

Joe Bruner
Workshop III
Partner Poem – 2/16/2015

The Threads of Life

Look at the way they dangle
and drift
in the wind, like the loose ends
of a spider web
built and abandoned by
its mother.

See the way that three
old ladies, spin and weave
ducking and crossing the tender
threads. Together.
And Apart.

Watch as they glint
in the fading fire
light, spinning and crossing;
gossamer shadows on the walls.

Observe the stars emerge
as the light of that day's sun
dies in a final second, as the thread
falls with a single snip,
the grandfather's story is over.