

We Who Weave

By LeConté Dill

On Tyrone Geter's "The Basket Maker #2"

Weave me closer
to you
with hands dyed indigo
that rake oyster beds
awake
Smell you long
before
I see you
Vanilla sweet
Sweetgrass weaving
wares that keep Yankees coming
on ferries, no bridge
Waters been troubled
Makes you wonder
who put the root on whom first
with doors dyed indigo
Pray the evil spirits away
at the praise house
Make John Hop to stave off John Deere
We migrants
fighting to stay put
Even nomads come home
for a Lowcountry boil
a feast for hungry
prodigal sons
and daughters
with hearts dyed indigo
Dying for you to
weave us closer

Source: *Poetry* (January 2016)