

Golden Thread

Mary Black

I looked into a mirror made of lines
With tiny symbols here and there to make the image mine
A woman stood and painted and showed me what to find
The different parts, the fire, the air, and where my life would
climb
And where it joins another, and what would always bind

It's a golden thread to hold you all of my days
Hold my head against you now and for always
Sewn me up, shown us a long, long time
Makes you my life, makes you my life

The moving finger writes and goes away
I'm weighed upon a balance here and I'm told that I can stay
The kettle heats, the water speaks up, says I'm not alone
My whole life is a tapestry and hanging in my home
And here it joins another by what will always bind

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And when you looked, your angel flew away
And what it meant was your protection's gone another day
And what has come to change you, and have you come what may
Is fashioned by an old triangle, green as April haze
Blue is just a color, but blue is here to stay

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