

## A TOAST TO FATE

Behold the loom of life:  
Its warp the world, its woof our dreams,  
Woven by Fate, Death Her batten and bar,  
Pattern known to Her alone;  
Alas our plans, our hopes,  
Our cares and aye our very breath.  
Her shuttles draw us through this place,  
She picks our heartstrings and  
Cuts short the thread, knots off a life,  
And feeds in another.

Raise a glass, beg Her favor,  
Ask Her Sisters to intercede  
That threads close joined may not be split  
Or frayed to breaking, but run true and bright,  
An ornament on the sable coat of Night.  
A toast then, to Fate,  
Drink deep the bitter with the sweet  
And know, that Love alone makes  
The Tapestry worth Her while.

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