



## The Loom, a Collage-Poem

### *THE LOOM*

*Time passes and everything changes,  
But nothing changes very much.*

*Four Ancient Women are weaving the Life-Times,  
Here.*

*The Loom is as big as a galaxy.*

*The threads are invisible to us, but have  
Something to do  
With Cause and Effect.*

*Threads, connecting threads between lives  
And deaths,  
Connections, relationships, synchronicities,  
But mostly,*

*Unseen.*

*We're too busy to notice, too much to do.  
Life is work or else, sleep or else unconsciousness.*

*Is there another way?*

*Can one get a glimmer of the threads now and again  
and live*

*In the Weave?*

- *R. Magrisso*