

## 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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