

## INSTRUCTION

My hands that guide a needle  
In their turn are led  
Relentlessly and deftly  
As a needle leads a thread.

Other hands are teaching  
My needle; when I sew  
I feel the cool, thin fingers  
Of hands I do not know.

They urge my needle onward,  
They smooth my seams, until  
The worry of my stitches  
Smothers in their skill.

All the tired women,  
Who sewed their lives away,  
Speak in my deft fingers  
As I sew to-day.

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