

Golden Threads

Traces woven, over time.
Marks of stories, intertwined-
Easy flow and tougher flex,
As kinship slowly casts its net.
New steps taken, come paths well trod-
Of friendship, favour and steadfast love.

And weaving on at life's strange pace,
Our tapestry can fill this place.
Speaking of the times we've weathered;
Victories which leave us tethered.
Mud that lives in I and you;
Looked beyond to deeper truth.

For within our muddy stories,
There is strength and gold and glory.
So together; let us go.
Let us talk and share and grow.

For after all, what is left?
But golden threads
Of golden weft.