

Of Air and Strand

To travel gossamer on the wind borne
by thin triplet of near-invisible silken strands
Flexible, magical enough to carry one through air

To advance, eight legs in concert
up stalk, down twig, across fencepost
searching for perfect moment and place
to release a first thread – lifeline to art

Measuring, using span of legs to choose
where the next liquid filament should attach;
mandala-maze of spirals, funnels, tangles...
ornately decorated pantry

Filaments steel-strong
Each subtly suited to its task
Silk-same to human eyes
but obvious to the weaver of
a kite line, an egg sac, a web.
Edible, too, when the larder is bare

What maker of beings hatched this unlikely idea,
this way for a life to spin out
Or what strange march of circumstance
aligned to bring forth this arachnal tapestry

It is of no moment: regardless,
it is a miracle of air and strand