Winter 1955

The Weaver

Dave Marks

Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Marks, Dave (1955) "The Weaver," Calliope: Vol. 2 : Iss. 1 , Article 18.
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol2/iss1/18
"You're lying . . . you're lying." I screamed at them. "You're all liars. I hate you."

I turned and ran out the door and kept on running til I got to the rock. Tears burned at my eyes and I couldn't keep them back, no matter how hard I tried. 'How could they say those things about him?' I wanted to break something or hit someone.

I stayed there til it was almost dark, but the fields weren't beautiful anymore and the woods didn't seem to be full of anything wonderful. It was all dead and strange to me.

The sun was out of the sky when Alex came to bring me back.

"You better come to the house, boy. It's damp. You catch cold."

"Is it true what they said about him, Alex? He wasn't the way they said it about him, was he?" I begged for the right answer.

"Your grandfather was a fine man," he said quietly.

We started walking back to the house very slow.

"I want to go home."

He understood. "I'll call your parents in the morning."

My chest hurt and everything felt broken inside of me and I wished I'd never had a grandfather.

The Weaver . . .

Swing out from my blade of grass,
Oh spider of my soul,
And cast your gossamer strands
Upon some comet of imagination.

Drift beyond the parapets of convention,
And let dreams desire cross,
Upon the maze of silver bands,
The restraints of social consciousness.

Weave a web of fantasy
To catch the heart of romance,
And to bring the wonders of a lovers lands
To the threshold of my perception.

. . . Dave Marks