Because I Want to Know God's Will

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Because I Want to Know God’s Will

Rose Postma

for my life, I decide to buy a
Leicester Long Wool sheep, shave its coat,
card the fibers into a cloud, leave
it on my lawn to see what the dew
will do. This acting as Gideon
is dangerous like dismantling sunlight
and separating it into piles
by color and hue like my brother did
as a child: taking apart clocks
and radios to understand how
they worked, chimed the hour, broadcast
the news. But unlike him, I am afraid
that once all the screws have been loosed,
bolts unwound, toggles released, I will
be unable to gather the light and reassemble
it in the shape of early January sun.
So take the yarn instead between your fingers,
cast a row of stitches on a thin,
cold needle and pray the pattern
will be revealed as each row drops.