

The Tonality of a Fringe

Tell me about the Passion,
the common bur,
the fashioned faith,
woven and stitched

This velvet crown of thorn,
this silken salvation

And then,
when the thistling beliefs repose,
let me hear the pounding,
the battering of old coin —
a *battiloro*'s task as hammer
begins to leaf the breath of god

the flat gold, flatter,
to flatter
the wealthy, to
broadcast prestige,

as the men conspire with
hammer to pound a
blaze of gold,
leaf for the *filaoro*'s
slender fingers
as she snips with patience
threads and threads
for the weaving

Let me hear the sound,
that tonic song of gold,
as the shears begin to compose
their endless fanfare,
their final
minor
act

--Katrin Talbot