

## The Treatment Plan

I knit you a scarf, but I dropped a stitch.  
Not that I noticed.

The threads kept weaving, crawling around each other, timed perfectly to the melody; a beautiful creation if seen from the horizon, perfectly following the plan.

And then I saw it.

Right where the thread faded orange to yellow, a deep onyx ripple appeared, as a rogue stitch broke free. It started small, hardly noticeable,

then slipping by a millimeter,

then unraveling with the weight of the world.

As the loop trickled down the rows, an eclipse appeared; a gaping chasm surrounded by vibrant fibers of life.

But how could this be? I had so carefully woven together a thread of medication, a stitch of therapy, an embellishment of supports. The guidelines had been followed as closely as knit two,

    purl two,

        repeat.

I had switched the yarn hues with evidence as sharp as scissors.

And so I scoured the pattern books, I searched through archives, I called the experts over spiraling wires.

And then I saw it.

What foods take you home? Who fills your sparkle and dulls the pit? Does the dusk light your soul, or temper a flame? Are the nights icy and sharp or soft in sepia? Do your avocados spoil on the counter? What do you read in the hammock by the beach?

And as I learned about the blanks of you, the hole began to fix. The strands were woven, the fibers were blended. A shimmer through the threads appeared that makes it

so you.

A thick veil that will last through time and toil. Perhaps a patch here or a darn there, but steady in its worn, soft presence.

And so I gave it to you for good.

Because this was the scarf that you deeply wanted.

Kara Yeung, PGY3 Psychiatry Dalhousie