

Life's Loom



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The loom of life unfolds,
Its transient joys and tales retold.
Yet in this dance of sun and moon,
A woven path, fleeting soon.

In twilight's tincture and dawning light,
Dreams stitched with threads so bright.
Through meadows green and starlit skies,
Spirit roves, unbound and wise.

The threads of time, gently wane,
Each moment but a fleeting grain.
Yet subtle art shall sew,
A masterpiece from spirit and heart.

With nimble fingers, creation's gate,
A legacy that shan't abate.
Though mortal days may find their end,
The spirit's loom shall transcend.S

So, as the loom of life's unfurled,
A tale woven, boundless, pearled.
And when the earthly thread is spun,
The legacy in hearts shall run.