The Tapestry of Life

Every life is woven, thread by thread,
Through paths we've walked and words we've said.
Some threads are golden, bright and clear,
Others are woven through sorrow and fear.

We see the pattern from the front,
The colours rich, the picture complete.
But turn the tapestry over,
And tangled threads are what we meet.

There are knots where life was difficult,
Loose ends where dreams were left behind,
Threads that broke when hearts were hurting,
And others strengthened over time.

Some colours came from those we loved,
Some from the choices we have made.
Some were woven in the sunshine,
Others formed within the shade.

Yet every thread has played its part,
Each joy, each loss, each new beginning.
For even when the pattern changed,
The tapestry was still in the making.

And when we look upon a life,
We need not seek perfection there.
Its beauty lies within the story,
And all the threads that brought us here.

For every life is its own tapestry,
Unlike another, rich and true.
A thousand moments woven together,
Creating something only you could do.

Every life has a story. Every moment has meaning.