

Weaving the Way

by Johnsienoel

Dead lines press.
Yellows and reds shed
warp and weft
bobbins of color
spooling on wet pavement.

Gridlock striations
entwining the city
shuttle interlaced threads of humanity
back and across
the looming horizon.

Saddled up passengers
heddle brake lights,
and thrum yarns of time,
weaving slowly, working
their patterns home.

