

October 30, 2013

The Weaver

By Jenna Hoffee

You were the Kokopelli of our time
Sharing your songs of art in their prime

As you sang your melodies, you left your mark
You wove a heartstring to each of us before your depart

As I stood at the burial ground in the rain
I knew your efforts were not in vain

You were loved so well
Because you wove so well

For here we are all woven together
You have pulled us close to each other now and forever

The knots are strong because of your work
They made a secure net to save us from the dark murk

We had a shoulder to cry on, some were old and some were new
There was a kind word or a strong hand to hold onto

We stood together with memories and in upright spirits we shared
Recalling you and saying nobody else would ever compare

Our time together as friends was brief, that is true
But, not a day goes by that I don't think of you

You are the master weaver
And because of you, I am a believer