

The Hat Poem

I wish my words could hit you like a hat.
A hat is twice the labor, half the heart.
This one has a dancing figure,
Two dozen bobbles, and blue metallic strands
Knit loosely into hand-dyed wool.
My hat can make a grown man fling his arms in wonder like a child
Or shout its praises like a Pentecostal.

How I wish my words could strike you like a hat.
A hat is twice the struggle, half the art
Though both are equal measures of doing and undoing:
Entanglements reclaimed and made into perfected
Patterns, impromptus, and designs.
My hat will hold, embrace you
Wrap its fibers round your every thought.

Oh how I wish my words could seize you like a hat.

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