

Cecilia Vicuña
The shadow of a loom

*ar (arm): setting the
threads in a warp.*

I set a loom in the street
looming above
a puddle of rain

“We are the thread”
says she
“To weave is to speak”

Thread in the air
cloud in the mud.

Bloodskirt

Yo soy la vida
en hilos de sangre

colgando el rot

red skirt
zostra red

no one knows
how to weave

the sustaining belt
the broken zone

hundred tasseled girdle
ancient vest

the skirt & blouse
of office girls

um bi
li cal
cord

pubic string
let them know

hanging thread

net & ret

twisted grass
liquid thread

make them rot

nettle fold

tiny strands
rotten soft

make them live

swollen skirt
wet string

tiny strands
magnified

they awaken

drenched