

Knitting

By Lana Bedford - Unpaid Carer.

When mum was in palliative care, she taught me how to knit.

Knit one. Inhale. Purl one. Exhale.

When grief made me shiver, the warmth of the wool in my lap made me feel safe.

Knit one. Inhale. Purl one. Exhale.

When grief woke me up in the middle of the night, knitting rocked me back to sleep.

Knit one. Inhale. Purl one. Exhale.

When grief questioned me, the click, clack of my knitting needles answered back.

Knit one. Inhale. Purl one. Exhale.

When grief made me cry, I dried my eyes with large balls of scratchy wool.

Knit one. Inhale. Purl one. Exhale.

When grief threatened to bully me, I threatened to take out its eye or impale its chest with my biggest knitting needle.

Knit one. Inhale. Purl one. Exhale.

When my scarf is twice the length of the couch, I cast off. I wrap it around my neck. I smile. Mum would be proud. It is perfect. Not one dropped stitch.

On the day of the funeral, the sun shines through the dirty window. It's too hot to wear a scarf. I scrunch it up and throw it on the top shelf of my wardrobe.

I flop backwards onto my bed and smile through my tears.