



## Threads

She lies, sad with loss and grief  
blankets tucked under chin  
Her. Knee. Aches.  
Simply can't face it, she decides  
permits herself to say no, this once  
No. Funeral. Today.  
It isn't usual to climb back in,  
this once in a life time, she affords  
herself the luxury of a by-ball  
Another friend given to the earth  
they, left numbed with shock  
at the swiftness of departure  
He lies, sad with loss and grief  
beside her when he returns  
from the intimate-sincere-farewell  
As viewing through a glistening cataract scar  
she speaks of a spider's web in the frame  
of the cobwebbed window  
Back-lit by mellow autumn sunshine,  
they reflect, discuss time and effort gone  
into this carefully woven work of fine art  
He, talks to her of the silk miles,  
of energy expended on the weave,  
they watch, as a fly trapped in the lost place  
awaits its fate in the bracing November air  
All but gone unseen by failing eyes  
without this back-light of sun to hone their view  
They lie as one, sad with loss and grief  
nodding to this beauty  
an all-too-often unsung hero, that is nature  
She later tells of this precious time,  
in measured detail, weaving an intricate,  
artistic view of her own  
Leaving. Nothing. Out. Not a word!  
The notion of time scarcity pushing to the fore  
of late  
For they. Are older. Now.

**Kate O'Shea**

Image: eberhard grossgasteiger from [Pexels](#)