

# WEAVER

What if words  
Were like weaver birds?  
And they built nests  
Made to last  
Made of the darkest ink  
Do you think  
These words  
Would be hard to forget?  
They only exist  
Because their masters  
Are brittle-wristed  
Little perfectionists  
Who tend to regret everything  
They don't need reminding  
That Time is never done with unravelling  
The golden threads of sunset

If souls  
Were trees  
Surely they would be  
Living testimony  
To the fact  
That perfection can only be abandoned  
When love has found somewhere else to be

# WEAVER

What if words  
Were another species of bird?  
And they built nests  
Made from bread  
So when their regret made them hungry  
They could eat  
Themselves out of a home  
Deep down they know  
That nothing lasts  
Not even their suitors  
These brittle-wristed  
Little perfectionists  
Who tend to regret everything  
They don't need reminding  
That Time is never done with unravelling  
The golden threads of sunset

If souls  
Were trees  
Surely they would be  
Living testimony  
To the fact  
That abandonment can only be perfected  
When hope for another has flown free  
Like brittle-wristed  
Little perfectionists  
Who tend to regret everything  
They don't need reminding  
That Time is never done with unravelling  
The golden threads of sunset