

November's Winner

Two Thread a Needle

by Hannah Tangeman-Cheney

With fifty looming in the coming months, I strain to
thread a needle with my drug- store magnifiers.

Time and again, my eyes or hands, fail me as I try to
pull the brown strand
through the shrinking eye.

Watching my predicament, my husband, kneels
beside me. His calloused hands \
grasp the whisp as he gives me another needle. You
try that end. I will take this
one. So four eyes, four hands, focus on two eyes.

He whips the thread through after several tries.

Life has a way of weaving us closer together.

--Hannah Tangeman-Cheney lives in Susanville.