

CHILA WOYCHIK

## If You Think Grieving is Easy, You've Never Learned to Knit

When she's gone, your mother, a lightning bug careening  
    into a pitchy night sky—  
When she forgot to say goodbye like you forgot to feed  
    the cats or fill the bird feeders, again—  
When a sky full of birds flip circles around your memories  
    before you've even had breakfast—  
Then, then, the ending becomes the beginning,  
    all knit ones, purl twos, all clacking needles for sleeves  
    you hope come out the same length in a color you love.