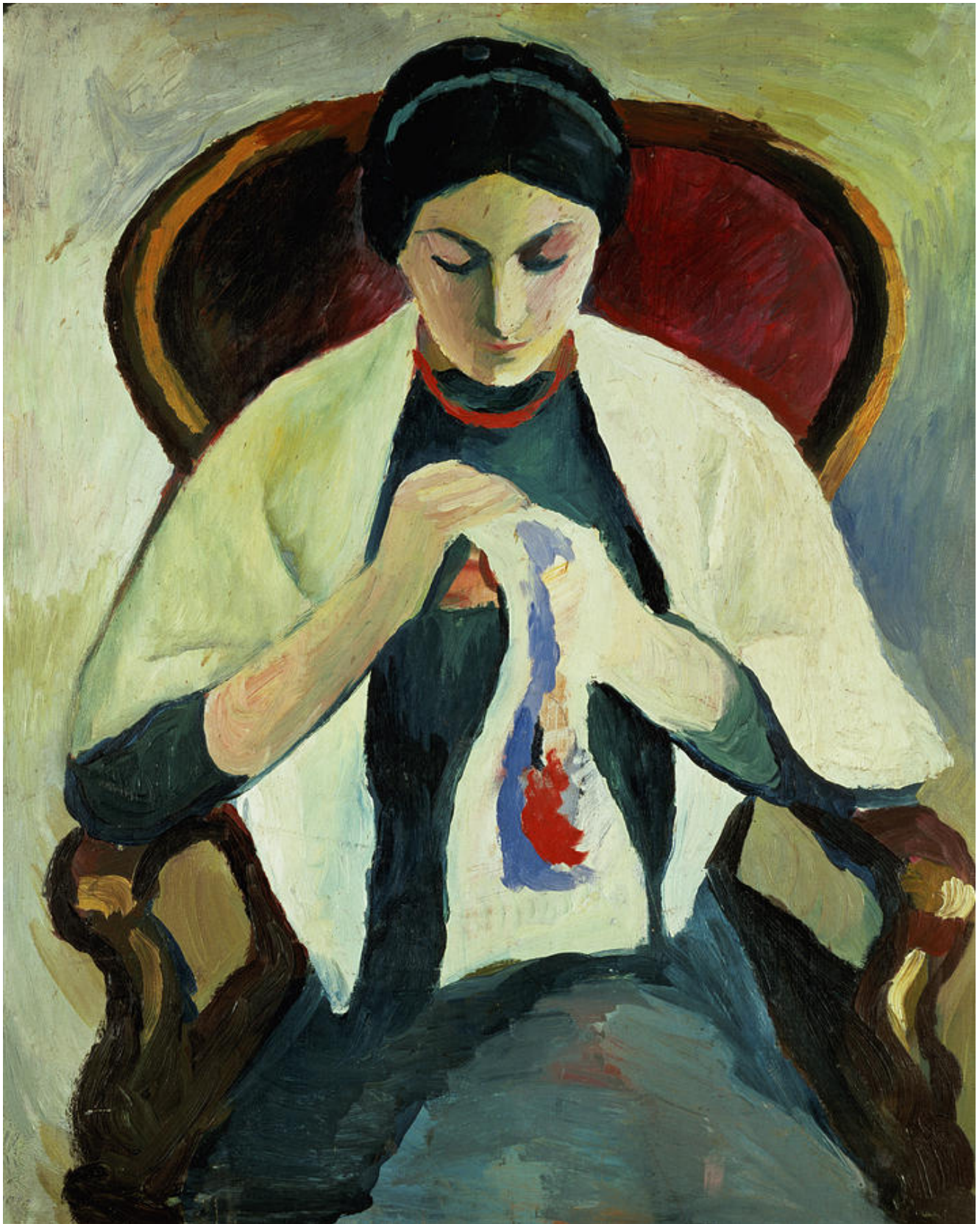


The Seamstress

by [Michael Shindler](#) (May 2022)



Woman Sewing: Portrait of the Artist's Wife, August Macke

A Seamstress

A seamstress at peace with the world
Sits and sews and smiles
Like dusk smiles
When the last lights are furled.

The robe she makes is seamless,
Of a sturdy thread;
And
The sleeping world is dreamless,
Lying bare in bed.

But she pricks her finger.

Crowds that Meet

Crowds that meet in the city square,
Waves that beat in the sea,
Clouds, even, that greet in the air,
These things—they are free.

But the man alone, standing where the hour is gone,
Whom the world's wide union has forgot,
In his expression there is caught
The look of dawn.

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Michael Shindler is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *The American Spectator*, *National Review*

*Online, New English Review, University
Bookman, and Providence.* Follow him on
Twitter [@MichaelShindler](https://twitter.com/MichaelShindler).

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