

Scraps

For years the shabby wicker sewing basket sat untouched at the back of my closet shelf, its broken latch dangling. Inside a jumble of colored thread tangles around scraps of lace and ribbon, stray buttons, bits of fabric, a string of safety pins.

Opening it now, I see the plump, round pincushion I made in fourth grade still sitting on top of it all, jammed with dozens of silver-headed straight pins and three long, elegant hat sticks ... two with plain heads, one onyx, one pearl, the other, purple satin in the shape of a heart, filled with crumbling lavender.

Who needs this stuff I had thought all those years ago, keeping it nevertheless. Back then I knew nothing about the kind of thread that never breaks no matter how tangled it might become or how long it is neglected.

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