

“Winding and Unwinding”

I'm forced inside as flowers bloom
So I prepare my weaving loom
I pick out every thread I see
The colors of friends and memories
A spectrum warm and deep

I feed each thread through its own slot
Carefully I pull them taut
For even though the tension strains
They stay together in the frames
My warp is now complete

And now I can begin to weave
Who knows how long before I leave?
I pass the threads from right to left
I pull them tight along the weft
The shape begins to creep

A story speaks from each thread's hue
Happy times red, and sad ones blue,
All of them vibrant, from black to white
All of them rich, from dark to light
I laugh and then I weep

My shuttle still moves after a year
But I see that the end is near
The scarf's long and slender form
Will forever keep me warm
Until our hands can meet
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