

THREADS

Each its own.
Thin or thick.
Steely strong.
Yet nothing to snip.

Unbreakable, seeming,
yet supple and soft.
Short and crinkly,
Long and rough.

Dark or shell,
Pale,
pastel.
So many colors,
Yet can you tell ...?

Hold one up,
At twilight or dawn,
What is its color?
You'll likely be wrong.

Our lives, you see,
Are nothing more
Than beautiful fabrics
Woven of these

Oh, so many

Threads.