

Family

by Glenda Beall

for my brother, Ray

Family,
like threads tightly woven
in a fine tapestry—
fiery reds, cool blues, pale yellows.

Family,
like the petals of a rosebud
curving close around each other,
maturing, gently falling
to die upon the ground.

Family,
like a clump of grass.
Disturb one blade,
affect all that remain.

You were plucked from us,
and now we don't know
which way to lean
when the winds blow.