

## **I watched, I wove**

I watched you  
From behind the fibres, I weave  
Meticulously binding them together  
As I watched yours fall apart,  
Once held together  
In the high walls of your homeland, safely in the fields  
Now laid bare  
Cut by your blade  
As you shed those familiar fibres  
I had woven for you.

I watched him  
Come into a new form  
Man, father, husband,  
All melted away as I pulled my thread back through,  
The figures I had spent years creating gone in an instant,  
A distant memory to him now as the screams across the field replaced  
The laughter of my company,  
The blood staining his face replaced  
The comfort of my hand.

I watched my tapestry  
Shrink with time,  
The number of hands working with me slowly melt away as wails became the melody,  
Drowning out the familiar lyre we once listened to,  
In the high walls of your homeland.  
I knew the day would come,  
As I passed the last thread through – the final one of this tapestry, of our tapestry.  
The news came and you laid there. Bareheaded.  
Darkness over you as the final threads unravelled,

A monster finally slain,  
Man, father, and husband once more – only  
too late.

I watched you carried back  
Punctured, massacred.  
Watched as you were placed back in the high wall of your homeland.  
As wood lined your pyre, fine coppery thread entered my spool,  
As they stacked it high, my hands worked faster  
My tears fell to my lap as I picked up the fiery red I had, countless times, begged  
To each soulless shrine, each sanctuary, totem, oracle, altar  
Sacrifices made a dozen over for me to lose this thread-  
To not weave your demise.  
But that was never my job.  
Decided long before I came to the luxury of your walls,  
A thread snapped long ago.

I watched as you were bundled and buried, your mound half as triumphant as the man you tried to be,  
Menis took all  
And all I could do was watch;  
To weave back in the high walls of your sons homeland

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