

UTSA Featured Poet: Lindsey Hall

The Nature of Fabric

Gampa, grandfather, your face is still
a watery landscape to me.
But I remember your forearms.

I hear the static on the television
the kind that comes on after the VCR runs
out, and your head tilts back but you

were just resting your eyes. Your skin
was like that, with veins railroading down
into your fingertips, so much purple scarring

you couldn't tell where one memory ended
and another began. I remember the rumbling
murmur of it. Shirred, a quilt of muscle.

Skin sallow in places where yellowed
bruises never bled out, and deep
gray-brown where the sun kneaded its fingers

too deep. Where your hands guided lumber
from cut to crossbeam, the pads of your
thumbs traced blue powder lines snapped

onto the chalky sheetrock of other people's
homes. How the knots in your knuckles
stored years of threats held back. Gampa,

grandfather, your face will never fill in
but you held onto us with arms that should
have disintegrated. Somehow the threads hold.



Lindsey Hall is currently working towards an MA at UTSA in English Literature, as well as a Creative Writing Certificate. For the past year she has worked at UTSA as a Teaching Assistant II, teaching Freshman Composition I. Her poetry has been published in OLLU's The Thing Itself and UTSA's Sagebrush Journal. She feels humbled to be included and published among the stellar writers of the San Antonio community and always looks forward to meeting fellow poets and artists.