

Sarah J. Sloat

Electric Singer

Light threads the needle socket,

bloodshot
with a shock of red.

Choose a stitch that suits
the continuous loop, the one
you'd use

to take the universe out for a spin.

Zigzag, starstuck, evening falls
so bespoke blue.

Trembling in its grave
machinery, the pinprick
comes

bearing down, pulling through.

