The Weaver and the Cloak

by Carolyn Frances Krysiak

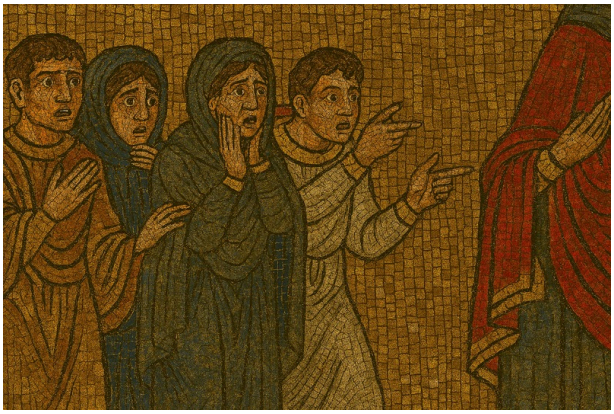


In a village stitched with stories, a Weaver named Solenne crafted a cloak unlike any other. She called it “The Cloak of Commons”—woven from threads of shared labor, mutual care, and fierce justice. She wore it with pride, and spoke of its meaning to those who asked.

Soon, the villagers began to refer to her by the name she had given the cloak.

“She’s the one with the Commons cloak,” they said.

“She walks with the red thread.”

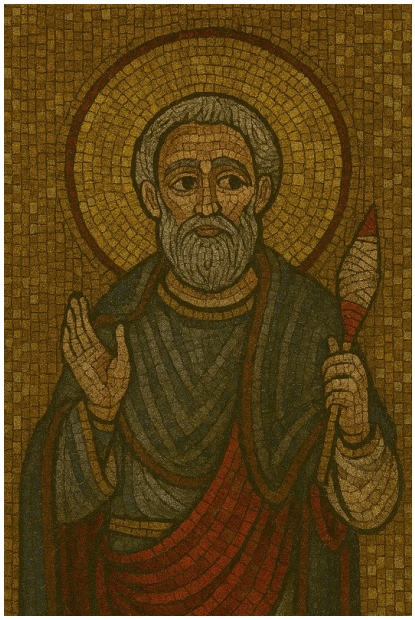


© 2025, Carolyn Frances Krysiak

Solenne grew uneasy. “I named the cloak,” she said, “but that doesn’t mean you know me.”

“But you gave it the name,” said a villager. “We’re just echoing your words.”

“You’re echoing,” she replied, “but you’re not listening.”



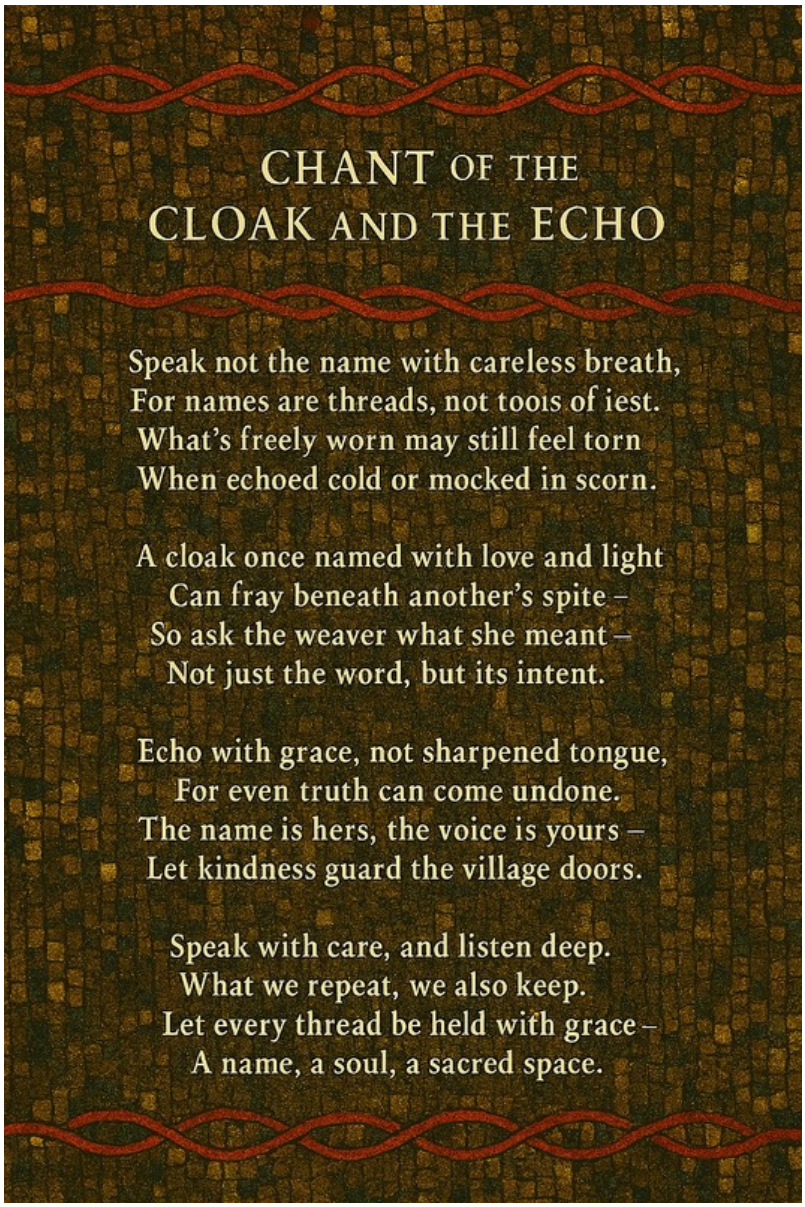
An elder stepped forward,
carrying a spindle of quiet thread.

“Even a name freely given can
feel heavy when worn by
another’s voice.

We must ask not only what a
name means—but what it carries,
and how it’s spoken.”

From that day on, the villagers learned to ask not just what a cloak was called, but how its wearer wished to be seen.

© 2025, Carolyn Frances Krysiak



© 2025, Carolyn Frances Krysiak