

Warp and Weft

by Carroll S. Taylor — Georgia

Up and down,
side to side,
I weave the threads of my life
like the latitude and longitude
of my comings and goings.

I interweave the threads tight;
there must be no unraveling,
no knots, no open spaces
to let in the cold night air
of shallow days, of keen regrets.

Over time my design emerges,
unique to me alone.
As I interlace the strands
in different shades of color,
some vibrant and some muted,
I wonder about my future
in the threads yet to be.

When I am gone,
what will remain of me?
What will I leave behind
for my family to remember me?

I hope they will cherish
far more than earthly things
stored away in dusty drawers
or forgotten in old jewelry boxes.

I hope they will wrap themselves
in the warmth of who I was to them,
woven in the pattern of my fabric—
myself, in warp and weft.