

Tapestry

by devsgma

Written for and dedicated to my brother, Donnie.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The tapestry of my life changed again today.

A hole appeared in the midst of the pattern

And unraveled a little ways.

I backtracked a bit and picked up a thread

That looked to have been sliced short.

This was no minor thread weaving in and out,

But a heavy, strong thread that ran way back

Before my beginning in time.

It's a thread I had depended upon

And was woven quite thickly

Throughout the design.

Always steady, always loved, always there.

I tried to hold it tight in my hand,

To stretch it a bit farther down.

It thinned and it pulled as I tried to extend

The thread farther down in the loom.

I looked farther back on the pattern

Where the thread ran around and through.

It shimmered and ran all the way back

And I knew it couldn't thin any more.

It flowed round other holes in my pattern

And helped strengthen the blanket of life.

As I touched different spots I remembered

The laughter, the tears and the joy.

I let the thread slip from my fingers

As tears slid from my eyes.

I could not hold this thread any longer

But oh, how I wanted to try.

It was tired and worn and gave me its all

And I could not ask for more.

My pattern will hold but it's darker now

For that thread had a light all its own.