It's the mechanical aspect that infuriates me when I stir the tobacco leaves in the jar, and I compare the gloss of the spirals in which he rolls the films with the muddy waters of my dyes and my wizened skin. His lens and chemicals idle on the shelves. Seldom he assents to my mother's toothless smile, but when my father embraces him by the waist, and both cradle their way to town to talk science to peasants welded to their chairs, jealous I stand on the dirty road mocking reverence to the tractor's smoke and dust.

Engines and sheen, moreover they own the road. For me: the burlap of the tent, the chests covered with rugs. Meekness and passion of a forgotten mother, stitch by stitch made silence and image. We are left tangled with wheat and wool. My sisters, my mother, sunk in sunsets that I can not capture with boxes like him because our sweat is the essence of the scene, and we are sewn to the earth. We have the whole world to work. Some songs, some apple tea, some rest.
Dance is only whispers and stares,  
at night, when the goats cuddle near and their absence  
hurts more than our muscles and the darkness.  
Stories and exhaustion whirl and illuminate our fear.  
The voices reflect in the strips of celluloid  
where he seals images with his crystals.  
Tenderly, hungry for stories,  
I wield my shuttle, I dispense legends on the warp.  
I weave.