



THREADS

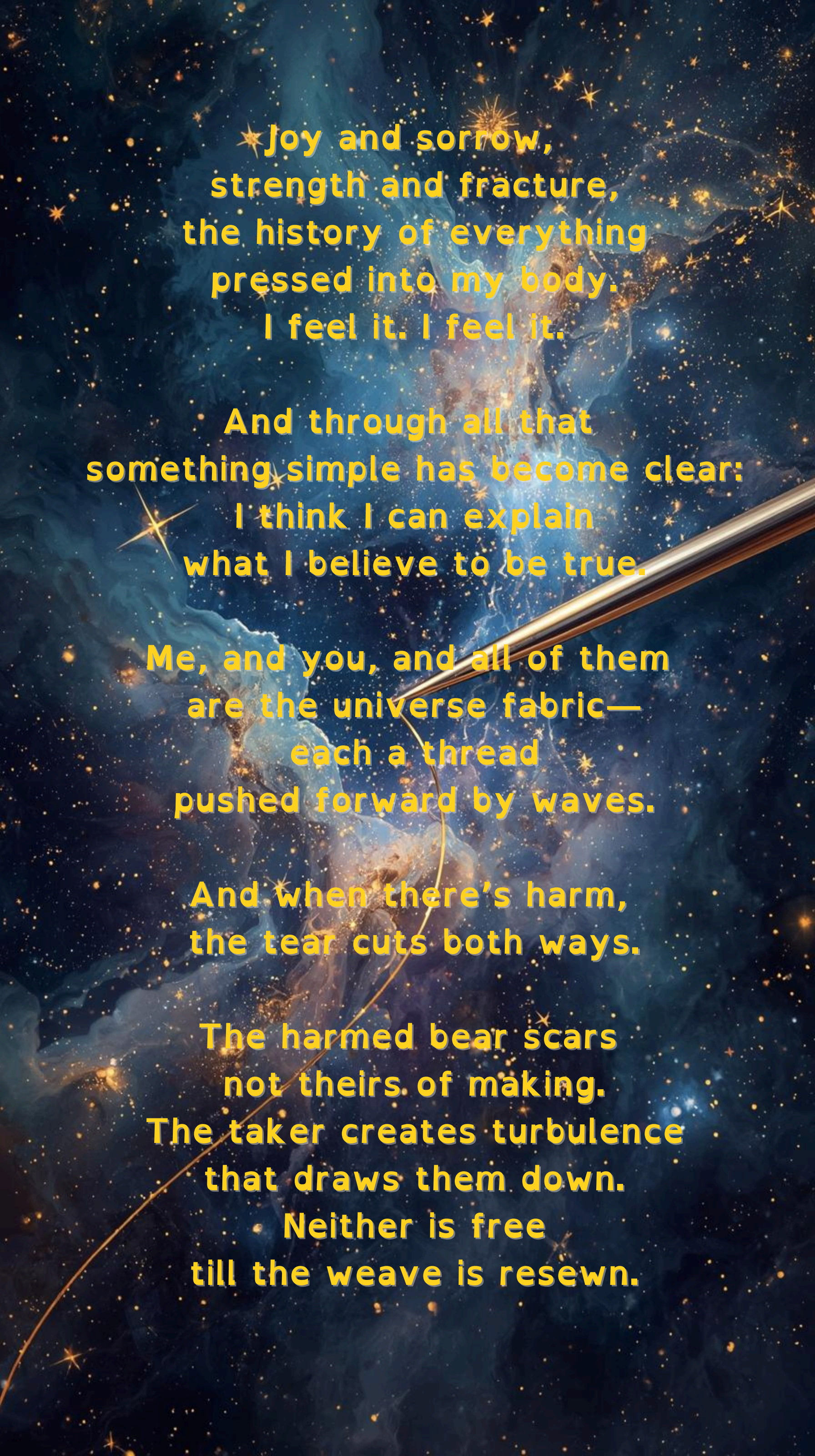
by Meredith Byrne

**Mama, I've been thinking lately
about our world—
the shots that clip us, make us bleed,
the celebrations that heal us
in the weave.**

**I've been tracing my own life,
my fails and losses adding up,
but not forgetting my strengths.
And I can feel the weight
of what came before.**

**Inheritance in mind and body,
wealth and poverty,
wounds and habits
handed down
like gravity.**

**Mama, I can feel it press us forward,
a current pushing,
each step, step, step—
a pull from the past.**



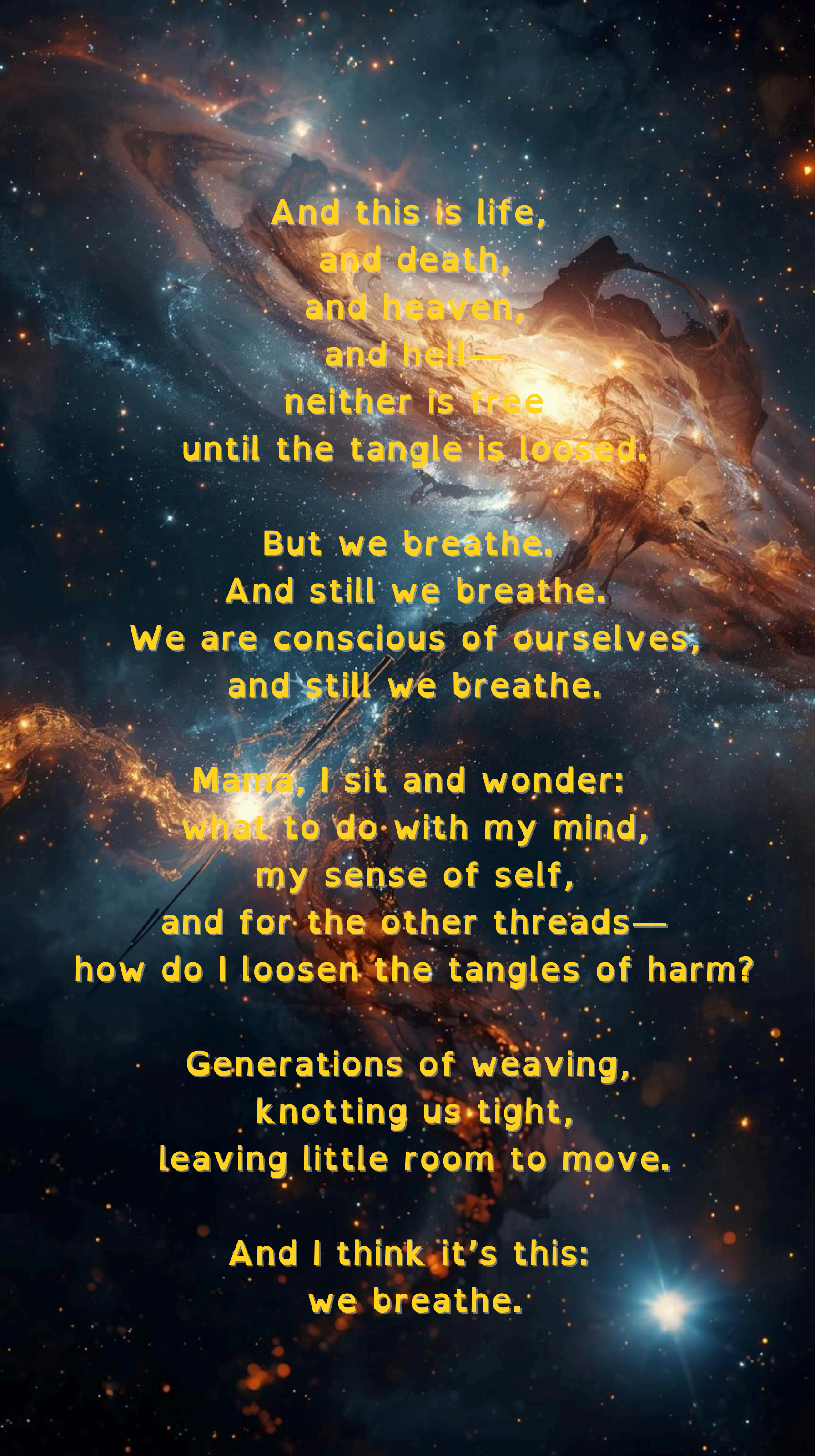
Joy and sorrow,
strength and fracture,
the history of everything
pressed into my body.
I feel it. I feel it.

And through all that
something simple has become clear:
I think I can explain
what I believe to be true.

Me, and you, and all of them
are the universe fabric—
each a thread
pushed forward by waves.

And when there's harm,
the tear cuts both ways.

The harmed bear scars
not theirs of making.
The taker creates turbulence
that draws them down.
Neither is free
till the weave is re sewn.



And this is life,
and death,
and heaven,
and hell—
neither is free
until the tangle is loosed.

But we breathe.
And still we breathe.
We are conscious of ourselves,
and still we breathe.

Mama, I sit and wonder:
what to do with my mind,
my sense of self,
and for the other threads—
how do I loosen the tangles of harm?

Generations of weaving,
knotting us tight,
leaving little room to move.

And I think it's this:
we breathe.

**I think that we must breathe,
and use the breath we've been given
to loosen the web.**

**So, Mama, don't be afraid.
When you're ready, lay down the fight.
Have the courage to release your grasp,
and the slack will set you loose.**

**When you're ready, let go—
and not till then.
Till then, you breathe and care.**

**And when surrender comes—
breathe.**

**Be.
Let go.
Peace.
Resew when we can.**

**Breathe.
For the weave.
Breathe.**

We will resew.