

INTIMATE WEAVE

Golden light.
Pulsing.
Shining.

Dancing this way and that-
skimming low,
soaring high.

Its brilliant wake,
a contrail in the ether,
describes the adventure
that has been.

Upon encounter,
Two- or more!
may embrace
and swirl as one.

Never joining but joined,
creating a fabric
as tightly woven
as the power that keeps them close.

And should the light of one fade out
the art created will shine on,
a splendid thing of great beauty,
that will last as long as any of the ribbons remain.