## 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.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/johnsienoel/weaving-the-way»* Copyright © 2011 Johnsienoel. All rights reserved.