

FILET CROCHET

I make a band of filet crochet,
And this is the pattern I never forget:
A rose, a wreath and the latticed net
Of fine filet crochet.

Thread over needle, and over again:
Lattice, a wreath and a single rose—
That is the way the pattern goes
Over and over again.

Finish the rose and start the wreath,
And careful lest, O hurrying thread,
Something climbs over the lattice instead
Of a single rose and a wreath.

Finish the wreath and start the rose,
And pull in, needle, strangling tight,
Choking out anything else that might
Climb with a wreath and a rose.

Under, needle; and over, thread;
Something may grow by a garden wall,
Yet nothing must grow in a pattern at all
But a rose and a wreath of thread.

So thread over needle, and over again,
Until there is nothing else that grows—
Only a wreath and a thready rose
Over and over again.

From "The Collected Poems of Hazel Hall"
published by Oregon State University Press, Corvallis, Oregon