

POETRY/FICTION

Warp & Woof

Something about this summer
brings to mind a loom,
its shuttle weaving, darting,
connecting the strands.

Enmeshed,
we cannot see the pattern
that is emerging, until it is
a long way back.

All we know are the colored threads,
the return of Rob and Jae
from the Cape,
a visit from a Norwegian friend.
And we sense the stretching,
the hard pull of other hands
on the unraveling skein
of our children's years.

We are not even sure that this tapestry
is ours,
 or theirs,
 or yours,
 inter
 woven,
 engaged,
given shape by one another's lives.

In the end,
we thank you for it, thank them,
thank all who give us
the gift of a strand
or two, woven in,
a lengthening fabric to caress,
enfold, clutch tight
when winter gathers round.

Robert A. Neimeyer