

SANDRA WOOLFREY

Sweet Reminder

This morning as I ate a plum,
my finger on the stem end,
sweet juice on my tongue,
I thought of you, my lover.

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in Quebec City. <http://www.sandrawoolfrey.ca>*

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Hummingbird

hummingbird parts my hair
ruby red jewel
green winged essence fans the air.



Sandra Woolfrey, "Winter Birds: Hummingbird of My Heart," 2007, handmade felt, 24 x 24 cm.

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**Speaking of Isak Dineson,
Beryl Markham and Georgia O'Keefe**

I won't apologise for looking to these women.
There are few of them and none
that I knew when I was a girl and knew
I had to break this endless pattern of dusting
and scrubbing and drying, peeling,
boiling, ironing, mending,
hoeing, picking, before
my hands were worn,
my eyes dull and dead,
long before my body

Stopped

among the dishes, the dust, the pastry
and the tears that needed mending that
pieced together the patchwork quilts of
women's lives
that somehow these must be gifts
I would give and be given
that would embroider my life
without becoming its fabric
and I didn't know where to find
the calico, the silk, the worsted
and the velvet that my quilt
would be made of
I didn't know that they
must come from within
painfully the way gauze
winds off a wound that is healing
and
joyfully the way one discovers
the satin smoothness of new skin.



Sandra Woolfrey, "My Summer Dress," 1998, handmade paper, wood, leather and embroidery cotton; 100cm x 110cm.