

Linda M. Fischer

The Sewing Room

Flicking open a louvered door, she takes
the sewing room by surprise. Stacks
of wrinkled table cloths hesitate
to rustle, the steam iron—on alert—
sounds an alarm with a hiss and snap,
the sewing machine tenses, then
loosens its grip on a bobbin, remnants
sink unobtrusively back into their boxes.

The fluorescent lights wink on slyly,
cool as the neglected ironing board—
all as she left it: sequestered her once
stylish Vogue patterns, the sketch
intended for a wedding dress tacked
to the wall, fusty orts and scraps
of stitching, mending—fealty to the art
of the needle parked in a pincushion.

Her husband needs a button, trusting
to an unwritten clause in the marriage
contract for a chore he is helpless
to perform, one she exacts in minutes—
no more—turning her back on the clutter:
fabrics, bric-a-brac, desiccated insects
collecting in corners. The door shuts.
The clock ticks. The dust settles.

Linda M. Fischer is the author of 2 chapbooks: *Raccoon Afternoons* and *Glory* (Finishing Line Press). Her poems have recently appeared in *Blue Heron Review*, *borrowed solace*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Innisfree Poetry Journal*, *Offcourse*, *Poetry East*, *Potomac Review*, *Roanoke Rreview*, *Schuylkill Valley Journal*, *SoFloPoJo*, *Valparaiso Poetry Review*, *Verse-Virtual*, and *The Worcester Review*. Nominated twice for a Pushcart Prize, she gardens and lives in Swarthmore, PA. www.lindamfischer.com