

Clare Rainsford

Signature Flaw

We are not alone. The apple core
left faceless perfection's shackles to rust.
The shuttle flits through warp and weft
And hands recall hands from silent dust.

The mis-struck stone. The blade which breaks.
The potter's hand that slips and scores
his mark into the waiting clay;
Telling the future his signature flaw.

Creation stutters through faltering hands
—The shuttle shatters on silent stone—
And in the fabric of life, I weave my name
For these are the things we can call our own.