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TWO SONNETS TO SARAH

by Glenna Holloway

BEHIND THE CURTAINS

Each day she measures fabrics in her chair,
The padded chair with heavy rubber wheels.
Her clients talk of going here and there—
They never seem to wonder how she feels.
She sews their curtains, swags, and tats their lace;
Her artful fingers applique and pleat.
She smiles as they discuss some famous place;
She minds her craft and never leaves her seat.
Her work is sought, exquisite, highly praised.
She would not wish for pity from her friends
Who, if they thought at all, would be amazed
That nature in its wisdom makes amends:
The scenes that she has seen they could not travel
On average feet, nor average eyes.unravel.