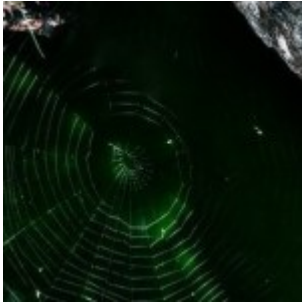


Threads



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