

## A Poem by Marina Romani

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### Interwoven

She has woven herself through my fabric.  
She tingles in my toes, throbs in my gut,  
winds through my veins, tangles in my skull.

I began as a knot in her belly  
and she took possession —  
as I spread out within, then beyond her,  
she threaded herself through me,  
one day at a time, year after year,  
till at last I seemed on my own.

Now I yearn for the voice on the phone,  
for the mother who listens,  
without hearing perhaps, but listens  
with pride to this other woman  
who bears the mark of her weave.

I am interwoven, in spite of myself.

**Marina Romani**, now retired from a couple of careers and as many marriages, lives in Monterey, California, where taking oceanside walks and writing poems are among her greatest pleasures. Her poems have appeared in *Porter Gulch Review*, *Monterey Poetry Review*, the *Tor House Newsletter*, *Poetry Pacific*, and previous issues of *Homestead Review*. Marina has recently completed a poem-and-prose memoir titled *Child Interwoven: A Russian Girlhood in 1940s Shanghai*, which she hopes to bring out in book form in coming months.

