**Conceit**

By Michael Schmidt

She spun a line. She knew he was listening to her.

She spun it and he took the fraying ends.

Whatever she was saying, it was cotton,

Then as he rolled the thread between

Forefinger and thumb it turned to silk,

And as he took the needle up to thread it

The line she spun became thin finest gold.

He knew not to believe her but he took it

Because she kept on spinning like the truth

Was ravelling from her lips; he watched her lips.

Cotton, silk and gold, she wanted him

To take the line and sew the wound right up

Although she held the blade still in her hand

Behind her back, and it was dripping, steaming.

There under his left arm the gash lay open

Like a mouth in disbelief. And he believed her.

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Source: *New and Collected Poems* (The Sheep Meadow Press, 2010)