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## Patchwork

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## Patchwork

### **Author Bio**

I am a junior Political Science major, with a minor in Spanish and Writing. I am also the President of Creative Writing Club.

# Patchwork

TIMOTHY BLACK

In the entryway  
hung my Granny's quilt,  
each square from one  
of her favorite sweaters,  
a patchwork of colors  
accented by cardinals and thrushes,  
by roses and daisies,  
Home Sweet Home  
embellishing the center  
in a deep royal purple.  
It was sewn by her hands  
as cancer sapped  
their strength.  
I often admire it  
and wonder what  
would make up  
my patchwork memory.

A square of blue fleece,  
covered in images of puppies,  
would begin the pattern,  
cut from a long hidden,  
but never forgotten blanket.  
The memory of story time  
and fears of thunder  
spun and woven into  
something soft and warm  
protective and nurturing.

Next a piece of polyester  
and spandex, black and white,  
from a Halloween long passed.  
Power Rangers were the obsession  
of the moment and a Halloween  
soon turned to six months.

Each day a new adventure  
 in a childhood imagination  
 with no seams.

A hawk's talons  
 clutching an S  
 on a field of orange  
 would be placed beside it,  
 with its distinct smell,  
 sweat, grass, and earth  
 all wash out,  
 competition never does.  
 As my fingers rub against  
 the fabric, a quiet chant or prayer  
 "safe" seems to still escape.

A simple black patch  
 from an awkwardly fitting robe  
 comes after that.  
 Three pins will be attached:  
 The Same S from before,  
 District Chorus 2018,  
 West Side Singers.  
 Pitch, tone, and rhythm  
 hemmed in with  
 a strand of nerves

I've tried to imagine  
 more squares to add  
 perhaps a big orange G,  
 for Gettysburg College,  
 or a piece of the flannel  
 that always seems to  
 smell like him  
 but I know a simple white panel  
 is placed in the center.  
 Embroidered in black thread is:  
 Do I dare disturb the universe?  
 The words appear like a tattoo  
 on alabaster skin.  
 The quilt will always be a plan,  
 faded memories never sewn together,

but rather grafted to my skin,  
a technicolor coat to cover me.  
So how unfortunate that no matter  
the fabric or color it will always be seen  
as a rainbow flag.