

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

*Rebecca Ricks*

### ON QUILTING

You talk today of centers and circles  
and sutures. Every moment has  
already been performed, such that  
the sacralization of icons is  
a serial murder. And yet  
you still perform a long arm  
feat, stitching across the  
tattered quilt that is your life.

You say I am the suture.

You say I am the thread,  
smoothing over the cancerous  
lesions that run up each arm and  
metastasize. Keep it bouncing,  
you add carelessly.

You cannot restore the truth  
beneath the performance.

The performance  
is the truth.