

Tapestry

by Stephen Francis Kopp, MS

What if the three fates attended summer camp?
Tired, perhaps, of spinning, measuring, and cutting
thread after thread of people's lives.
Would they learn that none of us is a single strand,
but draws myriad threads into our personal tapestry?
Would they pout or celebrate
when they realize that often, in fact,
we re-do the designs that they intended.

If the Maiden was protagonist
might she change how she spins our threads?
Recognizing how easily our eyes
are drawn to the darker colors-
might she spin our strengths and resources
to be thicker and stronger-
imagining a tapestry in which moments
of gratitude and joy could stand out clearly.

Would she, in an obliging fashion,
weave flaws into those threads of darkness
-negative introjects, childhood hurts, past wounds-
so between our strengths and our friends
we could break off these threads of lies
and let them go.

And what of the Mother?
If she accepted role relief
and listened.
would she recognize that the measure of our lives
isn't marked by days, but by family, friends, resources.

For the heart savoring gratitude
there is time enough.

For those who hold onto hurts and resentments
the length of days never seems right.

How would the Mother mark her threads
if she realized that we actually love
moment by moment.

And that the very planet vibrates in song.
that her calibrations make no sense
to an open heart.

Suppose, as auxiliary
She realized we need not be tangled
by flawed measurements in our past.

We can measure anew
 and that surrender and releasing
 actually makes our threads more resilient.
 That durable and enduring
 are vastly different.

When the Crone cuts the threads
 does she think herself powerful?
 Or does she understand
 this is one insignificant cut.
 If she could double and know our web of connections
 would she recognize her limitations?
 For in each of us, and those gone before
 is a strand of golden light
 a beacon that might be ignored
 but never be extinguished.
 We learn that our thread doesn't unwind
 in a single direction.
 We can return to the past
 step into the future
 and for that moment, become Now.
 And the Crone's scissors cannot
 separate us, when we hold our emotional connections.

Weaving a tapestry takes effort.
 The most beautiful designs hold details
 and true weavers know they can lose
 the larger pattern
 without compassionate friends to be mirrors
 and help hold the larger perspective.

The design is not in the threads
 but in their interweaving

Spinning, measuring, cutting-
 Fate simply offers the materials.
 We are invited to become the artists
 using our spontaneity to place our strands
 using our intuition to set the loom.

We gather round the loom of this week
 to celebrate the tapestry we have created.
 and to treasure those colors and textures
 that have gathered to become
 a reflection of one another's strengths
 and an image of our whole selves.

Poetry therapy and psychodrama are a powerful combination. Part of the excitement and satisfaction of attending the Florida summer intensive was the blending of art, movement music, and psychodrama. I wrote this poem to capture themes that emerged among the participants. I offer it as an example of how creativity is both an individual and community experience. With a grateful heart for the full and rich tapestry that I carried home from our time together, thank you to each of those who were part of my summer camp experience.