to the side,
wondering what you were thinking.

Good intentions—
to pull out the needle and thread
for yourself and the camel at your back.
An eye for an eye watching your p's and q's,
an I for an I pushing stuffing within seams.
It will have to be enough
to pull the both of you through.