

Family, Weaver's Answer

Weaver of life, let me look and see
The pattern of my life gone by,
Shown on your tapestry.
Just for one second, one glance upon your loom
The flower of my childhood could have fit within this room
Does it of my youth show, tears of yesterday?
Broken hearts, within a heart, as love first came my way.
Do the lifeline patterns change as I became a man
An added aura untold blend as I asked for her hand.
Did your golden needle sew it, thread virginial white
As long as we embrace as one upon our wedding night.
Did you capture all the joys the birth of our first son?
The happiness of family made a brother for the one.
The growing of the brothers, the manliness that grew
is it there in detail? Is it their to view?
Do the sparks of life grow bright as one by one they wed?
To live as fathers, husbands, apart from lives they've led.
Are my lover's threads cut off when aged she laid to rest
My sorrow blacking out a space upon thou woven crest
A gathering for the last time as her coffin slowly lain
Ash to ashes, dust to dust, one day we will regain.
Does it show, does it swipe, grandchildren on my knee
But only hearing laughter when age took my sight from me.
Lastly through these last few years of loneliness maybe
Does it by sight a shooting star fade from your tapestry.
Wait there in the distance, over your loom I think I see
Could it be that after all my prayers you've answered me?
After days of wondering I see the reason why.
You kept it to this minute, for I'm about to die.
Weaver of life,
At last now I can see
The patterns of my life gone by, shown on your tapestry.