

How the Metaphor Becomes You

JOHN AZRAK

and is becoming, (no matter your where-
abouts), starts with the handsome
blanket you brought home from Santa Fe;
it was strong enough to hold water,
you said. We traced the textile design,
embedded in the naturally dyed Churro wool,
with our fingers woven. We studied the
brown field, thick white bands across,
studded with blue and grey diamonds.
Our eyes, you said. See the rich soil,
see the stars, see the sky, breathing
life into the artifact meant to hold
our child some day, you dreamed
out loud. See our love—and I looked
hard, then held your face gently,
no less the weight of water.

But I didn't see the lone thread dangling
from the blanket's border, slyly hidden
in the artisan's weave, a deliberate mistake.
Single-handedly, a year into our separation,
I trace the unbound fiber to its source,
having learned that Navajo craftsmen, fearing
completion, shun perfection: busy being born,
they need to let their creations breathe, leave wiggle
room for the spirit—call it what you will—but
a space to move on, a way out.