

COUNTERPANE

Counter pane
Against + Pain = Comfort

One hundred 6" squares of fabric.

Assorted colours and patterns

Arranged in haphazard fashion.

Six months of cutting, pinning, tacking.

Strong, carefully chosen strands of thread

Unifying each scrap together

Becoming one.

A patchwork quilt of wistful memories,
to bring feelings of familiarity and safety,
warmth and comfort.

My son's first babygrow,

Purchased with love and pride.

White fluffy sheep against azure, blue sky.

Worn to his great-grandfather's funeral.

Mother's lilac flowered bedding,

70's fabric at its best.

Pretty pillowcases

Where she laid her head to rest.

Grandmother's white linen napkin,

Yellow daisies embroidered by her own fair hand.

My stitches overlapping hers.

Two generations sutured together.

The centrepiece,

Blue and red checked brushed cotton

Of my father's shirt,

Worn to that first hospital appointment.

The finished quilt's anticipated comfort
evades me.

Each square permeated with memory and loss,
Weighs heavily on my heart
and legs.
Reluctantly, tearfully,
I kick it to the floor.