

A loom of slats trembles
At the tightening warp.

A skeleton of wood and yarn
Clenched taut, yet faltering;
Its barren face agape.

Enticing a weft to thread
A woven life of dreams.

Filaments
Struggling in
And out.

Some unravel to the base,
Discarded, making space for new.
A handful picked and worked afresh.

But, the centrepiece remains,
Unchanged.
Illuminating
Seductive magnificence.

Fine threads catching the glow
Of braided strings of silk
Cast from the soul.

An unequalled bond
Lifting our hearts.
Meeting in time
Like lost lovers
On another plane.

Together, though remote.
My head on your shoulder.
No need to speak.

Pure silence.
The tapestry is complete.