

Handmade

I am the loom and
I am the stuff of the
Loom.
Weaving, together
The magnificent backdrop of
My life.

This year the loom grows
Fragile.
It creaks
Alarmingly.
Sometimes it lurches
Fore and aft and
Threatens to
Disintegrate.

“Steady the buffs”
I cry
Encouragingly
And we settle in again to a
Tenuous
Rhythm.

The colours that unravel
Are they not
Beautiful as
Music?

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