

# FABRIC EPIDEMIC

Written by Vivienne Pender

I told myself I would not go to another fabric store  
Unless a disaster came and I had to buy some more,  
Like running out of special stuff I had so little of  
And needing just a little more fabric that I love  
I wouldn't have the colour that I pictured in my mind  
So of course! I'd have to shop again to see what I can find.  
Sadly! I can't help my-self, I buy some extra yards  
And some other goods and notions, (It was written in the cards)  
I really don't need anything! I'm running out of cash  
Why can't I just make do with what is folded in my stash?  
It must be an addiction, maybe I'm really ill  
So, I went to see a Doctor to get a shot or pill  
The doctor looked at me askance when I told him what was wrong,  
He said, "I've seen this problem growing! Have you had the symptoms long?  
I told him it had started small and I didn't see it creep  
Upon me till I couldn't stop, I cut fabric in my sleep,  
"I'll prescribe some treatment" Doctor said and then report  
You to the public health board and tell them what you've caught.  
For if I'm right, unless it's stopped right now here at the start  
An epidemic has begun, it could affect your heart  
And so some pills I had to take, they didn't work at all  
My family was saddened by the outlook of it all,  
Until I joined the Quilter's Guild and knew I wasn't ill  
For everyone had quilter's flue and didn't need a pill  
I'm going to the doctor now and fill him full of guilt  
When I tell him all the problem was, I had a need to quilt.  
So If you have this problem, just come along with me  
and join a quilters guild and your troubles will be free.

Written by  
Vivienne Pender © 2003  
.... read at the November guild meeting by Vivienne

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