

Once Upon a Quiet Hill

a weaver stood,
With ancient hands, she spun the finest thread,
From earth, from sky, from sea and rooted wood,
She took each strand, with gentle fingers led.

Her loom was broad, the warp both deep and wide,
And every thread she placed with tender care,
Some bright as dawn, some dark as midnight's tide,
Yet each one needed for the cloth to bear.

A thread of gold she wove, spun from the sun,
And next, a line of shadow from the night,
But in between, she placed a single one
Of common grey, soft-worn and plain in sight.

"That thread," a stranger asked, "so dull and weak,
Why place it here, where colors blaze so strong?
It has no luster, offers little sheen,
In such a place, it does not quite belong."

The weaver paused, her wise eyes soft with thought,
And with a smile, she took the thread in hand,
"Though it be plain, this strand is what I sought,
For without it, none of this cloth could stand.

Look closer, child, and see what lies beneath,
The golden thread would snap without its brace,

The shadow's strength would fail, and all would fall,
If not for gray, which holds it in its place."

And so she wove, the colors bright and dull,
A thousand shades, each life within her care,
Some shone with fire, some whispered soft and still,
Yet all were bound in harmony so rarely.

Years passed, and still the weaver worked her art,
The cloth grew wide, its beauty knew no end,
And in its weave, all lives were found a part,
A pattern strong where every thread could blend.

Now here we stand, the strands she once did guide,
Our lives entwined, though different we may seem,
For in her hands, no thread was cast aside,
Each one a piece of the eternal dream.

The weaver's work, though silent, speaks of love,
A truth as timeless as the stars above.