Dear

Sarah Cedeño

Disease,
Knit me a brillo sweater,
a yellow cardigan anyone will want
to borrow. Tick silently,
you invisible clock.
Wind the arms long to cover my fingers,
to get in the way so I gnaw on fibers
instead of morning shredded wheat.
Launder it bitter. Scrub my teeth
with obscenity.
Relapse,
Lick like a bitten fork.
Pierce like a swollen tongue.
Rebel or puncture like
a needle on skin.
Disease,
donate discards to the discount store:
mismatched socks, Hanes t-shirts
with irregular seams.
Share discomfort with another patron,
you generous thief.
No Singer sewing machines,
sweet knitting needles can mend
a paying patient with a limp
shoulder like yours.
Relapse,
baste a button up
where there is no fabric
—my jaw, maybe, my mouth.
Embroider my name on the tag
because I'll forget what it is
I've said or worn.
Relapse,
uncomfortable seamstress
of clumsiness and fatigue, leave
the sweater half-sewn
with pins at the seams.
Button the wrong holes.
Love,
I'm forgiving
as a missed stitch.