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Title: Softness of the Son  
Fictional Poem  
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## SOFTNESS OF THE SON

Softness of the Son,  
But not ever paled,  
Ribbons pulled through to twist  
And tie until the silken rose appears on the fabric  
Painted in a 3-dimensional closeness of smooth – feel to the touch-  
Pierced with the green of thin fibers twined to a  
Delicate thread woven the pattern appeared,  
Shaped to spring to show the twigs  
Growth in beginnings  
No end near  
Delicately dimensionally painted in place with hand drawn  
With the ribbon, needle and again thread.  
Cottons threaded in the mid-100's count- toughed to absorb-  
Only the clean does it hold  
Small of fingers, thumbs that grasp to my hold,  
Warmth of the huddle, the cuddle, pink as he can be  
He smiles at me.  
Feet press down to pattern of sound in the hall.  
Arms out reach  
Grabs the furry friend that  
Also needs a bath.  
Coos, cuddles with the warmth of a laugh,  
A small bark of happiness that wags its tail,  
Coos, cuddles and a squish of his hands in fur,  
That smells funny to him,  
And me,  
Small of pink  
He may need another bath.