Tapestry

Don Mclean

Every thread of creation is held in position
By still other strands of things living
In an earthly tapestry hung from the skyline
Of smoldering cities, so gray and so vulgar,
As not to be satisfied with their own negativity,
But needing to touch all the living as well.And every breeze that blows kindly is one crystal breath
We exhale on the blue diamond heaven:
As gentle to touch as the hands of the healer,
As soft as farewells whispered over the coffin.
We're poisoned by venom with each breath we take
From the brown sulfer chimney and the black highway snake.And every dawn that breaks golden is held in suspension
Like the yolk of the egg in albumen.
Where the birth and the death of unseen generations
Are interdependant in vast orchestration,
And painted in colors of tapestry thread
When the dying are born and the living are dead.And every pulse of your heartbeat is one liquid moment
That flows through the veins of your being.
Like a river of life flowing on since creation
Approaching the sea with each new generation,
You're now just a stagnant and rancid disgrace
That is rapidly drowning the whole human race.And every fish that swims silent, every bird that fly freely
Every doe that steps softly,
Every crisp leaf that falls, all the flowers that grow,
On this colorful tapestry, somehow they know
That if man is allowed to destroy all we need
He will soon have to pay with his life for his greed

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