

Wrap fabric around a thousand feathers and you will not make a pillow.

The edges and corners need to be sewn together.

You were my seamstress.

Vulnerable like a duckling's feather, a small shake released me into the wild.

When we met my life was down, susceptible to being picked up by every slight breeze.

Some of my feathers you willingly allowed to travel into the wind, some you caught and returned to the cluster.

I spent years frantically wrapping them up in a cotton sheet that could never be strong enough, white enough, pressed enough or fresh enough to create a place for my head to rest.

With your patient needle and loving thread you made this pile a pillow.

Written by Sabrina Chakici

