Line to Curve
ALSO BY ANNA RECKIN

Broder (artist’s book)
Spill (chapbook)
Three Reds
Anna Reckin

Line to Curve

Shearsman Books
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SAMPLER
SAMPLER
SAMPLER

Making
SAMPLER
Couture

Make a fall
and calculate
its break,
its swing, its
outwards roll –
shell or a skim, stretch
gather
fold, see

how contour pulls at edges:
arch of a wave’s back
arabesque of trailing foam
from line to curve
thread : cloth : clothe
Her glass-green beads –

sharp as daisies

apples, tinfoil, cans of

cling-wrapped fish

meat

real & simulated voices

scanning fruit

lightbulbs milk

making morning out of

plate-glass

evening

– her yellow, sunshine dress
Sounds here like sea air

are held in suspension. Flap, drop, a laugh. Quietly, footsteps. Something dragged, and voices – ‘How long you staying?’ ‘Twenty past, now’ – rise clear to the surface, are re-absorbed. Clean-swept, footsteps, a radio three stalls down. Sun brightens, and the noises sharpen, pick up pace. Teaspoons & china, chair-scrape, ‘Hey!’ Open and shut, footsteps. Breeze catches some, turns some away. Murmurs, laughter, a gentle swell, between the rows – and beyond. ‘About 40 years ago.’ The calm of inconsequence.
Making Maia, Ash Wednesday afternoon

_Vermelho_ for the scarf, so what about the ribbon for the waist? Clock ticks, the soft-soft whirr of the sewing machine; something falls in the hearth (clever sticks, no grate). Even so, the logs keep their shape. Over straight-straight arms and tied at the back, skirts ballooning. Over across & across again. Good Friday wrappings. He’ll be more than life-size on the night, high up, leaning outwards. Blue-and-white china on the dresser, shelves edged with lace. _Hoje_, don’t eat meat. Start on a new one – hidden, near the join, under white muslin underthings, two tiny bumps. ‘Look,’ slyly, ‘She has breasts!’ Needle needs filling again. Hand around – who sees the best?
Queijo

heart’s squeeze

*um pouco*

little pans, on a table

This one

is made of wood:

round edges, grained
‘tilting slightly’

for shaping

cord, card, curdle

a pile of purple filaments

winter’s chill a focus

by hand
Adufe

held so one corner

points down

like the back of a shawl

∨

juggle (rest)

one side beat

one side on the other

palm of the hand a flap of the fingers

make the seeds / stones jump

between

∨

Do you first see the fields?

or the paths (stone-cobbled, between stone walls)?
It's at the cross-roads, in darkness

Our Lady meets

\[ O \text{ Nosso Senhor} \]

\[ \lor \]

mesh

angles
Larga

Technically, a square
but sometimes, especially in the villages – where roads leave off their making-strait, rest awhile, swill outwards

on an anyhows slope. Rainwater run-off, possibly a view

And a monument. Slender pillar, more or less centred. A globe, a cross, weather-eaten, on a pedestal of stone focus against which