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

Sandra Woolfrey is an artist and poet who gardens  
in Quebec City. http://www.sandrawoolfrey.ca

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, “Winter Birds: Hummingbird of My Heart ,”  
2007, handmade felt, 24 × 24 cm.

Sandra Woolfrey, “My Summer Dress,” 1998, handmade paper,  
wood, leather and embroidery cotton; 100cm × 110cm.