

Bore

A Magic Poem

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Magic is the Truth all need.

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Magic

Thread, a force of magic and skill, A power of creation,
that weaves with will, From the delicate silk, to the
sturdy wool, Thread's magic, in all its pull. In the hands
of the weaver, the magic is born, A symbol of art, that
forever transforms, From the spool that spins the
yarn, Thread's magic, we see it darn. The tapestries, the
quilts, and the clothes, All of thread, a symphony of
sews, A constant reminder of its power, And the magic
that stitches every hour. With each stitch, the thread
transforms, A symbol of beauty, that forever
conforms, From the embroidered flowers, to the
quilted squares, Thread's magic, we see it repair. The
patterns, the designs, and the seams, All of thread,
a symphony of dreams, A constant reminder of its
might, And the magic that weaves every night. In the
hands of the seamstress, magic lies, A force that

awakens with each sunrise, From the threads of gold, to
the ones that disguise, Thread's magic, in all its guise.