

## THE WEAVER

Morn, and the shuttles fly;  
Scarlet the thread.  
Swiftly the feet of youth  
Life's pedals tread.

Noon, and the heavy web  
Slowly is rolled,  
Often the thread of tears  
Crossing the gold.

Night, and the web is done—  
Silent the loom—  
Restful, the weaver's face  
Shines through the gloom.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

**From:** Singing Wires: A Book of Poems – Page 19  
Bruce Humphries Publishing – Boston  
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