

Rebecca Pyle

## **A Record**

I admit

As I travel

I am searching for rugs. Since early childhood I have recognized the world is in the floor, not the ceiling, nor the furniture. There is a cinnabar red that is perfection in wool. There is raw thick jute woven in a rolling design that gives you all the beauty of deserts and sand with none of the camel problems, the disappointments of pyramids. There's as much satisfaction in the thick color of the border of a rug as an actual gate of a garden, and its wrought iron perimeter. And in rugs the trailing handwoven florals and vines and motifs there is no rot, no unpleasant visitor, no drought, no weeds to carry away. I thank the sheep for the wool which sustains this perfume of color: below me a field where imagination is safe, moated, protected. Secret book unfolds in design of a rug; story lands by light across the fervent, or quiet, design. Somewhere once on the loom weaver made her own medicine of cure, buried wrong things, brought up to surface light and stepped-forward braveness. Distant purities. In every trailing motif she also reminded herself of possibility of wavering directions, of losing things that are good. As she wove she admitted this happens all the time. In fact, most of the time.