

Staunch pillars of the loom
set deep against time

Let me establish myself in stone
Hold me not in fear
As the rafter holds the wall
But as the child holds the flower

Shuttle flying among the warp
Never seeing the pattern weaving

All power can repair
To a source beyond the wielder
Light the escaping stream
Wood the captured sun

Weft makes no determination
All the beauty of the cloth
Is a tale of where she has been

Standing from my high place
The distant fields diminish
The rows become but texture
Blanketing the countryside

And somewhere among the leaves she kneels
The earth in her hands