

# 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 sulfur 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.

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