

Jamie Ross

### Hand-Knit Sweater

Now I'm in the sweater. The  
imaginary sweater. Now

I'm in. Two-fifty in advance,  
more for extra colors. I want

those extra colors—the thin  
blue lines, free emerald particles

that thread a burning  
star. Flecks of brilliant soft

in our long dark again. Your  
breath still languid, an elbow

on my ribs. Your breast  
turned to a dream, my ear

draped with curls. I bought  
the wool in skeins, hanging

from a peg. I bought it all

for Valentina—Valentina's  
hands, Valentina

with your art. Valentina  
with her price to make

the warmth alive. I asked them  
Please, have Valentina call.

I'm waiting by the phone.

You're talking in your sleep.