



Queen Anne's Lace

thrives along waysides,
bobbing like a planet on a spindly stalk,
a Venus whose red center dot's barely visible,
pin prick from a needle as Queen Anne tatted lace.
She liked to dip the stem in dye,
watch the ivory flower turn vibrant pink or blue.
Maybe its soaking up and drinking in
intrigued her, its transformation from the mundane—
or maybe my mother felt overlooked,
like that tiny red speck no one takes the time to see—
all she never thought to tell,
all her daughter never thought to ask.
I like the queen's lace too,
its fragile but enduring gift.
My mother was fragile as ironwood.
When diagnosed, she remarked, *there is no cure*,
and never spoke of it again.
I dyed my first one yesterday,
feeling the pleasure my mother must have felt,
way too late to let her know.

*Pamela Ahlen
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