

Natalie Shin  
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11th Grade

### Not Just Knitting

My needles quietly “tick, tick” together.  
I contently smile.  
As each stitch I make,  
Knit together to make one big sweater.

I look down at my progress,  
My sweater’s a brilliant maroon red,  
Soft and comfy.  
A little fuzzy and frizzy,  
Has holes where I’ve made mistakes.  
Imperfect, simple,  
But made just for me.

I set my needles down,  
Grasp my phone.  
Scroll through and grin happily,  
As I see other people’s sweaters too.

Their sweaters are so beautiful.  
Pastel pink, and bright.  
Perfect, flawless stitches,  
Aesthetic in every way.  
Not a hole in sight,  
They zoom in the designs  
That are prettier than mine.

My grin fades into a frown,  
As I look down at my sweater.  
Its brilliant maroon,  
Now bland.  
The small, almost invisible holes,  
Now look bigger than before.

Every stitch, every action I make,  
There's holes and mistakes.

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But others seem so put together.  
Going to the gym,  
Waking up at 5 am,  
Being as productive as ever.

My sweater doesn't feel enough.  
My careless stitches are not perfect enough.  
My actions aren't enough.  
I haven't done-  
Enough.

I try to remember again.  
That each hole, each "flaw",  
Were experiments of a new design.  
An imperfect collection of all the times I said "I tried".

My life may be more dull to others  
More simple and plain.  
My sweater's not sparkly and dazzling,  
Nor does it brightly shine.  
But it's comfortable.  
It's mine.

But I know.  
Even though their sweater may seem brighter,  
I still prefer my sweater.  
One full of holes and mistakes I've learned from.  
Stitches that make it comfortable and content,  
A snuggly and mellow maroon red.  
Ordinary in the most brilliant way.  
The type of sweater that keeps you warm enough on a winter day.