

## In a Sweater Poorly Knit

mewithoutYou

In a sweater poorly knit, and an unsuspecting smile  
Little Moses drifts downstream in the Nile  
A fumbling reply -- an awkward, rigid laugh  
I'm carried helpless by my floating basket raft

Your flavor in my mind swings back and forth between sweeter than  
any wine, and bitter as mustard greens  
Light and dark as honeydew and pumpernickle bread

The trap I set for you seems to have caught my leg instead

As you plow some other field and try and forget my name, see what  
harvest yields, and, supposing I'd do the same  
I planted rows of peas, but by the first week of July -- they should  
have come up to my knees but they were maybe ankle high

Take the fingers from your flute to weave your colored yarns, and  
boil down your fruit to preserves in mason jars

But now books are overdue and the goats are underfed... the trap  
I set for you seems to have caught my leg instead

You're a door-without-a-key, a field-without-a-fence  
You made a holy fool of me, and I've thanked you ever since  
If she comes circling back, we'll end where we'd begun  
Like two pennies on the train track the train crushed into one

Or if I'm a crown without a king, if I'm a broken, open seed  
If I come without a thing, I come with all I need  
No boat out in the blue, no place to rest your head  
The trap I set for you seems to have caught my leg instead

I  
do  
not  
exist  
only  
YOU  
exist