

Vanguard

By Lorraine Voss

Embroider me a tragedy and trim.
Tie off on the wrong side,
Satin-stitch in crimson every solemn act therein.

Insert the pre-cut gore,
its tapered structure flaring at the closure of each section.
Add a cunning twist for redirection,
ease, and back-tack.

A pocket full of bias sprinkled sparse
sets the scene for substance;
lends a trend of colour to the wishy-washy weave.

Next, a subtle seamstress
picks an entrance for the 'patchwork girl.'
'Scraps' of Baum's invention.
The doll that Scissors Sisters say was
'sent to cinch the deal.'

Scoop, (a haberdasher)
with his 'part time' pins and needles offers nip,
tuck
and turn-up.
Wheedling for rumour as he teases seam
and silk purse.

Perfection is objective,
nap and weft
are seldom left to chance.
The wrong side's unobserved by the paying hoi polloi.

Silk garb is done and pressed;
filled with equity holders and 'lovies' of the finest ilk.
Each a potential 'Taylor' or 'Burton.'
All gone for one.

Stitcher, stitch an ulster for the epilogue.

Writing Raw

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Over-lock its edges.
Serge;
bind;
blind-hem
and bring in the male mannequin.

He, and the quilted chick'll sit still on pin cushions,
floodlit,
barefaced,
centre stage.

They'll call last curtain:
Blue; heavy velvet
and tassel trimmed.
The last-ditch thing a needle wielder made.

Lorraine Voss bio: I live in rural Mid Wales in the UK. I recently completed a Bachelor of Arts degree with the Open University studying a combination of English Literature and Primary Education and I now earn my living teaching pre-school aged children I have been writing poetry for as long as I can remember and painting with words is my passion! Painting with acrylics comes a fairly close second. Examples of my written work can be found at: www.venpoet.com ; Art and more at: <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Lorraine-Voss-AKA-Ven/259975200741157>