

An Event-Laden Quilt

I sit and watch the embers
of Thanksgiving's dying fire
and think of past holiday gatherings,
of childhood memories,
of being eye-level with the table,
and I see those faces who
have gone with the embers.

Phoenix-like, we rise from those ashes
to carry on our different time-honored traditions:
trussed turkeys and trimmings
then later tinsel and twinkling lights
for an annual world-wide birthday party.

We weave an event-laden quilt over the years
that wraps families and friends within
its comforting folds of memories.
We intertwine the fabric of our lives;
we share the yarns, threads and dyes.
For ages we have done this,
and aware, or not,
all of humanity is huddled
under this blanket.

(11/24/88)

Robyn M. Davis

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