

# TO THE CHILD WATCHING HIS GRANDMOTHER SEW



poem by **Bradford Kimball**

The whirl of the sewing machine fades  
Like a faltering metronome.

If you can imagine each stitch  
As a note,  
You can hear a lone melody.

But you don't know that yet.  
You are too young, and it is too dark.

She'll wait until the lights burn out,  
And when she thinks you are asleep,  
She'll play that tune again.

One day, you'll hear  
Some love song on the radio  
And understand.  
The music crescendos—

The lights burn out, one by one,  
And you remember  
The needle's steady hum:  
The first love song you ever heard.

Image: "Seamstress" by Lily Prigioniero. "To the Child Watching His Grandmother Sew" was written by Bradford Kimball for *Rattle's* Ekphrastic Challenge, August 2023, and selected as the Editor's Choice.

