

The Warp and the Weft

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If we could guess the length and cut
The warp and weft, their strength,
The colors and strands of all the threads
Unseen deft hands weaving, conceiving
Shapes and drapes in emerging patterns,
Their designs surging up from the clatter
Of shuttle and spindle, utterly
Automatic, yet full of blind purpose,
Forming shapes from delicate dreams
Like cumulus-clouds trailing summer days,
Their silver-gold edges gleaming
Like hope amid despair,
We might understand this
Connection that holds you and me.

If we could see with eyes stretched wide,
Preconceived notions set aside,
We'd remember all which
Makes us human, interwoven lives
Criss-crossed together,
In a pattern of oneness,
We might stop and pause
And ask, "Why can't it be like this?
Why can't we remember the warp
And the weft, the threads that hold
The stories told and untold,
Hear the blood singing in our veins
Echoing the song of the same in
Another's veins?
Why can't we say with pride:
"That is my sister, my mother,
My father, my child, my neighbor,
My lover, my friend, my brother.

Why can't we love one another?"

Somewhere a child cries out.

There, a woman assaulted, a man broken,

Elsewhere, the lives of the innocent, the drowned.

And **here** the complacent few, their comfort found

In luxuries, and food, and plenty.

Nowhere do they overlap,

And yet the second is the cause

Of the first; an indifference worse than hatred

Throws a pall over the haunted

Calls of the damned, the beautiful, the lost.

If we could only know that we

Are woven in a mystery

Whose purpose lies beyond our ken.

And know we form a greater harmony,

With ourselves, and with each other.

Then we'd both know, you and I,

We are the threads that hold

This cloth together, holding

The shape of our dreams,

The pattern of human connection,

Our pledge, a gift of love

Lifting us above the day-to-day,

Keeping us whole, our garment

Safe from tearing, safe from tears

Safe from those who would

Rip us from our better selves,

As we weave ourselves into harmony.

We weave ourselves, conceive of life

Where unity and community

Are cut from whole cloth,

That we are the weavers and the woven

That we can make it beautiful,

That we can be beautiful,

In the oneness that is this life,
And in the tapestry that is love.
So we can say, in one ringing voice:
“That is my sister, my mother,
My father, my child, my neighbor,
My lover, my friend, my brother.
And we will love one another,”
As the shuttle moves back and forth
On the loom that keeps us together.