

Patchwork

by Glenda Barrett

At a soft moment,
I handed over the quilt
called *The Log Cabin*
made of red calico fabric,
sewn with tiny stitches.

Not days, but months
I labored on my legacy,
thinking of others before me
who did it out of necessity,
not to pass on as a gift.

It was not until a year later,
I caught sight of the quilt again,
thrown across an air mattress
on the floor of a filthy trailer
strewn with piles of rubbish.

Like the security blanket,
you carried as a child,
it was ragged and torn,
not strong enough to hold up
under the throes of addiction.