

## **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.