

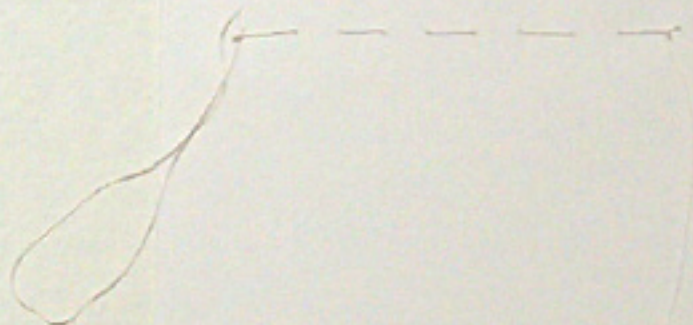
## THE PATTERN

Thirty-six years, to the day, after our wedding  
When a cold figure-revealing wind blew against you  
And lifted your veil, I find in its fat envelope  
The six-shilling Vogue pattern for your bride's dress,  
Complicated instructions for stitching bodice  
And skirt, box pleats and hems, tissue-paper outlines,  
Semblances of skin which I nervously unfold  
And hold up in snow-light, for snow has been falling  
On this windless day, and I glimpse your wedding dress  
And white shoes outside in the transformed garden  
Where the clothesline and every twig have been covered.

*Michael Longley*

MICHAEL LONGLEY

44/50



*Stapell*