

The Thread

Aga Zaryan

Something is very gently, invisibly, silently, pulling at me—a thread or net of threads finer than cobweb and as elastic. I haven't tried the strenght of it. No barbed hook pierced and tore me. Was it not long ago this thread began to draw me? Or way back? Was I born with its knot about my neck, a birdle? No fear but a stirring of wonder makes me catch my breath when I feel the tug of it when I thought it had loosened itself and gone.