

Dream Weavers

The women around the table stared at the symposium of yarn, positioned around them like a house cat stretching its legs, waiting to be touched, wound, put through a needle's eye with aging fingers, still nimble, never wavering, welcoming the final skein like the last dance in the gymnasiums of their youth.

The women now become the yarn's gatekeepers for its next life, a second chance at beauty, each woman wishing she had that luxury.