The Poem Between Us
After María Berrío’s “Knitting the Wind”
By Lindsey Weishar

Ours is an ever-shifting sky, 
ours the world turned butterfly.

Looking up we see lines and lines, 
a litany of strawberry, mustard, and thyme

dots, checkers, and floral designs, 
holding the poem between us.

Mrs. Garcia’s favorite skirts, 
Mamá’s dishcloths whipping the wind,

sheets, billowy origami folds 
tethering your apartment to mine.

In the courtyard garden we lie under the lines, 
watch how the laundry scatters sun.

Our flower crowns fall over our eyes, 
and the hummingbirds pay us no mind.

Ours is an ever-shifting sky, 
layers and layers of paper to fold,

We pretend we’re tanagers 
lying high above our neighbors’ clothes.

Our patchwork garden calls us home, 
home to the poem between us.

Special thanks to Denise Carvalho who in an essay on Berrío’s work refers to the clotheslines as “musical moods or visual poems.”